

ENGLAND FAMILY HISTORIES

George Eugene England Sr. (1904-1996)

and

Dora Rose Hartvigsen England (1909-1995)

Compiled and edited by
Ann Christine England Barker
2012

DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY



3 1404 00904 5797

OCT 11 2012

PROPERTY OF
DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Brigham Young University-Idaho

<http://archive.org/details/englandfamilyhis01bark>

ENGLAND FAMILY HISTORIES

George Eugene England Sr. (1904-1996)

and

Dora Rose Hartvigsen England (1909-1995)

Compiled and edited by Ann Christine England Barker 2012

TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|-----|
| PICTURES: G. EUGENE ENGLAND SR. AND DORA H. ENGLAND | 1 |
| PICTURES: G. EUGENE ENGLAND SR. | 2 |
| HISTORY OF GEORGE EUGENE ENGLAND SR. | 3 |
| PATRIARCHAL BLESSING | 57 |
| NINETIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY | 132 |
| MY THOUGHTS: BY G. EUGENE ENGLAND SR. | 139 |
| G. EUGENE FUNERAL & OBITUARY | 142 |
| MY KINSMAN: BY G. EUGENE ENGLAND JR. | 153 |
| IMAGES: BY ANN ENGLAND BARKER | 155 |
| FIRST PRESIDENCY LETTER | 161 |
| APOSTOLIC BLESSING BY ELDER RUSSELL M. NELSON | 164 |
| PICTURE: DORA H. ENGLAND | 165 |
| HISTORY OF JACOB L. HARTVIGSEN | 166 |
| HISTORY OF WILHELMINA ALBERTINE ROSE HARTVIGSEN | 169 |
| PICTURES OF DORA H. ENGLAND | 173 |
| HISTORY OF DORA ROSE HARTVIGSEN ENGLAND | 174 |
| PATRIARCHAL BLESSING | 177 |
| A MESSAGE TO MY FAMILY: BY DORA H. ENGLAND | 272 |
| HOME BY DORA H. ENGLAND | 274 |
| FUNERAL PROGRAM | 274 |
| LIFE SKETCH | 275 |
| WHITE LILIES FOR DORA ROSE: BY G. EUGENE ENGLAND JR | 281 |
| WHEN A MOTHER DIES: BY BARBARA SMITH | 285 |

G. Eugene and Dora H. England



North Central States Mission 1954 - 1957



London Temple 1964 - 1966

G. Eugene England



1927



1936



About 1942

GEORGE EUGENE ENGLAND SR.

“Remember Who You Are”

D & C. 58:26-29

I, George Eugene England, was born March 12, 1904, in Moreland, Bingham, Idaho, to George William England, born September 8, 1880 in Plain City, Weber, Utah, and Martha Jane Hatch, born February 21, 1883 in Orangeville, Emery, Utah. My heritage was from the British Isles: the Irish, the Scots, and the English. My father was half Irish and half English. My mother came from a line of the Scots and English. Her forebears included Thomas Hatch, who arrived in Cape Cod in approximately 1628. My grandmother, Emeline Amelia Miles Hatch's, lineage went back through her mother into the Buchanan line. She was born February 27, 1863 in Fountain Green, Sanpete, Utah.

The Buchanan's had a land grant in New York from the king of England, which finally came to be a great estate in New York. It included Manhattan Island. President James Buchanan made a lease that was to run 99 years. We didn't know about his will until about 1930 when the lease ran its term. It was supposed to be an accumulation of about fifteen billion dollars. I was at school at the Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, Utah, in 1933. George Eugene Junior had just been born, and it was in the deep depression era when I first heard about the estate. Research and money had been spent, and we had to prove our bloodline directly back to the Buchanans if we were to come into our share of this estate. Had it been assigned, which it never was, each one of the bloodline would have received approximately \$270,000. My young son Eugene Jr. and I would have each received that much money as well as all other blood descendants from the Buchanan line.

The hunt for descendants stopped when several attorneys for the family died or mysteriously disappeared. J. P. Morgan and others had a hand in that. They didn't want to give up their hold on the properties in New York City. Mother said that it accomplished one thing: everyone showed up on her doorstep with their genealogy done.

My grandfather, Abram Hatch, born March 25, 1861 in Moroni, Sanpete, Utah, was a small man compared to my grandmother, Emeline Miles, whom he had married after a short courtship of three weeks in Orangeville, Sanpete, Utah. His mother had died when he was eight years of age, and he was raised by his uncles. He became a cowboy and was a pony express rider. He had done missions for Brigham Young by taking cattle up in the Wyoming and Montana country, down the Green River, and into the Mexican colonies. He had learned a bit of Spanish, and he could talk to the Mexicans. Later, Grandfather Abram Hatch was a shepherd and a blacksmith.

When I was a little fellow, he would put me on his foot, hold my hands, and bounce me up and down as we'd count in Spanish and he sang in an Indian language. That's the most affection I remember getting from my grandfather although he was a very jovial, wonderful man to be around.

My grandmother, Emeline Hatch, was a strong character with much ability. She was a very strict disciplinarian and very religious. She believed in strict honesty in

everything that was done. When we were youngsters, if we were at her house and got out of line, she went out and cut a plum bough, and I would taste that kind of “willow tea.” However, she was very kind. Grandmother would play with us at night—hide and go seek and all of the games that children loved to play.

I remember the wonderful helpings she would give us when we came in from playing and were hungry. She would cut a warm slice of homemade bread, dip it in the cream that had risen to the top in the milk pans, and sprinkle it with sugar. We would have a feast. She had a big beautiful raspberry patch. When the raspberries were on, we could pick them and take them in the house. She would fix us big sandwiches of bread and butter, and we could have all the raspberries and cream that we wanted. She had strawberry apples and a variety of very good plums in her orchard. Youngsters playing get very hungry, and those were outstanding memories. She held the family together. We were quite closely knit in the small community of Moreland.

She was very interested in the children. They would gather at her home in the evenings and have “flour mush” for supper. It was made out of flour and water and served with cream and sugar. Afterwards, we would have a reading session in which we all were to be very, very quiet. There weren’t enough chairs, so the children sat on the floor. As youngsters we were not very interested in the reading or the serious discussions that followed. It took some discipline at sitting still. Sometimes we were a little mischievous.

One evening she said, “If you youngsters cause any more disturbances, I’m going to take a willow to you.” I was sitting next to the pantry, where she kept the food supply and milk pans. A mouse came out of the pantry and ran right up between my legs. I clamped my legs together and reached up cautiously, got behind his tail, where he couldn’t bite me, and got him by the nap of the neck. I was quite excited, and I started whispering, “I’ve got a mouse. I’ve got a mouse! I’VE GOT A MOUSE!” Everyone was listening to Grandmother reading, and of course everybody really expected me to get a whacking. But I pulled this mouse up from between my legs. I had it in my fingers, and everyone burst out laughing.

Grandmothers’ oldest son, Abram, was called to Germany on a mission to work under Thomas E. McKay, who was the mission president. I remember his sending postcards from Germany on Easter. Even though I was very young at the time, I was pleased that I had an uncle who was on a mission.

My mother Martha Jane was the oldest of eight children. She was about 16 years old when the family moved to Moreland, Idaho. She was beautiful and small like her father. She loved music and sang in the choir. She was very sentimental and had a great love for things of beauty: literature, paintings, beautiful scenery, and flowers—anything beautiful. She always had a beautiful flower garden. When we moved to Arbon Valley, Power, Idaho, she took starts of all her peonies, roses, and other flowers; and planted them in that dry farm country. She watered them with buckets of water to keep them alive because we didn’t have irrigation of any kind. To this very day, we have some starts of her peonies at our home in Salt Lake City. There were lots of wild flowers out in the sage brush. I’d go out to milk the cow at night or up to my uncle’s if our cow was dry; and I would pick Indian Paintbrush, Sego Lilies, Forget-me-nots,

Lupines, and other flowers. She always appreciated them and would arrange them in the water pitcher. Mother's deep appreciation for beautiful things left a lasting impression on her children and those around her. She was an excellent teacher. She taught Primary and worked with the children, whom she loved very dearly.

My mother was very religious and had a heart that was easily offended with anything that wasn't proper. She was always concerned with her children—that they act properly. She never had much of an opportunity for an education; but she had a keen mind; and when she read something, she remembered it. When telling a story or an incident, she remembered it verbatim. She loved music and sang in the choir--as did Grandmother Hatch and Aunt Docia. Uncle Abe was very talented in music, and he was the choir leader in the ward.

Our church house in Moreland was just one big hall with a stand and a curtain drawn across it in the front, so that you could have shows and chatauquas (music festivals) and entertainment. It was also where the bishopric and Sunday School Superintendents would be on the stand above the congregation, which was out in the halls on hard wood benches for sacrament meeting. For Sunday School in the mornings, there were wires stretched the length and width of the building. And there were muslin cloths with hooks on the top fastened to those wires that would separate all the classrooms for Sunday School. I remember my grandfather, Hatch, taught the Gospel Doctrine class. I was in the younger class, and Grandpa's back was to my teacher's back. I could hear voices all over that hall, but those two voices were loudest.

Theodocia (Docia), born December 9, 1884, was next to Mother in age. Then came Abram Miles (Abe), born July 4, 1887; Simmons Franklin (Sim), born April 7, 1889/90; Jeremiah (Jerry), born March 1, 1893; William Marks (Bill, five years older than me), born September 9, 1897; Samuel (Sam), born December 20, 1901; and Lorin J., born June 5 1906. Loren and my younger sister, Oriole, were the same age. My older sister, Ruby, and Samuel were the same age. Sam was almost 2½ years my senior. Aunt Docia had a son, Allen (Al) Baldwin, who was nine months my senior.

Sam and Al were my companions and playmates. Being older, they were larger and seemingly tougher, and I was at their beck and call. I was always known as "the damned Englishman." I soon learned that I couldn't outdo either one of them in our childhood difficulties and differences. Whatever I was ordered to do, I'd do because if I didn't, I'd "rue the day." Teasing and being a daredevil helped form my character. Sam and Al were a match when it came to their differences. Al never could fist fight but would catch and grab and hold and choke and bite; and Sam would fisticuff. It was said that they didn't know how those kids would get along until one of them killed the other one. They never did come out with one of them the winner. It was always a draw.

My sister, Ruby, got the brunt of our mischievousness in her doll houses and dolls that we would quite often destroy. She had no playmates and got in with Sam and Al. Of course, I trailed along because she was quite apt at carving stick horses out of the beautiful willows that grew along the canal and ditch banks of the agricultural community.

Dad worked land he rented from Grandpa Hatch. Grandma liked him for his willingness to work and do a good job at whatever task. Dad was never really liked by the Hatch brothers; nor was I, except by Abe, the oldest, Mom, and Aunt Docia.

I resembled Abe in looks. I came into the world with a pair of dark brown eyes that seemed too large for my small round face. They reflected my curious, bantering, daredevil nature, and always appeared to enlarge when I became excited. I must have been ugly because Grandmother Hatch said I reminded her of a large California spider. I was given a name and a blessing by Bishop Warren P. Lindsay, May 1, 1904.

My life of wild experiences and narrow escapes opened with my racing from our house to the nearby railroad track against an on-coming passenger train. My speed was increased by the wild cries of Mother, who, too late, had discovered my objective by the great blast of the puffing locomotive. Luckily, and to the joy of my mother, the train arrived first-- leaving me disappointed but safe.

Father worked on the Oregon Shortline Railroad (Union Pacific) and would come home every two weeks--over Sunday. The only time we saw him was at church and at meals. Therefore, I hardly knew my father. Mother taught her children to pray and go to church. She went with them all of the time. When Father was home, he would go with us. We grew up in quite a religious family.

I was born in a little three-room, wood-framed house in Moreland. Our family consisted of Ruby, born October 26, 1901; myself, Oriole, born June 4, 1906; Georgia, born March 7, 1913; and then later in life, Rex, born November 30 1919; and Miles, born February 15, 1922. My mother had problems and apparently miscarriages in our days in Arbon Valley. When Oriole came along, my father took a vacation and built us a better home right next to the old one. I remember when we put down the hand-woven carpet in the front room over oat straw and tacked down the edges. That was real luxury—a room with a carpet on it. This was our living and dining room.

We lived in the Snake River Valley, where the ground was quite gravelly but still quite productive in growing row crops. It was hard on the shovels and hoes, and we had to use files to keep them sharpened as we hoed the corn and beets and potatoes.

We had a little acreage, enough for a pasture for the cow. We always had a cow and chickens and pigs, and Father saw that we always had sufficient food. Father planted a grove of Ben Davis apple trees which were not very good for eating, and so we fed them to the pigs. Our water was drawn from a well. It was thirty or forty feet deep and curbed all the way down because the ground was gravel.

When I was six years of age, I went to school. The schoolhouse was a brick, two-story building, three or four blocks from our house. I also began milking the cow morning and night and bringing in the wood, the coal, and the kindling. I would get up in the morning and make the fires and make Germaid mush. Then I would call the family to breakfast. I did it every day unless I was sick or away from home. I never remember my father making a fire in the stove.

My father made an investment in feeding a bunch of pigs. He got all of these young sows. They weren't supposed to have litters but were supposed to be fed, fattened, and sold for meat. He bought potatoes and grain and left it up to Ruby and me to take care of the pigs while he was gone during the week. These pigs ran in the

apple orchard. He had fenced it off with pig wire, and there were troughs in there. Dad was a pretty good carpenter. He built his own house and built these troughs. We had 50-gallon metal barrels, and we put them on some rocks, where we could build a fire under them. My sister, Ruby, and I would cook the potatoes and wheat together and feed it to the pigs. When the pigs started to get fat, they also started to have little piglets. And so father lost quite a bit of money in that program.

That's when I learned to whistle. Al Baldwin, my cousin, never did learn to whistle. All of the uncles could whistle through their teeth. While I was cooking potatoes and wheat, I'd spend my time trying to learn to whistle. I remember well how my jaws would ache, and I'd try to curl my tongue. What a time I had. And the day that whistle came out--I got my tongue in just the right posture--it was a great thrill. I could match my uncles in their whistling, and that whistle was something really worthwhile. It saved me many miles of walking throughout my life: by signaling to people, starting the horses, and doing many things on the farm.

The boys would play along the canals and the ditch banks. We were about two miles from the lavas on the north of Moreland. The great Blackfoot desert ran north and west from our little community. We caught blue racers and large blow snakes and skinned them. We had skinned some beautiful snakes, and I came into lunch and was washing my hands. The folks were already around the table eating. I was late, and I started telling about our accomplishments. I was told that I wasn't to talk about such things at lunch time.

I was apparently quite a mischievous boy. One day I found a nest of baby mice. I had them in my hand and came to show them to Aunt Docia, who was visiting from across the street. She was afraid of them. When I saw that she was frightened, I started to chase her. She jumped an irrigation ditch and turned around to scold me, and I threw the mice at her. (This is February of 1977. Aunt Docia is 91 years old, and she still tells this story about her sister's mean little kid chasing her across the street and throwing the mice at her because he couldn't jump the ditch)

I remember an occasion out in Arbon Valley when Uncle George Baldwin (Aunt Docias's husband) caught a mouse in the house. Aunt Docia was afraid and climbed up on the table. George made her sing a song before he would get rid of the mouse.

Uncle Bill (the cowboy) became chilled and detested mice because of an experience he had with one. When he was about 18 years old, he saw a mouse in his mother's house. He closed the doors and got the broom and moved the furniture around. He hit the mouse and thought he had killed it. He straightened the room up, but when he looked for the dead mouse, it had vanished. He moved everything in the room--no mouse. In disgust, he started to leave the room. The mouse was up on the doorsill. As Bill took hold of the doorknob, he saw the beady eyes of the mouse as it jumped in his face. He got the chill of his life and had mouse fever ever after.

I remember that as soon as I was tall enough to reach the handle on our hand-powered washing machine, it was my chore to take my turn with the washing along with my sister, Ruby. When I went to school, Saturday being a play day was wash day, and I still had to do my chore.

We boys always had our Saturdays budgeted for play. It was in the fall of the year, and we were out on a Saturday; we were going to learn to swim up in the People's Canal. There were two big canals on the west and north sides of the community. The one known as the People's Canal went up and across some flumes. It was a high land canal out of the lava rocks. The bigger one, the American Falls Canal, was closer in toward town. There'd be leakage from them, and ponds formed where they had burrowed in the land to build the dikes on the canals. Sam and Al and I were paddling around out in a pond. The water was only up to our waists, and we were acting like we knew how to swim. Uncle Bill, who was several years older, came by. He was a cowboy and was not married. He took his clothes off and came in and caught us one by one and threw us into the big canal. That's how I learned to swim. I guess that's the way many things I've done in life got accomplished—because I had to do them.

I played hooky from the washing machine job. I was out there fooling around with the boys and didn't get in to take my turn. When I did come home, I got my "willow tea." I don't remember too many times my mother hitting or whipping me, but this one was impressive. Another time, when Father had come home and was ready to leave again, he and Mother had had a disagreement about something. I didn't understand what it was, but I thought that was awful that he would be jawing her. As he stooped over to pick up his grip, I hauled off and kicked him between the legs. I didn't know anything about a man's testicles and privates, but I found out very shortly because he went white and fainted. Then he cuffed me so hard I rolled under the table. That was the first time I remember my father laying a hand on me.

One day Sam and Al and I were playing at Aunt Docias. We had to go to the toilet, so we went to the backhouse (outhouse). We were doing our business when we heard a buggy coming down the road from the north. Sam said, "I dare you to stick your bare hinder out through the door." Al wouldn't take the dare. But me, being the kind of a guy to always take a dare and showing off before them, took the dare. In the meantime, Mother, having seen us go down there, figured that we had been there a little too long and wanted to find out what we were doing. She came down through the orchard. When she got to the back of the backhouse, she heard this daring going on. When the people came along in the buggy, I stuck my hinder out. Mother whacked me with her hand as hard as she could hit, and I bounced right back up on the bench in the toilet. Then Mother disappeared, and not one of us knew who it was or how it had happened. It was years later before Mother told me who had given me a whack on the rump.

One day while I was a just little fellow, the kids were playing along these irrigation ditches and canals. In the spring of the year, the dandelions would come up lush with great big stems on them. I was over by Grandmother's berry parch along the ditch. I was lying on my stomach with a big dandelion stem broken off. It made a good pipe, and I was blowing bubbles in the irrigation ditch. All of the sudden: wham! From the heels, I was whirled right over into the irrigation ditch and went under. By the time I came blubbering out of that ditch, I didn't see anyone. I didn't know what had happened, or who had had hold of me. I was drenched completely in the water. It was

some time after that that Uncle Sim was talking about coming along, and seeing me blowing bubbles in the ditch, had tried to drown me. He jumped over the fence and through the raspberry patch. That's how I found out who had dumped me in the water.

We learned to work when young because there were row crops to be hoed—corn, potatoes, and beets—and we could hoe them at a very young age. Later, we learned to thin beets; and when we got a little older, we learned how to pick potatoes and to top beets. So throughout the seasons, there was always work to do. Children didn't have any money. Once in a while, when we would find a hen's nest, where she had stolen away and bring some eggs to Mother, she would let us have an egg. We'd go over to the store and get an "all-day" sucker. In those days an "all-day" sucker was on a licorice stick. It was about 2½ inches in diameter and really was an "all-day" sucker. We could buy them for a penny. We would chew the licorice after the sucker was gone.

Our Fourth of July money came from picking raspberries or currants, etc. We didn't know what a large gooseberry was. Gooseberries were small, about the size of a good sized pea that we picked on thorny bushes. We would earn 25 cents by picking a dishpan of gooseberries, which would take us all day. And so we would have 25 cents for the Fourth of July and the Twenty-Fourth of July. My how we would husband that 25 cents for an ice cream, a bottle of pop, a cantaloupe, or something of that sort, which we never got at any other time of the year. All of the money we earned in the fields working for other people went to our parents, and we never did see it.

Our father was quite an ambitious man. When he worked in Dillon, Montana, on a bridge building gang, he worked 10 hour days. That allowed him to have time to fish the streams. He was an avid fly-fisherman. One time when he had a day or two off, he took me to Mackay to fish the Lost River. We traveled on the train to Mackay, Idaho, stayed about four hours, and returned to Moreland. The train passed through there on its way to Blackfoot, Idaho. I was quite young, and I would run up and down the bank and see the fish in the pools. Dad was fishing the ripples and couldn't see the fish up there. I'd holler, "The fish are down here." He ignored me because the fish wouldn't bite in the clear pools, where they could see you. He caught them in the ripples.

When we got back on the train, I had to go to the lavatory. He said, "It's down at the end of the car." The signs were too high on the doors, and I couldn't read whether it was a men's or a women's toilet. I kept looking for a place until my bladder felt like it was about to burst. In those days, men chewed tobacco, and there were spittoons between the seats. I remember kneeling down and relieving myself in one of them.

The Hatch brothers: Abe, Sim, Jerry, and Bill, were cattlemen and horsemen (cowboys). They had mustangs. They always had horses and worked with stock rather than working the field crops. They nearly always had a bunch of mustangs ranging on the Blackfoot River range in the summer and the Blackfoot desert in the winter.

They were always looking for land to move out to. Lacking the capital, they were looking for something to homestead. Uncle Abe and Uncle Sim were going out to the desert land west of the lavas. William England and John Wheeler had gone off into the desert and taken some land. They were trying to dry farm out there. They got a crop about once every four years. They were still planting some of the land. So Uncle

Sim and Uncle Abe hitched up their teams to the wagon, put some hay in it, took their lunch and some bedding; and said, "Gene, would you like to go with us?" I was about six years old. It was late summer. Mother let me go with them. It took us most of the day to get out to where they were looking at this property in the Blackfoot desert. They found a beautiful stretch of ground. It was a beautiful, clear night. and we could see the stars. We had a little campfire. Our beds were on some hay under the wagon. We were under the wagon, and I could hear the horses munching on the hay. Since then, I have had many experiences of sleeping by the horses while they were eating their hay and grain. We got up the next morning and had our breakfast over the campfire. Then Uncle Abe and Uncle Sim went out over this beautiful stretch of land. The sagebrush was about knee high. It was near fall and the grass was dry. They set fire to it and burned about 500 acres. There was all of this burned, black ground. They could have had it for 25 cents an acre by paying the state taxes on it. They didn't think it through because they found some property out in Power County (Arbon Valley), where they homesteaded. It was many years later that water was discovered for irrigation purposes, and that beautiful desert country became very valuable. Of course, we didn't know anything about sprinkling systems or pumps at that time.

We had a neighbor kitty-corner across the road from us. He was an old bachelor by the name of Bankhead. He had a little place that he irrigated. We had three or four acres. We had a little alfalfa, and father planted an orchard with Ben Davis apples (not a very good variety).

We had to take turns irrigating. Mr. Bankhead had his turn. When our turn came by the clock, we had to go to the head gate and open it, so the water would come down to our lot. I came home and found Mother and Dad down at the irrigation ditch. Dad's forehead was spit and bleeding. He had gone over and turned the water. The bachelor told him that it wasn't time for his turn yet, that he wasn't through. Dad said, "Well, the time's up, so it's my turn now." Bankhead swung a shovel at Dad. He threw his arms up and glanced part of the blow off, but it had cut a gash in his forehead. I could remember Mother weeping and holding on to Dad, and his making his way down to the house to get bandaged up. That was quite an experience for me, I had never seen anything so violent before in my life.

I was quite hostile because he had injured my father. I became very proficient, as a boy, throwing rocks. I could throw a rock and hit just about anything I wanted to. They were just smooth gravel which was from the Snake River valley. The country had once been under water, and there were beautiful smooth rocks laid on the surface. This bachelor's chickens came into our yard all of the time. His chickens were there, and I took a rock and hit a rooster right square in the head. Of course, that finished the rooster off. It belonged to Mr. Bankhead, and Mother didn't dare tell him about it. Dad was away, so finally, she brought it in the house and cooked it. That was the last of that deal, except I got "what for" for throwing rocks and killing people's chickens.

We boys were working for Bishop Cutforth. We were weeding the potatoes or beets. He had watermelons growing out in the fields. We had never seen them before. It was the first of July, and they weren't very big: they were about six inches in diameter, eight inches long, and still very green. Sam said. "Let's see if they are ripe."

I said, "How are you going to test them?" He said, "We'll bite into them with our teeth and find out." So we bit into about a half a dozen of those things but couldn't find anything but white stuff—no red. Soon after we left, the bishop came down the road in his buggy. He said, "I think you boys had better ride home with me." We said, "No, we don't think so." He said, "Well, I think I'd better take you to your mother;" and we knew that he had seen the teeth marks on the melons. He drove on but told Grandmother about it. She had the "plum bough tea" all ready for us.

Another day we were playing in the canal that watered our orchard and land. It was a big canal, but there wasn't any water in it. As we were playing, I looked up and here came a big head of water. When they turned the water down those canals, it came down with a great rush. I can imagine what a dam breaking or water getting out of its course would do to people when it was really a big high wall (such as the Teton Dam that broke in Rexburg, Idaho, in 1976). We just got over to the bank in time to save ourselves.

We were hoeing potatoes at Bishop Cuthforth's farm when a boy we knew, who wasn't a Mormon, got into an argument with us. We were too young to know what we were talking about. We were talking about different religions. I said, "I don't know what you are a Methodist for, Christ was a Mormon." He said, "He wasn't any such thing." We argued back and forth. When Bishop Cuthforth came along, I called him over and said, "We're having an argument out here. Was the Savior a Mormon?" He had to straighten out our thinking.

Then it came to my baptismal day. It was July 6, 1912, but it was cold and chilly. My grandfather, Hatch, came over. Mother put one of my dad's big shirts on me, and we walked out through the alfalfa patch. I can feel the stubble of that alfalfa on my feet yet. It wasn't very far, just short distance, about a block and a half to the headgate in the canal. Grandfather baptized me. But that shirt didn't go all of the way under the water. It was big and floated to the top, so he had to put me under again. My father confirmed me the next day at fast meeting.

We lived around cowboys and picked up some bad language. When Grandfather baptized Uncle Bill, he didn't understand what was going on. When Bill was baptized, he came up out of the water gasping for breath and said to Grandfather, "What the hell did you do that for?"

About this time in my young life, Father took us to Plain City, Utah, the place where he was born. His grandparents had come from England. They came across the plains with the second to last handcart company and settled there. He took us down to meet my grandfather, Thomas England, born July 3, 1860 in Bradford, Somerset, England. I met my cousins there, and we went down to the swamps, saw lots of water snakes. There were hundreds of them in nests, all balled together. We'd catch them, tie a barrel stove on their tails, and make them swim across the ponds. We'd throw rocks on either side of them and make them swim, so they'd be in motion across the pond. My grandfather had a little grocery store and a coal business that he didn't give up until he was old and retired. I'd walk along the candy counters and drool over them. Grandfather wasn't one to satisfy a kid's appetite, but I remember the candy, the cousins, and the snakes.

Dad's mother Ellen Close Butler, born January 12, 1961 in Ogden, Weber, Utah, had died when he was nine months old. He lived with his grandfather, John, and grandmother, Jane Pavard England, until his father remarried and had another family. His father went on a mission to England when Dad was about 16 years old. He had to stay out of school, work in the store in Plain City, and help on the little farm. When his father returned, he said, "George, I will remember what you have done during my mission, and if you are ever called on a mission, I will help you in return." (However, when the opportunity came, he wouldn't support Dad)

Dad didn't get along with his stepmother; so when his father came back from his mission, he left and went up to Moreland, Idaho, where his uncle, John England, lived. That's where he met the Abram Hatch family and worked some of their land. He married their oldest daughter, beautiful but frail Martha Jane Hatch. Her health was never good, and she was a worrier. She worried about her children and their companions and Dad and his debts.

We youngsters very seldom got any candy. Father came from the railroad one day, and I remember that he had some candy. It was a sack of caramels. He gave us each a piece or two. When he went back to his job on the railroad, my little mind got to working about the fact that he hadn't given us very many of those caramels. So I went into his clothes closet and went through his Sunday clothes pockets. I found the sack of caramels. Of course, you know, you can take one, nobody knows anything about it. You can take one the next day and so on. This went on for two weeks until he got back. I suppose that half of them were gone when he got home. I was called in. They couldn't think of anybody else who would get into his clothes and take the candy. I got a going-over before the whole family. I felt so bad about it! It was cold weather. I had some pigeons, and I went out in the little shed, where our wheat was. I put my pigeons in it. I felt very sorry for myself because I got such a going-over. But of course I deserved it because I didn't have any right to the candy.

Another time, I fell off the back steps of the house and got a splinter of wood in my arm. Mother pulled it out. It bled and hurt terribly but finally healed over. I could feel that there was still something in my arm. Mother felt it and said, "Well, there's a big splinter of wood in your arm." So one day she said, "The doctor's coming out from Blackfoot, I'm going to have him come and take that out of your arm." It was all healed over, and he was going to come out and cut my arm open and take the piece of wood out of it. I high-tailed out of there and was nowhere to be found when he got there. That splinter stayed there in my arm, and I could feel it for at least four or five years. It finally dissolved and was absorbed.

I was out to the big American Falls Canal and the irrigation ditches that ran out to irrigate the crops. I was out by one of the head gates. The head gates come out, where they divert the waters as it goes out. I saw a big fish in there. I went in after it, clothes and all, and caught it with my hands. It was a big sucker. Uncle Jerry came along just as I got out of the water with the fish. He wanted to buy it from me for 5 cents. Well, 5 cents was a fortune to a young lad like me in those days. But I knew that my mother was fond of fish because when Father would bring fish home, she would think that was the greatest. And I thought so much of my mother because of her

kindness, graciousness, and concern with things. This was something that she really liked, so I couldn't part with that fish. I took that fish home to my mother, and she was delighted with it.

My uncles and I learned a trick about catching fish in the canals. We took the wire that bound the straws on a broom, which was very pliable. We would take it and make a loop out of it and then string the wire onto a pole—a very strong willow. It was like a fishing pole. It had this snare or net loop on the end of it. We could sit on the canal bank and see the fish. Their heads were upstream. There were herrings as well as suckers in those streams. They came out of the Snake River into the canals. The herrings were very much more choice and edible fish than the suckers, so we looked for herrings. One day, I was over at the Talbots along a little canal that ran there. I saw four herrings in there. I sat on that bank and snared those one by one. It was a great thrill. That's about the only fishing I ever did until we got out of Bannock Valley and over into Marsh Valley at Arimo, Idaho, when I was much older. There was a little stream down in a farm south of us there. Early in the spring, these little fish would come up that creek. They were about eight or ten inches long. I'd go dig some angleworms. All I had for a pole was a willow with some string and a hook on it. I'd always come home with a string of fish—20 or 30 beautiful mountain trout.

My Uncle Sim had gone to Power County with his brothers and had filed on 160 acres. Another man had come along and decided that he wanted that piece of land. He offered Uncle Sim several hundred dollars for it. Sim looked at the claim farther to the north and decided that it was an easy few hundred dollars, so he made the deal. He came home and paid his grocery bill at Lindsey's Store in Moreland. Whenever someone paid their bill, it was the custom of the store owner to give him a bag of candy. One day Uncle Sim came in with a big sack of candy. He passed it around to everyone, but missed me. Everybody was having a lot of fun. I was standing out by myself and feeling bad. Uncle Sim noticed that he hadn't given me any candy, and he came over with a little sarcastic statement and gave me a piece. Uncle Sim was hailed as quite a wealthy man because he paid his store bill off and all of his debts around town.

Although he had a good job working for the Union Pacific Railroad Company (Oregon Short Line in our area), Dad was still looking for something better. When I was 11 years old, he and my uncles, Abe, Sim, and Jerry Hatch, and George Baldwin were homesteading farms in Arbon (Bannock) Valley, Idaho, about 30 miles south of Pocatello, Idaho. The farms (160 acres each) in the northeast end of the valley were close to what was known as yellow Dog Canyon. Our land all joined each other. Uncle Jerry's was next to us on the south. Uncle Abe's was on the east and east of his was Uncle George Baldwin's. On the north was Uncle Sim's piece. Father's property joined the Bowling Brook property on the west. Taking up these dry farms cut the grazing properties out for the ranch and cattlemen. They were a little hostile about these dry farmers going in and taking up this grazing land and putting in fences. But the time had come, and the ground was broken up and put into wheat. Here I learned, with my father's family and relatives, hard work and deprivation in the years ahead.

The homesteads were east of Pauline, Idaho, which had a post office, a small grocery store, a school house, and a one-room log church house. I was ordained there to the Aaronic Priesthood when I was 12 years old, May 22, 1916, by Bishop W. F. Kowallis. Dad was Superintendent of the Sunday School. We had a white topped buggy that we rode in to go to church and to travel to Moreland and back in. We'd go on down on our horses to Pauline to a dance once in a while.

I learned to dread Yellow Dog Canyon in the northeast corner of Bannock Valley. I would go with Father up the canyon to get mahogany wood. We'd take the wagon up there. It was a very, very steep hill. It was all the horses could do to pull the empty wagon up that hill. Then we'd go around the hill and try to get as much dead mahogany as possible. We'd always take a log chain along. We'd hitch it around the tree, and the team would pull the tree over. We'd trim it up and get a load of wood. Dad and I used to stand on the upper side of the wagon as it would go around those hills to keep it from tipping over. When we put a load on, we'd finish on pretty even ground; but when we'd go down the canyon, we'd put a rough-lock on the wheels of the wagon. The rough-lock was made by putting the large log chain over the wagon, so it went around the wheels to lock them. It would drag just like a plow-share or something heavy under each back wheel. Of course, you'd have to hold a hard line on the draft horses, so that their added weight to the pole strap on the neck yoke to the tongue of the wagon would keep the loaded wagon in check as we went down. It was really a risky business. One day my Uncle Abe's horse got loose, going a little too fast down there. He had a four-horse outfit. A horse fell and broke its leg, and they had to shoot it.

The light green, quaking aspen wood was generally cut in the mouth of the canyon. We'd get the trees that were dead. We pulled them over with a team and a chain. They made very good fire wood. We'd get a load of wood and bring it in. Father had his shotgun, and we'd get some grouse and sage hens out of the groves of trees up there.

Father probably had a fourth or fifth grade education in all of his life. Education didn't mean anything to him. I was in fourth grade in March of 1915, and it was time to get out to the farm. Father relented to my pleadings to go to this new land with him. Mother objected because she was interested in the kiddies getting an education. But all we were interested in was getting out of the eighth grade and not having to go to school any longer. Dad quit his job, bought a team of horses, and we went to Arbon Valley. Our provisions, including a tent to live in and a hand plow with which to break-out the new ground, were loaded in a wagon; and we journeyed over the sixty miles from Moreland through Blackfoot to Fort Hall, Pocatello, and on south up Bannock Creek. We went to Blackfoot and got on Academy Road to the Indian Reservation—about 13 miles of beautiful paved road. Then we got onto a sandy road almost to Pocatello. It was really rough going over the remaining dirt roads; and it was, oh, so slow with a team of horses and a wagon. It took us two full days to get to the farm.

When we finally made it to Dad's homestead, Uncle George Baldwin was there living in the tent that Dad had set up in the fall when he had come out to the Valley

and burned off some sagebrush. George had begun plowing some of that land. Father made the statement, "George Baldwin can't plow for me. He can't plow a straight furrow, so I've got to get my own plowing done." The first season, we lived in that tent and had a little two-burner stove. We used sagebrush for heat and for fuel. Our only food supplies were some Mother had sent. We melted snow for our water to drink because there wasn't water within a mile and a half. There was a canal to the north, and we'd have to take the horses there for water night and morning. Dad would get a 50 gallon, oak, pickle barrel and burn the inside with gasoline or coal oil to remove the stain and taste from the vinegar, so that the water was fit to drink. We filled it, used the top hoop and a piece of canvas to keep the water in when the barrel was full, and we hauled water from that ditch in the wagon. We used that water for all our culinary needs: drinking, bathing, cooking, etc. I don't remember that we ever boiled that water. Uncle Sam, Al, and I would go over and get into the canal to bathe. By the time we'd go 1½ miles over the dusty road home, we were as dirty as before we bathed.

That first summer in the Valley, we broke-out some land and got a small patch of wheat planted that fall. "Breaking-out", by my father, meant grubbing the large sage and buck brush with ax or adz before plowing the smaller growth under; by my uncles, it meant burning all the growth when the grass and brush was dry in the fall of the year. I had seen Uncle Abe clear hundreds of acres by the burning method on the Blackfoot desert prior to our coming to this valley. My father said that burning was bad for the land, so I learned how to wield the ax and adz so that the hand plow could turn the neat and proper furrows. The soil turned up in a big piece, and we had to work it down, pull the brush out, and burn it before we could plant a crop. The first two or three crops didn't have a very good seed bed. In June the old mustard grew, and Ruby and I had to pull it as it came up in the wheat. We used headers to cut the wheat and stack it up, and then we would bring a horse powered threshing machine in. I had to stack the straw from the elevator out of the separator in the harvester. Twelve head of horses went around and around to drive the threshing machine.

The next spring when we went back to the Valley, Dad had built a shanty—a big one-room clapboard house. There we cooked and ate and slept. Of course, the family came down. That summer, Dad traded our house in Moreland to Jule Harten for 80 acres of land in the Valley. Money was hard to come by because we didn't have very good crops, and we were experimenting and learning how to dry farm. There we grew winter wheat—turkey-red grain, which was new in that area.

Having the one-room house to live in meant that some of us (the boys) had to sleep outside. Mother and Dad and the girls slept in the house in two beds. You can imagine two beds with someone on the floor and a dining table, all this in one room. The next year, Dad built a kitchen and another bedroom on, so we had more room for the family. We never stayed during the winter. One night, Bill and I were asleep on the floor when there was a shotgun blast. Can you imagine the noise in a house? Dad had put the shot gun beside his and Mother's bed and shot a pack rat that came in the door. He got it, but I almost died of fright.

We were breaking out sagebrush, learning to cut sagebrush, breaking up new ground, and living where there were animals—coyotes, foxes, sage hens, and pintail and prairie grouse. Sage hens would give us meat. Sometimes we would find their nests and steal and eat their eggs if they were fresh. I had a wonderful experience watching the sage hens mating in the spring. Those big sage roosters would puff out their yellow throats, put their white short feathers in their necks and their tail feathers up in a fan, and strut around.

Jack rabbits and ground squirrels would destroy our crops, particularly on the borders. The ground squirrels would stay right inside the borders, and even after plowing through their burrows, they would still be there. They would destroy the wheat for several yards around their burrows. It was either give them poisoned oats or shoot them with the twenty-two rifle Dad had bought. I was learning to shoot it.

We killed a pig once a year and preserved it in a barrel of salt. It was terrible to have to eat that salt pork. When it was fresh it was good, but later the bacon had to be parboiled and then fried. If the cow was dry or we didn't have enough milk, we would have water gravy.

The first year we came back to Moreland after homesteading in Arbon Valley (I was about 12 years old), we had a sick mare. Dad said, "I've heard that if you get some berries off the cedar trees and steep them that they are good for a sick horse. I want you to go out to the lavas and get some cedar berries for me to steep for this mare." So I coaxed my uncle, Sim, to go with me. It was early in the spring, nice and warm. We got into the lavas and were getting some cedar berries. I said, "There are some bushes down there just off of the lava in that little swale. Sim said, "Well, be careful down there. You might run into a rattlesnake." I said, "I've been out in these lavas all of my life, and I've never seen a rattlesnake." I went down there, stepped in the edge of a little shrub brush, was looking for the berries, and Zoom! I stepped on a rattlesnake. That thing buzzed. I must have stepped close to its head because it didn't strike me. Man, I must have jumped ten or fifteen feet and ran towards Sim. He said, "That thing was coming right towards you. You must have hurt it." I said, "Boy, it was traveling!" He stood there and threw chunks of lava at it, and it went off into the brush. I came close to being struck by a rattlesnake, two miles from help. It would have finished me. For some reason the Lord had preserved me from death. Although I have been carless at times, I am deeply grateful to Him because my life has been full. I have great joy in the Lord's blessings of wife and family and what we and they are doing to help build the kingdom.

For two years, we went back to Moreland, rented a place in the fall; and I would go to school until spring, when I had to be back to the ranch. So from then on, my education was a haphazard situation. For school, I was two weeks late in the fall and left two weeks out early in the spring because I had to go when Dad wanted me. It made my education a pretty tough proposition. I just squeaked by and passed the grades.

One fall, after getting back from Arbon Valley, Aunt Docia was going someplace on the train; and we were down at the Moreland depot. I had gone over to the root cellar, and I found a dynamite cap. I didn't know what it was. I tied a piece of yarn to

it and lit it with a match. It wouldn't go off. Aunt Docia was sitting by the depot waiting for the train. She was nursing her baby son, Ray. I laid the cap on a rock, stood way back, and threw rocks at it. When I finally hit it, what a noise! Those rocks went to a powder of splinters. Everyone was terribly frightened. Aunt Docia said, "Look, look! My baby! my baby!" But the baby wasn't hurt. One of those little splinters of rock, so fine that you couldn't see it, had hit her breast; and it was bleeding. Dynamite caps have a force of 200 pounds in order to set off dynamite. So you can imagine the noise and the force that split those rocks.

My uncles had a herd of mustangs—about 75 head. They ranged them in the mountains in Yellow Dog Canyon in the summer and took them back to the Blackfoot desert area in the winter. They never did buy hay for them. One winter we had lots of snow. In March there was a thaw, but the horses were quite thin. One night it froze, and the horses put their backs up against the blizzard. The next day, many of them were standing up stiff--frozen to death.

I got my riding horses out of this herd. They would corral the horses when they brought them in, and they didn't mind me having a pony because I would break and work it. They'd say, "All right. You come and pick your horse." So I'd get up on the corral fence and say, "I'll take that one over there." They'd lasso the horse, whether mare or gelding. Uncle Abe worked with me on it. I'd have a bridle and my rope with me. He'd put the rope and bridle on the horse. He'd put a loop around the horse's nose with a half-hitch and slip it on to the horse. I'd use the reins and bridle to help guide it. I had to get on the horse and ride by Abe's side. I'd grab a lock of mane in my hand and the bridle and reins in the other. The horse would jump and flounce around. It couldn't do much because Abe would pull that horse right up to the saddle horn. He'd take me out for an hour or two and ride around. He gradually loosened the rope and lengthened it and let the horse have its head. I could guide the horse with my reins and get used to turning its head in the direction I wanted to go. He'd work with me two or three hours like that. When he decided I could get along without him, he'd hand me the rope and ride off. It was then up to me to get the horse down home and work it from then on and get it, so that I could ride it. I got thrown off those horses. I'd go out in the morning and put a bridle on the horse and get on it. It would pitch me sky high and pret' near break my neck. That was how I got my horses. I just had a bridle and never knew what it was to have a saddle. I rode bare back.

I had a gelding, Snip, with a white strip on his nose. Then I had a little bay that I called Bert. If I didn't lead him up to the wagon and get on him that way, he would buck me off. If I grabbed him by the mane and jumped up to get on, throw my leg over, and I'd slap him on the right shoulder that would startle him. One day Uncle Bill saw me do it; and when the horse threw me, my head just missed the wagon wheel. He told me the horse was bucking because it was startled. After that I rode him without difficulty. Whenever one of these horses got so my uncles could take them and sell them, or if they wanted one for themselves, they'd give me a new horse to break.

Next, I had a little black mare. We called her Jet. She was black as coal. One day she stepped in a badger hole and skidded along on her knees and her nose. Of course I went off. She was pretty smart because we'd be galloping along and she'd

stumble, and away I'd go. For a while, I thought that maybe she'd weakened her knees when she stepped in the badger hole. Then one day, I decided that she was just doing this on purpose to throw me off. So the next time she stumbled, I grabbed her mane and didn't go off. After she found out that I stayed on, she quit stumbling. One day she almost killed me. She acted like she wanted to kick me when I'd go after her in the field. I talked to her, and she wouldn't kick. But one day, she let fly with both feet. One hind foot just grazed my left ear. Her right foot clipped my collar bone enough to skin it. If one of those feet had hit me in the face it would probably have killed me. I kept her for a long time. She was hard to handle and hard to work with because she was too darn smart for me I guess.

Uncle Bill (five years my senior) was my champion and favorite, even though my life was in jeopardy whenever he was around. He was the dashing cowboy who took the prize money calf-roping, bronco riding, or bulldogging at the rodeos; the soldier in World War I; the handsome steel-gray eyed, freckled blond who caught the ladies eyes; the loveable mischievous guy who would saddle up a bronc and ride him for the fun of it, with nobody in particular to see him doing it; the guy who got me nearly killed a few times, who had the tables turned when I got older.

One day, Bill came by and said, "Let's go down to the store. I've got to go down to the valley, and your mother needs some groceries." I said, "I've got to get the mare in. She's out in the field." So Bill tried to get her into the corral, but she wouldn't come in. We couldn't head her into the corral to save our lives. He said, "I'll fix her." He just took after her as hard as his horse could run and got right up to the side of her. He got her on a turn and jumped off of his horse's back onto her back. The minute he got on her back, he slapped her on the side of the face, brought her up, and I put my bridle on her. He got his horse, and we went to town.

I used to go to the little lean-to store down in Pauline for groceries when the folks needed them. I'd put a gunny sack over my right leg and under my left leg and against the pony's sweaty side. That way, I could hold it and ride my horse home that three or four miles. One day when I came along, I was ki-yiing or whistling or something. I couldn't sing or whistle, but I was always making a noise. As I came along making a noise like that, all of a sudden my horse started to act like somebody had hit her on the flank, and she really jumped. The bridle and reins were loose, and all I could do was grab the mane and the sack of groceries. I was sitting with this sack of groceries in one hand and holding the mane in the other. Somebody was flagging my horse on the tail. After about 600 or 700 yards, old Bill started to laugh. He was hitting the pony on the rump with his lariat. I had a fast and precarious ride for the next few minutes. I couldn't even turn around to see who it was or what they were doing. Brother, I was hanging on for dear life! He got a big kick out of that.

One day we got in a scuffle over something, and I grabbed something he had and ran. Bill yelled, "Stop, stop, or I'll stop you." I just kept laughing and running. He picked up a piece of hard dirt that had been under a horse's hoof when it walked on the ground after it had rained. It had caked like a brick. It was flat, and he threw it at me. I was running and didn't see it coming. It hit me right behind the ear, and I went sailing. It didn't knock me out, but I just acted like I was killed. Old Bill came down

there, and he begged me to come to. He held me, and he thought he had killed me for sure. I started laughing, and then he did want to kill me because he was really scared.

It was hard to haul the water from an irrigation ditch that was 1½ miles away. So in May of 1914, we got a man to come in and drill a well for us. He had a big, heavy plunger that he put down into the ground. The water came in and softened the ground. The well was deepening. We watched him and his outfit. He was supposed to stand by the hole and watch it all the time. Georgia, my youngest sister, was just learning to walk. One day she was missing. She'd never been anyplace but just toddling around the house and out there. We asked the man, "Did you see Georgia out there? Did you see the baby?" He said, "No." He'd been out to his wagon for a while. We were sure she'd gone down in that hole. It was quite wide at the top. It was pretty awful for a while. And then we looked down toward the backhouse, and she came toddling out from behind it. It was horrible thinking she'd gone down in that well.

As a lad, I had a similar experience in Moreland. I had a horror of our well because I'd heard tell of people falling down them. Our well was big and wide. It was about four feet by four feet. We climbed down to get the water out. There was a bucket at each end of a pulley. We'd send one bucket down while the other bucket came up, Mother had been washing that day, and Ruby was helping her. I'd been out playing with the boys. I came home from playing on a Saturday, and Mother wasn't home. No one was home. The first thing I did was go to the well. I could see the water was splashed all on the sides of the curbing. I thought Mother had fallen in the well. Panicky, I ran over to Grandmother's. She lived a block away. I ran in the house and asked, "Where's Mom? Is Mother here?" She said, "No, I haven't seen her." I was just about in hysterics when I saw Mother and Ruby. Grandmother Hatch was just teasing me. But it wasn't funny; I was terrified.

The well on the farm was 226 feet deep. Some years later, Father bought an old putt-putt engine. It was hard to crank and hard to keep going, but we would run that and get water. Of course we had to have more storage, so he dug a cistern in the heavy clay that was about 12 feet across and 8 feet deep. It was a nice, smooth, clay hole. Dad got some waterproof cement and plastered that all the way around and put a wood top on it. We'd run water from the well, fill the cistern, and keep it full. We had a little hand pump on the cistern, and we'd pump that water out into the trough for the horses or pump it out for our own use. That little gas engine became such a big problem that Father finally purchased, and we erected, a windmill. The sucker stem at the bottom of the well would get clogged now and again. We'd have to pull that whole thing out. It was all hardwood connecting rods which had threads on the end of them and screwed into the next one down. They were all about 18 feet long. We'd have to pull one up and put a double half-hitch on it, then next one because it was awfully heavy. We had big pulleys, and it would take two of us to pull the pipe out, put a half-hitch on the next one, until we got down to the valve at the bottom that held the water and pull it up the well to the top. Several times we had to pull the whole thing out, get it repaired, and put it back down in the same way it came up.

We lived in a very weedy, dry area. I was often there alone tending things. One time when I was a there alone, I could hear a sputtering. The metal wood box was

about six inches from the stove leg. When I found the cause, it was a stream of sparks. The sparks were jumping from the metal wood box to the stove leg. The wind coming down the stove pipe was causing the problem. That was my first experience with static electricity.

I really learned to work hard. I learned to chop sage and buck brush. When I was 12 or 13, I learned to handle a foot-burner with the big team, chopping sage before me. One spring we moved back out to the farm, and Dad was still on the job working in Pocatello or on the railroad. We got what was called a sulky plow. It was one plow on a three-wheeled affair with three head of horses pulling it. Mother would ride that plow, and I would use the hand plow or foot-burner with the big team. Many is the time that I went flying through the air when the plowshare hit a rock or buck brush root, and my weight and a dulling-share couldn't hold a true course to cut them off. I was fourteen years old at the time.

One day I had to cut all the sagebrush in front of us when we were breaking up the land in order to get the plows through. I came out and harnessed all the horses ready to go to work. I came along swinging an axe with the blade in the front. As I moved forward with my left foot, that axe hit a stump and went on over and cut through my boot and cut my ankle bone. It didn't look very serious. I guess it numbed it. We went to work, and about 11:00 am, my foot started to ache and hurt until I couldn't stand it. So I told Mother we had to go in. We unhitched the horses and went into the yard. By the time I got the harnesses of the horses, I was on one foot. I had split my ankle. I spent about two weeks of the most terrible pain I had ever experienced. The pain was excruciating, and I had nothing to relieve it. We were 20 miles from a doctor or the railroad. I didn't even have a chew of gum to take my mind off the pain. Father came home and was disturbed with me because I had wrecked the program of work that was going on. There was nothing we could do about it. It was over three months before I could put a shoe on my foot. I had an old rubber boot that I put on to get around in. I made me a little crutch that I could stick my knee in.

Uncle Jerry had an old single barrel blunder bus. It broke the breach by moving a lever on the top by the hammer. He and Bill were going hunting. Bill was going to use my dad's double barrel shotgun, and Jerry was going to use his gun. I was going along as kind of a bird dog. They were in the house getting stuff ready; and I thought, "Boy, I'm going to shoot this gun." I'd never shot a shotgun, and I was going to shoot it. I thought, "I'm going to shoot that can out there." So I loaded it with a shotgun shell and thought, "That thing will kick my shoulder sure as can be." Sure enough, brother, it kicked my shoulder! And the lever released the barrel and hit me right in the mouth. It cut my lip on the right side and cut right through to my teeth. Bill and Jerry came running out when they heard the shotgun go off. There I was, bleeding profusely. And I felt so silly about it that I started to grin. My Aunt Zina, Uncle Jerry's wife, was there. I don't know where my folks were. She just about died. She said, "Gene, I can see your teeth right through that cut. You get in here and let me fix you up." I went inside of the house and she washed me up and got the blood dried off. Then she broke an egg, took that little skin out of the inside of the egg shell, and plastered it on my lip. It stuck, and I went right on with the boys hunting that day. I had an aching face all

right, but I still went with them. The membrane dried on my lip and it knit quite well. There is hardly any scar there. But it cut a cord on the right side of my mouth, and when I grin, I grin from one side because the muscle or cord pulls on my face.

One day the folks all went in the white topped buggy down to the country store to shop. I was left alone to work. I had to do my chores that night. I had to milk a cow after I finished my work for the day. It was getting dusk, and I went after the cow. She was down in the field about a quarter of a mile away. As I got her and started back, the sun was going down. Before I got into the yard, I saw a light come on in the pantry window. Then the light went out. I thought the folks were home and were lighting up the house. The light went on and off again. Somebody was lighting a match in there. When it didn't come on again, I got concerned. I got almost to the corner of the house where there was a clothesline. The cow was in front of me. A shotgun blast went right across the cow's back and lit her up. The only thing I could think was that it was that crazy uncle of mine. I hadn't seen Bill for three months. I hollered, "Bill, Bill." There was another shotgun blast. That blast went over the cow, and Bill didn't answer, I thought somebody was trying to kill me. Boy, did I high tail it down through the field! I got going so fast that when he hollered at me, I didn't know if I was going to stop or not. I wasn't sure it was him.

Dad had a double-barrel shotgun, and Uncle Bill got some shells out of the closet to scare me. Anyway, I came back and milked the cow. I could hear the folks coming in the white top buggy. Bill and I had a light in the house. Bill got under the bed in the big room in the house. He said, "Don't you say a word to anybody, or I'll beat the tar out of you." Mother and Ruby were busy putting on supper. Mother went around the side of the room by the table where Bill was. He reached out and grabbed her by the foot, and she fainted. That was the kinds of going on that happened every time Bill was around.

One day Bill came in, and he was fooling around. He always had money on him—silver dollars and what not. He was flipping this silver dollar around. He held it out in his hand, and I hit it and flipped the coin in the air and grabbed it. He came after me and tried to take it away from me. I could see that he was going to get it. We were wrestling, and I gave it a flip. It went up on the bed in that same big room. I made out like I had swallowed it. I gulped and choked. He said, "You haven't swallowed that!" I said, "Sure, I swallowed it." Bill asked "Did this kid swallow that dollar? How in the world could he swallow a dollar?" Mother came running in there, and I choked and acted like I had swallowed it. The whole family said, "Well, that crazy knothed. He swallowed that dollar." I got up, and I couldn't imagine why they couldn't see that dollar on the bed. They were all standing around it. When I looked, there was a little four inch square of paper on the bed, and the dollar had gone under it. They hadn't seen the dollar and didn't know it was there. I just let them think I had swallowed the dollar for a while. Then I went over and picked up the paper and said, "Here's your dollar right here."

One spring Bill and I were going to Arbon Valley from Moreland. It was 60 miles down there. He had a horse that wasn't fully broken. He needed to take this pony along, so I was to go along and ride the pony bareback. We got to Pocatello and got

the horses in the livery stable. I had my first experience sleeping in a hotel. The hotel was 75 cents for the room, and we went down to a little Chinese soup parlor to get something to eat. Bill was a bashful sort of fellow. I guess he wasn't used to hotels or ordering meals. He didn't know how to order from the menu, so he told the Chinese proprietor to get us a two-bit meal each. It was soup and noodles and few things that were interesting to me. It was also my first experience with indoor plumbing. The next morning we got our horses, and the pony had to be held and tamed down for a while. We rode out of Pocatello and back up Bannock Creek to Pauline and on to our farm.

When the old men got up to pray in church, they raised their right arm to the square. When Uncle Bill was about 17 year old, he was asked to dismiss the meeting with prayer. Bill walked up on the stand in the little log church house, raised his arm to the square, and it embarrassed him. He was a strong, formidable guy when it came to riding horses or hard work; but he was light complexioned with freckles, fair skin, and blue eyes; and he blushed. He looked at the bishop, dropped his arm, and said. "I'd rather be excused." And back down into the audience he went.

Dale Butler, who had the land east and south of us, Sim's first location, needed somebody to help him pull sage from the plowed land. When the plow-share broke up the land, it cut the roots. Then the sagebrush had to be pulled from the plowed ground, put in piles, and burned. So he came down and hired me for a dollar a day. Every day at just about sundown when we quit, he handed me a silver dollar. I brought it home and gave it to Dad. One day, while I was working along and pulling sage on the turned sod, I found the most beautiful ebony arrowhead that I had ever seen. It was just so perfectly formed. I was just thrilled with it. So I picked it up and put it in my pocket. While working all that afternoon, I debated what to do: whether to tell Dale Butler about it or not. Every two or three hours during the morning and the afternoon Dale said, "Let's take a break." We'd go over to the cabin and have something to eat. He had some canned peaches up there. They were delicious. I gave in and decided it would be the only right thing to do to tell him that I had found the arrowhead on his land. So I pulled it out of my pocket and showed to him. He was so thrilled and took it. And then he said, "I'll give you a dollar for that." Although a dollar was a fortune to me, it was his anyway, and I couldn't keep the dollar because it went to Dad. Even to this day I wish I had it. I'd put it on a bowler. It was the most perfect arrowhead I have ever seen. So Dale got my arrowhead, and I gave two dollars to Dad that night.

Grandpa Abram Hatch went to Arbon Valley and took up an 80 acre farm under a different type of Homestead Act. The act required that you have water. His land joined Uncle Jerry Hatch's property to the south of us. There was a little stream of water that came down Eagle Pass Canyon out of the mountains to the east. We helped Granddad with a plow, and we dug a ditch and diverted the water down to the 80 acres, so he could prove up on it. The family went up to help him one day. They took their lunch for an outing. They went ahead of me because I was finishing my chores. I got on my pony and was riding through the tall sage to try to catch up with them when I ran onto an old ewe sheep that had gotten away from the herd. A fox was trying to kill her. He had torn a big hole in her flank and had torn her hide down to the flesh. Well, I drove him off, drove the ewe home, and tied her up before I went on to the

canyon. I thought I'd be able to save her. But the maggots go into the wound, and we had to destroy her. I was disappointed because I thought I would have something of my very own.

Another day, we all went up the canyon to help Grandpa with his ditch; and I got acquainted with the Eagle Pass Canyon area. Bill was telling me about riding up that canyon. It was nothing but a trail. There really wasn't any road up there. He said he was thirsty, and he got off his horse and got a nice drink out of the creek. He got on his horse, rode around through the brush, and there was a dead sheep in the creek. Bill had a very peculiar stomach. Anything off-color or off-taste really upset him.

One time, we were living in a sheep camp up on the Portneuf River. We had a camp wagon, with a cupboard, stove, and table. It was covered with a canvas top stretched over bows. We cooked our own meals. One day, I was in a hurry and ran up the tongue of the wagon to get inside. I slipped and cut my shinbone on the strap iron on the tongue. I got blood poisoning, but I got it doctored up with some medicine from my grandmother. It's a wonder I didn't lose my leg. I kept the job even though I was crippled, lame, and limping. I always had a groove out of my shin bone after that. Sam and I got the seven year itch (bed bugs or lice) from sleeping in the sheepherders' bunks.

One day, Al, Sam, and I were riding up there for a little outing when there wasn't any work to be done down on the farms. I saw a peculiar stone and picked it up. It was about the size of my fist and it was heavy. It was just a piece of lead, but it didn't have any coloration. It was just a dark gray and a little odd-shaped, kind of oblong. I put it in my pocket, brought it down to where Granddad's sheds were, and left it there. Years later, I got to thinking about it, and I tried to find it to see if it was anything worthwhile. I never could find it. It may have been a meteorite or something valuable.

One day, the family took their lunch and went up Yellow Dog Canyon to pick serviceberries and chokecherries. They would can them and use them for pies. All of a sudden a big, black cloud came over the mountain, and we got in a cloudburst. We all looked like drowned mice. As we came down out of the canyon, we came upon a bunch of willow grouse. Uncle Jerry got out and caught some of them because their feathers were so wet that they couldn't fly.

Our last winter in Moreland, we rented a place. We didn't have a well or any indoor plumbing. I had to go across the vacant lot to the Mayor Henry Nelson's well to pump water. He had a well but no indoor plumbing. There wasn't any indoor plumbing in town. We didn't have electricity. When we did get electricity, I remember those light bulbs hanging on a cord from the ceiling--one bulb in each room. Dad built a couple of rooms onto the house, so that we used one for the kitchen. There were two bedrooms and what we called a living room. It had a couch in it. Anyone extra visiting could use it for a bed.

There was no barn for our cow, so she was tied to the wagon and fed hay. She was mean and used to kick, and I had to use hobbles on her. I had to milk her night and morning. One morning I went out to milk her, and it was really frigid. It must have been 25 degrees below zero. The milk would freeze when it hit the bucket. She got to

jumping and kicking. She had hobbles on, and she wouldn't quit. All of a sudden, she just threw herself over right on top of me. She mashed the bucket, and she couldn't get up. I couldn't get up. I was mashed right down in the cold snow and had quite a job getting myself out of it. I couldn't get help from anybody to get out from under that mean cow that morning.

That spring I was quite a marbles player. Sometimes, I wouldn't get home in time to do my chores; I'd stay at school and play marbles until dark. We'd play for keeps. My cousin, Al Baldwin, said, "I'm going to be your business manager. I'll handle the marbles; and if you get on a losing streak, I won't let you have them. You stop the game." Boy, did we collect a bag of marbles that year! I'd get home late at night sometime, and I'd get "what for" because I wasn't home in time to get my chores done before dark.

On the Fourth and Twenty-Fourth of July the whole family got together. We'd have a ball game, a program, and food. Dad once brought a bunch of bananas in Arimo. They were green. He hung them in the chicken coop. After they got yellow, I'd slip into the coop every now and again, find a ripe banana, and twist it off. I ate four or five before the Fourth of July. I didn't get caught because no one knew how many had been there to begin with.

Grandmother Hatch would make the balls that we played with. She made them out of yarn, and we made our bats. It was all great play and family get-together programs. Bill would ride a wild horse or two and put on a show for the buckaroos.

While we were in Arbon Valley, and I was about 14 years old, Dad had bought a big Chevrolet car that he went in debt for. If he wanted something, he bought it and paid interest on it. He was always in debt. When he died he had more assets than liabilities, but he still owed money. My brother, Miles, took over his debts and settled his estate. Anyway, one day the family was going to Moreland for a visit in that car, and he wanted me to stay and take care of things on the farm. He said, "Now, you go up in that little swale (about 2 or 2½ acres of land), plow it up, harrow it down, and plant it while we're gone. You can have the crop off it." So I did. I went up there with a little sulky plow, plowed it, and planted it with blue stem spring wheat while they were gone that week. I was out there alone, baching it. Boy, what a lonesome feeling it was to be in a place like that with nobody for miles around. I got a nice little crop that fall. We harvested it and sold it. I got this little stack separate from the rest of the grain. When it was thrashed, I got \$70 for it. Dad said, "Now, what do you want to do with it?" I said, "Well, I want a saddle horse that's mine, and I want a shotgun." So Dad went over to Arimo and bought me a Stevens twelve-gauge pump shotgun and a box of shells. It cost him \$27. He said, "You don't need any horses because we've got this dual purpose horse, Roxy. You can have her. She's yours. Of course, we'll use her on the farm, but you can ride her and use her on the buggy." But she never was mine. Even her colts were Dad's that he turned into draft horses. I never owned a saddle horse until I purchased a farm in Downey, Idaho in 1942.

At 5:00 am, I'd go wrangle the horses and bring them in, fed them grain, get them out on the equipment, work them for four hours, come in and feed them hay and grain, and eat my lunch. Then I'd head out through the grain and brush and bring in

fresh meat. I got to be a real shot. I got so good that I could bring in 23 birds with a box of 25 shells. I could shoot a grouse or chicken or anything that came up and hit it 99% of the time. That was my entertainment because I liked to hike and shoot.

Mother had decided that Ruby was old enough now to put up her own hair, and she hadn't put Ruby's hair up this Sunday morning. Ruby was having quite a time with it, and it made her late. Dad was the Superintendent of the Sunday School in Arbon Valley and wanted to be there on time. He ordered Ruby into the buggy. Ruby didn't come, so he took his new buggy whip and was going to make her mind. She grabbed the whip and broke it over her knee. She wasn't going to Sunday School until she looked proper.

After four years, the homestead was "proved-up", and the government gave deeds to the property. Father mortgaged his farm and purchased Uncle Jerry's which joined ours on the south. We went back and forth from the valley to Moreland until World War I broke out. Then Father went over to Arimo, Idaho, (about 22 miles east of the farm) bought a little piece of property, and built a little, three-room house on it. The family didn't come out to the Valley any more except for harvest. I had a little more stability in my education. That's where I finished the seventh and eighth grades. I got through eighth grade, but by then I had lost two years and was 16 years old. I was getting kind of big and old to be with the other students in the grade school. About that time, the people in Arimo decided that they would have a high school there. So they floated a bond issue and built a building, so that we could have two years of high school.

When we moved to Arimo, it was in Sunday School that I got acquainted with the boys in my class: Morris "Soup" Woodland, Norman Farr, and Bill and Bob Henderson. There were several others who didn't go to church. We played baseball and basketball with them. One afternoon when I was going to sacrament meeting (We always met at 2:00 pm on Sundays) with my parents, I met some of the boys coming down the street in their daily clothes, not their Sunday clothes. They said, "Where do you think you're going?" I said, "Well, I'm going to Sacrament Meeting with my parents." They chided me and laughed at me. None of those boys ever went to sacrament meeting. They only went to Sunday School and MIA.

On June 8, 1918, I was plowing on the farm that we had bought from Uncle Jerry with a new two bottom moldboard plow. You could stand up and ride on the plow. Seven head of horses would pull the two plows. My cousin, Al Baldwin, rode up; and I said, "Goodnight, what's he coming across here for? Doesn't he have work to do?" He came up to me and said, "Turn those horses loose, and let's go up Yellow Dog Canyon." I said, "I daren't quit. I have work to do. I have to get this plowing done." He said, "There's a total eclipse coming today, and I think we ought to just take off and go and see it from the top of the mountain." I thought about it for a minute. I'd been working hard and thought I'd just do it. I turned the horses loose, got my saddle horse, and Al and I went up Yellow Dog Canyon. We had passed a sheep herder and a sheep camp that was down in the mountain meadow. We got up on the ridge of the canyon and rode to the highest peak up Eagle Pass that we could get to. We could look right down in the valley: down on our homes and farms quilted with green grain, and

stubble fields, fallow, and some not yet broken from sagebrush. It made a beautiful picture in the late spring sun. As we got up there, we saw that eclipse start. It was the most beautiful thing you ever saw. It was just a patchwork, and the sun was over to the west. We were on the east side of the valley on top of the mountain when that eclipse started. The shadow traveled across that valley toward us and was something real and fast like a cloud or a veil going across the sun. This continued, shading deepened, and the sun reached the full eclipse; and it was quite dark all around. Then the light started and came across the valley. The light followed the shadow; and when it got across, as it passed us, we turned and saw somebody on a horse come out of Yellow Dog Canyon on a dead run. We could see the mouth of the canyon, and the horse was going just as hard as it could run down that road and into the valley. We couldn't figure out what in the world was the matter until we got back down to that sheep camp. We guessed that the sheep herder didn't know anything about the eclipse, and he thought the world was coming to an end. It was a steep canyon, and it's a wonder that he didn't kill himself because he was riding so fast.

I remember talking with the men down at Lindsey's Store about World War I. These old fellows were sitting around on a bench, talking and discussing like they always did. It was about 1914 or 1915.

In 1918, Bill had been drafted. He was in Logan, where my brother-in-law, Eral Henderson, Ruby's husband, was. They were training in the barracks at the Utah State Agricultural College (AC). One day, I was visiting Bill, and we were fooling around. One of his friends had been drafted, and they had a party for him before he left. His dad passed out some expensive cigars. I was a smart kid, or thought I was, and tried one of those cigars. It made me ill—really quite sick. The folks thought I was coming down with the flu. There was a flu epidemic, and many people died from it. I knew, or course, what was the matter with me. The next morning, I got up, dressed, and went out in the country. It was quite cold (wintertime), and everyone said, "That kid is going to kill himself because he hasn't got enough sense to stay out of the cold when he's already ill." I remember riding around in a Model T Ford car with some boys and shooting my gun. They were shooting their guns in the air and celebrating the Armistice—November 10, 1918, the end of World War I.

When I was a young man, we were always poor and in debt and never had anything extra. I felt almost like the down-trodden, poor, white people that I saw in the south when I went on my mission in later years. I was embarrassed because I didn't have clothes that matched the ordinary people's clothes. When I was in the seventh and eighth grades, I was wearing a pair of knee pants and long stockings which were completely out of style. I wore out the seat of the pants, and I had to go home from school. I had to go over to Henry Nelson's across a vacant lot to carry water for drinking and use his hand pump because he had a well, and we didn't. If we needed a piece of ice once a year to make a little ice cream, we would go over to him and buy it because he had an ice house and stored ice in sawdust which would make it last all summer long. This ice was cut out of the pond down by the slough and wasn't good for drinking water. We had to work. I picked gooseberries to get 25 cents for the Fourth of July. If we could find a stamp or a nest of eggs, we thought we were wealthy. That was

the only time we had any store-bought candy. Mother would make candy at Christmastime.

I was oppressed by Sam and Al, and I was always the underdog in everything that went on. My first feelings of success came when I learned to break horses, and I finally stood up to Sam and Al. I remember the last fight I had with my Uncle Sam. I was about 14 or 15 years old. I finally outgrew both he and Al, and they couldn't get the better of me anymore. Sam and I got in a fight, and they had to stop it because I was holding my own with him. That ended my fighting with him. The next fight I had was with Al Baldwin. It was over on the bachelor, Tom Wheatley's, property south of Sim's homestead. Tom used to court my sister, Ruby. Al and I were over there for some reason, and we got into a tussle. Al fought with his claws, not his fists. He grabbed me and got his fingers in my mouth on both sides. He was trying to tear my mouth open, and I hit him and really gave him a flogging. Tom Wheatley stopped the fight. That finished it. Those two boys never did try to win over me anymore.

One day my uncle, Sim, said to me out on the dry farm, "You poor, simple-minded, little kid. I feel sorry for you." You never forget something like that. When I started playing basketball and had a few skills, I got a little self-confidence. I never did get very good grades in school. I was afraid that I couldn't learn, and I didn't know anything. I didn't measure up to those around me. When I went to Pocatello and found out that I could learn the skills fast or faster than men around me, I began to get a little more confidence. But I could never go up to people and get acquainted with them. I couldn't speak in public except in the schoolroom, where I was called upon--until the day I stood up and bore my testimony.

Young kids have to have something to do, some kind of entertainment. If they don't, they get into mischief. When I was in the 8th grade at school, a professor and his wife were teaching the lower grades. One day the professor had forgotten his keys. He had the key to get into the school house, but he didn't have the keys to the library to get the books. Those keys were kept in his desk. He lived about half a mile away. He came to me and said, "You go down and get the keys." He told me where to find them. I took off and looked back and saw that all of the boys from the seventh and eighth grades were with me. I asked, "Where do you think you're going?" They said, "Well, if you can get out of school to get the keys, we're going with you." We got the keys, and laughingly, they said, "If you're going to have the keys, so are we." So we took the keys, divided them up, and headed east to the railroad tracks. We took our bandana handkerchiefs, put them around our heads, painted our faces black with charcoal, and became a bunch of pirates. We really played hooky from school and were having a gay old time. By the time we got back to town, the school principal met us. He didn't take us to school. He said, "All of you fellows come with me now." Of course, we didn't know whether we were going to be expelled or what would happen to us. He took us down to Tom Woodland's. He was the Chairman of the School Board. Tom looked out and saw the principal and these kids all dressed up with their faces painted. There were seven or eight of us, and we were quite a sight! His son Morris, who we nicknamed "Soup" because he had big lips, was also with us. Well, Tom just burst out laughing. The principal was really peeved. Tom went in to the kitchen, called

his wife, and said, "I need some hot water." He got a tub, a bucket of hot water and filled it up, got some soap and towels, and said, "All right, you fellows, you clean yourselves up, and then get back to school where you belong." That was the full penalty--just a good laugh for the Chairmen of the School Board.

One evening, a group of us were down in the town trying to figure out something crazy to do. There was a confectionary in town, and the owner's girl took care of it. She had a bed in the back room. Her boyfriend came there after she locked up the store at night. When they were in there together, we got the idea that we'd lock them in. The doors all opened to the inside. So we got ropes, and gave each other a signal. The boys at the front door took an old wagon spoke and wired it across the door and onto the porch post. I hope we weren't the cause of their problems because later, at fast and Testimony Meeting, they had to get up and make a confession and asked for forgiveness. They had gone to the Logan Temple and been married, but she was pregnant when they were married. They had to confess before the whole ward. It was terribly embarrassing, but it was a good lesson to us. It put a lot of fear in us about how we took care of our morals.

One night Morris and I were sitting on the bench in front of the Confectionary. It was a loafers' bench, where the old gents would sit and spend their time telling yarns and stories. We were trying to figure out what to do and challenging each other as to what we might do. We talked about going to the Downey Canal about three-quarters of a mile to the east which went through Bishop Farr's farm. Then, we decided to go up in Henderson's big storage barn and sleep in the seven-passenger Hudson car. We stayed there all night. The folks weren't worried because Bob Henderson and I were pals. If I didn't show up, they figured I was down there. If he didn't show up, his folks figured he was at my house. We didn't have telephones, so there wasn't any way to inform them. The next morning, Ben Henderson came in and saw us. He said, "You boys better get up and get out of here. Your parents are looking for you." Well, in the middle of the night Morris's parents--not being used to him staying out all night--got up, started looking for him, and asking questions all around. Someone, who had heard us challenging each other to go up to the Downey Canal, talked. They thought that we had gone up there and drowned. When Tom woodland got to our place and woke my folks, they said, "Well, he'll be down to Ben Henderson's with Bob." They checked with his parents, and we weren't there. So everyone was pretty excited. When we came out of the barn, our parents saw us and were pretty perturbed. Dad said "You go hitch up the team of horse and get out to Arbon Valley." It was 20 miles over the mountain up through Robin's gap and over the hill to Arbon Valley. I used to get homesick blues when I went out there to stay alone and back. The place was dreary, and far away from everyone. My childhood on that farm was one of hard work and real poverty. I didn't have a very happy childhood.

The general merchandising store in Arimo was known as Henderson's Store. The store belonged to the Henderson brothers and their boys. The big Hudson that Morris and I had slept in was a family affair. Bob Henderson's older brother, Eral, went with my sister, Ruby. He came to take her for a car ride. He came over just as we were finishing supper. My neighbor, Clarence Henderson, Earl's cousin, was there. We asked

Eral if we could go for a car ride with them. We said, "We'll get some girls, and we'll go along with you," He said, "Nothing doing!" So I said, "Clarence, let's get on our way." We headed out of the house, and Earl put Ruby's coat on her. I said, "Let's fool them. Let's ride downtown anyway." That big seven-passenger car had folding seats. Two seats folded down in the back, so there was quite a bit of space between the front and back seats. We jumped in the car and lay down between the seats. It was just getting dusk, and Ruby and Eral didn't see us. They drove through Arimo and up to McCammon, Idaho, turned around and parked. They talked for a little while, drove back, parked the car in the garage, and sat there and talked and talked—sweetheart stuff. They were engaged. He was waiting for a mission call, and they got married before he left (which was often the custom of the time). We stayed as quiet as mice. Neither one of us dared move. So when they got back, Eral put the car in the storage barn. They got out, and he locked the car. We were almost paralyzed from lying in one position so long. Clarence said, "How are we going to get out of here?" I said, "We're going to go through the window up in the top and come down through the storage barn." When we got out, they were just moping along, walking slowly. Eral was leading the horse he had ridden from the farm to the storage barn. As we went past them, Ruby asked, "Where have you been?" I said, "You'd be surprised!"

Grandfather Hatch was staying with us at the time (1919). He was sitting by the stove the next morning when I got up to build the fire. Ruby was busy getting breakfast ready. I started kidding her about her joyride the night before. She said, "Well. What do you know about it?" I said, "Well, Clarence and I went with you last night." she said, "Well, you'll have to prove that to me because you couldn't have gone." So I told her where they'd stopped and how they came back and parked in the barn. Then I told her some of their conversation. She picked up the stove poker and started after me. She said, "Don't you say anymore! Don't you say another word!" She had given her heart to Eral that night, and she didn't want me to repeat it.

Our neighbor boy, Melvin Jensen, always wore a pair of boots with laced sidebands and a jumper. One day I walked into the Confectionary, and there was Mel, with his black hair, stooped over the counter. I just walked up and flipped him on the seat of the pants with my fingers. You know you can flip a person with your fingers just right, and it really stings. He jumped and turned around—it was a complete stranger. I had never seen this man before in my life. I had to beg his pardon, tell him I was mistaken, and that I thought he was somebody else. I thought that maybe I was in real trouble.

The next summer, after the farming was done, Bill Hatch and I went to work on the gravel road from, McCammon to Pocatello. The gravel pit was in McCammon. We had eight head of horses and two wagons. We had dump boards, and we'd haul gravel in these. We'd pull up under the chute, and men and teams with scrapers would come along and fill the wagons full of gravel. We would go down the highway until we came to where the gravel road was being graded. We took the side panels off--they were two feet by twelve feet. The dump boards were 4 foot by 4 foot timbers--the length of the wagons. We'd pull one out at a time until we got all of the gravel dumped. Then

we'd put on the side boards and end gates and put the wagon box back together again. That's all they had to surface county roads in that day.

Father did have a weakness for slot machines and candy punchboards which were legal in Idaho. They were in the Confectionary and other places in the small community of Arimo. When I could get a nickel, I'd take a chance once in a while on a slot machine or try the punchboards to see if I could get a box of candy. One day I was in the Confectionary, and the slot machine man was in fixing the machine. He put a lot of slugs in it. It didn't pay money in those days, just slugs that you were able to trade at the store for. I thought, "Well, he got it all fixed up. I guess I'll try it." I did, and it worked. I got three or four slugs, put them back in, and got a dozen more. I kept it up until I finally broke the machine. I had both of my pants pockets filled with slugs. They were worth a nickel apiece in trade. I must have had six or seven dollars' worth of them. Of course, the people in the store were quite upset, but there was nothing they could do about it. The boys came along, and I decided to treat them. We had ice cream sodas and some candy. I think one of the girls serving us put something in my drink because I was ill for about two days. None of the other boys got ill. Dad took all of my remaining slugs and used them for our Christmas candy and nuts that year.

We continued to work. The first threshing that was done there was with a horse-powered threshing machine. Twelve horses went around in a circle to generate the power to the thresher. I was on the stack of bearded wheat straw stacking it as it came over the elevator. It was elevated up as wheat was fed into the headers to drive the wheat up into the header boxes. I was always full of itchy, turkey red wheat straw and beards. The header boxes were owned by the family. The Hatches, Baldwins, and Dad had to arrange whose crops would come first for harvest. Threshing machine men were a pretty rough group. The language and stories that I heard were shocking to my ears. Although I had been around my uncles, they used bad language but never profanity.

They had a saying in the Hatch group of boys that when things went wrong it was a "Danish son-of-a-bitch." We learned this type of language as young men. So "hell" and "damn" and "son-of-a-bitch" were words we used that never did seem to get corrected. This came about because we had group of Danish people living in Moreland who were pretty rough to handle. The bishop had to talk to some of the new converts, who were still eating blood pudding. He said he would have to excommunicate them if they didn't cut it out. The next bishop was a crooked old fellow. He beat people out of money. After he was released, he was called on a mission. When he came back from Denmark, a woman followed him home. He left his family, went out to Tooele, Utah, married her, and had another family. It was because of these experiences that the saying came about in the Hatch family. It's interesting that most of us married those of Danish, Norwegian, or Swedish extraction and found them to be fine people.

I had a religious background, especially from my mother and my grandparents. My father attended church regularly and led a good, honorable life; but he didn't take the time to teach me the way Mom did. She didn't object to me going skating or doing other activities on Sunday if I went to church first.

I liked to play baseball and basketball. Now I had a real decision to make. I wanted to play baseball. I was only 15 years old but had my growth. I tried out for the town baseball team and made it. I played with men twice my age. I loved the sport and playing on the team with men was great. I played left field and first base. This was flattering to my starving spirit. It seemed to me that I was being recognized for the first time in my life. We practiced and played Saturday afternoons. Because most of the men were farmers or mechanics, they soon decided that they needed to work all day Saturday. So they decided they would play on Sunday.

The ball diamond was right by the four-room grade school house, and church was held there. The games were played while sacrament meeting was being held. The presiding officers on the stand could look out the windows and see the players. The bishop called me in with Norman Farr, Morris Woodland, and several others and said, "Now, you boys (there were five or six of us) are ready to be ordained priests, but I'm not going to ordain you if you are going to play ball on Sunday. You've got to make your choice." I promised the bishop that I would quit the team. When I told the players of my decision, one of them scoffed and asked, "Well, if the bishop asked you to . . . (an awful word), I guess you'd do it." I said that I would if I was as sure he was as right in asking as I was about the ordination." That's an example of the type of people on the team. Baseball had been about my only recreation in the summertime. I played basketball in the winter with a school team and was one of the star players.

The next Sunday, May 7, 1922, was fast and testimony meeting. I was ordained a priest that day by Bishop L. C. Farr. I bore my testimony for the first time and told about my decision. After the meeting, my sister, Ruby, said, "You've put yourself on the spot, and you'll be watched by all of the people from now on." She was right. It is right for us to commit ourselves and have to live up to those commitments. That is what builds character and brings a feeling of self-worth and self-respect. It helps one to know that he is a person of decision and can be depended upon by others. I was ordained a priest. I learned about the sacrament and was complimented by my elders because I administered it well. They said that I gave the prayer with feeling and meaning.

Now, I began to taste some of the praise for trying to be a little better in doing the Lord's will. Read Alma 32 in the Book of Mormon and you'll understand what was happening to me. I found that there was a feeling of joy and deep satisfaction in being kind to people and in doing things for others beside my parents. I had always picked wild flowers and done nice things for my mother because she always responded with appreciation. I had not experienced this with people generally. Now I began to be somebody besides a star baseball and basketball player or a good dance partner to the people I respected. A few years later, before I was married, I was called to the Sunday School Superintendency in the Arimo Ward. When I left the town, the wealthiest and a well-respected young man in the ward, a member of the stake high council talked in sacrament meeting about the successful, fine youth of the town; and he named me as one of them.

It was these choices that I made when I was very young that influenced my whole life. If I had chosen to play ball on Sunday, I probably wouldn't have been

ordained a priest or an elder; I wouldn't have been called to the Sunday School position; and perhaps, not on mission. Perhaps, I would have been away from the church; not paying tithing, keeping the Word of Wisdom, etc. I met my wife Dora at a stake conference. If I hadn't been there, I may never have met and married her. Her influence on my life has always been for the good and the right. She was true to me and waited for me and encouraged me on my mission and in all callings since then. If I hadn't made these choices, I'd perhaps have been a painter in Pocatello and inactive in the church today. Instead, my wife influenced me and helped me get a college education which led to a position as principal of the Downey Seminary, a member of the Downey Ward bishopric, and stake superintendent of Sunday Schools.

The wondrous wildflowers; the pines; mountain springs; and a sensitive, religious, and loving mother helped to build in me a defense against the rugged life of pioneering among rough men—sheepherders, ranchers, cowmen, and threshing crews—few of which didn't use foul or vulgar language and tell stories to match it. Church on Sunday came as regularly as getting up in the morning, and this, no doubt, had some effect in character building.

Mother didn't stay on the farm anymore. She stayed in Arimo. She had a nice strawberry patch. She was going to Pocatello one day, and I was home. She said, "I don't want the robins to eat my strawberries while I'm gone. I have to watch them all of the time, or they come in and eat them." I said, "I'll take care of them, Mother. They won't eat your strawberries today." Well, I had a twenty-two; and when Mother got home that evening, I had about 17 robins hung on the clothes line by their tail feathers. She about died because she was a great lover of birds. She said, "I wanted you to tend my strawberry patch, but I didn't want you to kill my robins."

She had a nice coop full of hens that laid eggs for the home. She was down there one day, and I heard her screaming. I couldn't figure out what was the matter. I ran to the door, and she said, "Gene, get your gun. There's a chicken hawk after my chickens, and I can't leave them. He's going to get them for sure. He just came right down at me." I grabbed my shotgun and went out there. Sure enough, he was coming right down after one of the hens, and I shot the hawk. He dropped right down about 10 feet in front of her. She was so surprised and said, "You got that mean old thing. He didn't get any of my chickens."

Dad decided I was old enough to run the farm. I had the horses and two outfits. Clarence Henderson came over, and we bached, did the plowing, and all of the spring work. We ran out of food and only had some dry farm potatoes to eat for a week. We had tried to grow potatoes, but they weren't very big. We got the plowing done, and I said, "Well, we're just going to leave it. We're not going to harrow that ground down. We'll take the horses up Yellow Dog Canyon on the summer range and go back to Arimo in the white topped buggy."

I got to Arimo, and Dad came from work. He was a painting contractor now. He'd been on the paint gang on the bridges and buildings in the Union Pacific system. He was a skilled painter. So that is what he did and let me run the farm. I was 15 years old that year. He asked me if I had all of the work done. I said, "Everything but the harrowing." He asked me where the horses were. I said, "We took them up and turned

them loose in the hills for the summer.” Then he was so angry and really jawed me. He didn’t whip me because I was too big. I said, “Well Dad, we didn’t have any food.” I was so put out that I considered leaving home. I had a bicycle, and I thought about getting on it and hiking off down the highway because he was so severe with me. I thought, “Well, I can’t leave Mother and the situation as it is.” So I stayed.

Later, we came to understand that was the best way to leave the ground—open to receive the rains. That would give you deep moisture for the next crop. We did what we called summer fallowing. We prepared our ground one year, planted it in the fall, harvested the crop the next year, and then fallowed it again. So every other year, we harvested a crop on that piece of land.

Once, I had to take the horses to the neighbor’s farm for water. We had to cross a 320 acre piece that had been foreclosed on by the bank during the Depression and wasn’t being farmed. I lit a match, threw it out into the June grass, and went right on to work. There wasn’t very much grass there. But when I was back on the harrow, I looked up and saw that stuff flame up. The wind came up, and the fire was headed for the neighbor’s farm, where he had wheat stacked for threshing. I stopped the horses and rode a mare as hard as she could run. I took my shirt off and beat that fire out along the fence line, so it didn’t get into the field. Then, I had to go out in the hot weather and rebuilt that fence.

The next two years, Bill Hatch was with us. Bill had a car, too. He bought himself a Model T Ford. We’d take the girls out once in a while. He lived with us and worked with me. I was the boss, but he did the bossing. We’d go over to Arbon Valley and back it. I’d run the header and he’d run the header box. We did the threshing the first year. The second year, Dad bought a horse-powered Massey Harris harvester from Canada. It had a seven sack bin. It had to be started out of the field. It wouldn’t cut the wheat until you got the cylinder going fast. You’d have to get the big bull wheel going on the gears to get the cylinder to turn fast enough to cut the grain. We had eight head of horses on the outfit. Bill handled four lines on the horses, and I’d handle the cutter bar. I’d watch until the bin got full then I’d hail him to get out of the grain, and that old cylinder would run pretty near all of the time we were sacking the seven or eight sacks of wheat. We could only work the horses about eight hours a day, so we would cut in the morning and again in the afternoon. During the down time, we hauled the grain into the yard. We had boarded up the bedroom in the house and filled it with grain. This cut down on the number of sacks we needed because we would dump the grain loose into the bin.

One day Bill and I were harvesting with the Massey Harris harvester. I had taken a lemon out with me to relieve our dry throats in the dust. Bill was sitting in the driver’s seat with the four lines, handling the horses, and running the power to the harvester. I was running the cutter bar and watching the bin. Every now and again, Bill would reach back to get the lemon for a suck or two of it. Finally the lemon got quite dry, and I mischievously filled it full of lubricating oil out of the oil can. He reached back knowing the lemon was quite dry, gave it a big squeeze in his mouth and the oil went down his throat. I was out of reach because all I had to do was jump off and run. He had the horses to take care of, but he tried to reach me with the whip. But by that

time, I was out of range. By the time I came back, he had kind of cooled off. He saw the joke because he was such a prankster, so I got away with that one.

One day it snowed on the farm, and Bill and I were baching it. Bill said, "Let's go get a sage hen for dinner." I said, "Okay, but I don't have a horse here." He said, "Well, I've got Ginger. We'll both have to ride her." So we got on Ginger, and she was very cagey. She acted like she was going to buck, but we went anyway. He was on the saddle behind me. We found a flock of sage hens, but we couldn't get them because they'd just keep flying ahead of us. We were following them and saw the places they went out in the open range. When we got close to them, Bill kicked Ginger in the ribs and said, "Let's go." He went into that flock of sage hens as hard as that mare could run. He dropped the reins on her neck and shot one of those birds out of the air with his shotgun. I thought we were surely going to break our necks, but we got the sage hen for dinner.

Another time we went out for sage hens in his Model T Ford. We went down to where the grain had been cut. Some grain stacks were ready for threshing. We saw some hens around there. He said, "Okay, you get on the running board, so you can shoot, and I'll get you around in range of the hens." So I put one arm around the bowl of the top and stood on the running board. He came up around the grain stacks, got into those birds, threw his brake on, and I thought I'd break my arm. It threw me off, but I still got one of the hens for dinner.

One day, when I was in high school, I was walking down the street in Arimo with the boys. There were some sparrows fighting in a tree. I was walking down the street, and I threw a rock at them. It hit a branch and went through Widow Morrison's window. I didn't hear any glass break, but I saw the curtain move. I said to the boys, "You know that rock went through the window." They said, "Naw, it didn't go through the window", and I said, "It did too." I knocked on the door, but nobody was home. I went back that night, told her what had happened, and said I would fix it. I was taught by my parents to take responsibility for anything I destroyed. I stayed out of school and worked cleaning ditches. We cleaned the irrigation ditches with a shovel, cleaning out the debris in the spring before the water was turned into them. I got \$2.50 a day. That was what it cost for a pane of glass at Nelson's Lumber yard. Father said he would put the window pane in if I would pay for it. Dad went down to put that window pane in. He had just got everything cleaned up and ready to put it in when the wind took the pane of glass out of his hands and broke it. So I had to work one more day to pay for another window pane.

For entertainment, I'd go to the Marsh Valley area with Bob Henderson. We were pals. We did a little fishing in Marsh Creek. We would hunt Ducks and do a little sage hen hunting in the Downey Canal which was 1½ miles above Arimo. One night I was out hunting ducks, and it was snowing quite hard. I'd seen the ducks on the pond. I sneaked up on those ducks and got off a couple of shots. I had about 12 ducks. It was snowing and freezing. It must have been about 10 degrees below zero. I laid my gun on the bank and waded in and got six or eight of those ducks in my hands. I got so cold that I couldn't gather up any more. I came to the shore and went home as fast as I

could. My clothes were frozen stiff. I jumped out of my overalls straight up. Mother laughed. It was really funny.

Another time, Norris Woodland and I were out hunting ducks on the county canal. We were about 1½ miles from any farms. We came around the bend looking up on the canal. I ducked down and said, "There're, some ducks up in front of us, way up around that bend. We can really get close to them because we can come up over the bank. "We sneaked up and I was the first one up. I saw this green head out there and I whammed loose with my twelve gauge shotgun. One blast and nothing flew. I'd shot into a bunch of tame ducks. The mallard and one white duck were dead. We took the ducks down to the farmhouse and said we'd pay whatever they thought they were worth. We had to pay \$1.75 for each of them.

Basketball was my main entertainment in the winter months. I played with the town team until we got our high school built. Then, I played with the high school team in seventh and eighth grades. Everyone played because there were only seven of us. When I was a freshman and a sophomore, I played forward. I was good at it, and I had a lot of fun. When I was 18 years old and in my junior year in high school, I was one of the basketball stars. I remember going with the basketball boys and traveling to the other schools. We'd have to stay overnight sometimes. My Dad went down to the store and borrowed 25 cents and gave it to me, so I could treat the boys when they treated me. I had to buy peanuts because I couldn't treat them with anything else. It was a rough go.

That last year, the Weston, Idaho, team went all the way through to the Nationals and won. We played every game, and they won 27 to our 24 on our floor in Arimo. In those days scores never got up higher than about 28 or 30 because it was a jump ball in the center with signals after each basket was made. Fouls were called a lot more strictly than they are now. One night, we played the Tech School from Pocatello. The score was 21 to 23, and I scored all of the points for Arimo. The best foul thrower on the team, I could throw all foul shots, no matter who made the fouls. I made as high as 15 or 16 foul shots in a game. That was something to brag about.

My cousin, Al Baldwin, stayed with us that winter. He and I shared a room. We wore our hair in a Pompadour style—long hair combed straight up over the back. We'd keep the sides and back trimmed up. Al and I would cut each other's hair and the school kids for free. We had some mean fellows in the seventh and eighth grades that let their hair get too long. We got a little disgusted with the boys and put a notice on the bulletin board that they could come over and get their hair cut. The principal didn't object, so we set a time limit. There was an athletic meeting planned for down in the dressing room one evening after school. We asked all of the seventh and eighth grade boys to attend. They thought it was some kind of an intercollegiate competition. Al and I brought our clippers, got these boys in the dressing room, let them out one at a time, held them down, and just cut around their ears or someplace else, so that it was necessary for them to get their hair cut. We didn't ruin anyone's hair, just left it, so that they would have to get a haircut, or it would look peculiar. We told them that all they had to do was come over to the house, and we'd finish the job. Most of the kids came. Al and I cut hair all evening.

It was Friday night, and we had a good rainstorm. The next day I was walking down to the post office along the sidewalk. I heard a wagon coming up behind me but paid no attention. All of a sudden, I found myself on my back on the sidewalk on the wet ground. Lester Pessler held me down while my father's cousin, John England, (both of whose boys had had their hair cut), took a clippers. They started on my forehead and went right round to the back, leaving two streaks of hair with my long pompadour cut right through to my skull. The only thing I could do was to go down to the barber and have him clip my hair off. I looked like a skeleton. Then they went after the other boys on the basketball team. They got in a car and went down to Downey--ten miles away. There was a football game going on. They chased Morris Woodland and Norman Farr and caught them at the UPRR depot. They cut their hair.

It caused quite a commotion in the community of Arimo. We meant no harm. We just wanted the kids clean and neat at school. Uncle Bill was so upset about it, that he said that if I would cut old Pessler's hair, he'd throw a rope on him when he came home from the pool hall one night. He'd hog-tie him, and I could cut his hair any way I wanted to. I said, "We've had enough trouble over this thing. We won't do anything more about it." There was a meeting at the school house about it, and the school board was irate. The principal called me in and said, "Gene, I guess this thing kind of got out of hand. We're not accusing you of doing anything very bad, but some of the people here in town think you're the cause of it. One of them made the comment that if they ran you out of town, the other boys would follow you, and we'd have little peace around here." Well I did leave town a couple of years later. But I was the only one of the group who went forward, advanced in the priesthood, got a college education, served a mission, been a mission president, a temple president and gave service in the Church.

Once a month, there was a community dance for the young people. We had a bicycle, and Dad bought me a suit of clothes and a cap. Dad always gave me \$1 for a dance ticket. That's all the money I received from home. One night, Bob and I went to Robin, Idaho, to a dance. We rode our bikes over dirt roads for about five miles. About half way home, there was a thunder storm. Our bike tires got clogged up with mud, and we pushed them and dragged them. We got home about 1:00 or 2:00 am. You can imagine what my new suit and cap looked like! Dad never bought me anymore clothes because shortly after that, I quit the farm, left home, and went to work for the Union Pacific Railroad as a painter.

We had a favorite annual program--a "chickaree". This was the custom in the small towns around Arimo. The girls would cook a chicken dinner for the boys at one of their homes. The boys were to bring the chickens. The parents knew that we stole the chickens. They just didn't realize that we stole them from the coop of the family where we were having the dinner. One night we had the "chickaree" at the policeman's home. We got a nice chicken out of his coop. He knew we went out and stole them, but he didn't ever know one was out of his coop.

The last "chickaree" that we never had, we had the people at the café cook the chickens. This was after I came back to Arimo to finish high school. We were working in the fields, picking potatoes. Al Christensen and I decided to get some

fellows together and have a nice chicken dinner after a dance. I was dating Dora Hartvigsen, who was later my wife. She was at school at Ricks College in Rexburg, Idaho. I called and asked her to come down to this "chickaree". Al and I gathered up some chickens and drove down to Downey. Since Dora was going to be there and the Hartvigsens had chickens in their coop, we got a couple of chickens there. The coop was just across the road from the policeman's house. We had a nice meal that night after the dance. It just so happened that Dora couldn't make it down, so I took Bonny Armstrong, who was a high school friend, to the dance and the dinner. Later, I told Bishop Bickmore about this. He said, "Let's have some fun. Let's scare old Al. We'll go up there and tell him that the policeman saw you fellows and knew who you were, but you got away so quickly that he didn't do anything about it. But he's going to come and arrest you for stealing those chickens." So he went to see Al, who was working out in the field. He said, "I'm the bishop at Downey. This policeman said that if you guys will come and settle up for those chickens, he wouldn't cause you any trouble." So Al came to me, all concerned. He said that we had to get some money together to pay for those chickens, or we were going to get in some real trouble. So I told him that it was a set-up just to give him a good thrill. He certainly got one out of it.

In 1919, Jule Harten, the man Dad sold our Moreland house to, came up on horseback and said, "Wheat's a good price. I'm contracting it, and I'll give you \$2 a bushel for it. I'll give you \$1 now and \$1 when we haul it off." I said, "Well, I'm a minor and don't know anything about this. I don't know whether I can contract it or not. When Dad comes over to see how we're getting along, I'll tell him to come down and see you." The next week, Dad came over on our black mare, Roxey. I told him about the offer from Harten. We had bought Uncle Jerry's farm for \$4,000. Bill and I were running 320 acres minus the waste land that was in them. Dad had mortgaged both places and borrowed money from the bank to pay for the other one. He owed for the machinery, horses, and the land. So he owed about \$10,000. I said, "Dad, we've got about 3,500 bushels of wheat coming in by the looks of things, You go down to Jule Harten and sell the wheat right now for \$1 a bushel and \$1 coming, and that will almost take us out of debt." "No," he said, "My banker says not to sell. We can get \$2.25 for it." I said, "Well, you'd better do it buddy because we've got to get out of debt." "No," He said, "I'm going to listen to my banker." Well, to make a long story short, the bottom fell out of the market. Wheat went down to 90 cents a bushel at Arimo.

Bill and I hauled that wheat over the mountain, first with wagons and then with sleighs—over twenty miles each way. We went over one day, sacked the wheat, loaded it on the rigs, and hauled it back the next. We had to go up over the hill and down by Robin towards the gap (where the canyon let us through the hills)--about a third of the way was uphill.

When pulling uphill, we'd have to stop and rest our horses. One day, I was going up the mountain. Bill was ahead of me. He'd gone over the top. I had a balky horse, Old Prince that stopped on me. He wouldn't move, and I didn't know what to do. Bill was gone. I was alone, and we had to get that load of grain to Arimo. I remembered a story my granddad, Hatch, had told me. He told me about a balky horse

that he had, and he couldn't make it go. He said, "You know what I did? I took a rope and tied it to his tail and tied it to the single-tree, and then he pulled his share." I thought, "Man, if my granddad was telling the truth, I'm going to get this outfit out of here." So I took the halter rope off and put it on his tail. I tied it to the single-tree, so he had to pull his share beside Old Barney. When I started them up, that rope tightened on his tail, and that horse really went. He did exactly what my granddad had said: he pulled his share of the four-horse load on his tail until we got to the top of the hill.

I got over the hill and made a right hand turn as I came into the gap. It had a big rut in it, but the rut was full of dirt. The road looked level, but there must have been two feet of soft dirt in it. Just as I got to the bottom of the hill, I kicked my brake loose so my horses could move up a little faster and go up on jog and I could catch up to Bill. I had some wagon springs that weighed about 70 pounds each on the front and the back filled with 40 pound wheat sacks. When the front wheels of the wagon hit that rut, it sprung those springs and tipped my load over. The grain and all went spilling; the wagon box came off, and one of those big springs hit me across the back. But I held onto the reins. I had four horse reins in my hand, and I used my whistle that I learned as a youngster while cooking wheat and potatoes for the pigs. Bill heard me, looked around, saw the mess that I was in, turned his outfit around, and came back. We were on the creek right by where the water was. We ate our lunch that Mother always prepared. My back was so crippled that I could hardly move; but we got the grain back on the wagon, the wagon straightened up, and went on to Arimo. By the time we got to Arimo, I had burned two axles where the dust had gotten to them when the wheels were down in the dirt. It cost my dad some \$40 to get the wagon fixed. I couldn't go back for three weeks because my back was so sore that I couldn't even pick up a pail of water. The springs had bruised my spine, and I had trouble with it all of my life.

Bill and I each had four head of horses, and hay was \$40 a ton. Dad mortgaged the home in Arimo to buy enough hay to feed those horses through the winter. The next spring, the horses weren't worth the hay they'd eaten during the winter. Everything was lost in the Depression of 1920. The bankers wanted Dad to take out bankruptcy. He harvested the crop that we had planted in the fall and gave it and the farm to the bank. This is one thing that I must praise my dad for and admire him for: he wouldn't take out bankruptcy. It was a real struggle for Mother and the family. Mother was sickly, and Ruby's husband Eral was on a mission. But Father held on and held on. He paid his debts off over the next ten years by doing his own skilled work with his own hands. He saved his little house. He was a good mechanic and painter and was proud of his work. He liked good things and would continually borrow and run into debt, but he was honest and always had good credit.

Later that year, I was harrowing some land Dad had bought in Marsh Valley. I had seven head of horses on seven sections of harrows. We had a little bay mare that we were breaking in. She was quite wild, but was fine along with the other horses. I was riding the old mare, Roxey, behind the harrow. She was going along half asleep and stepped on the harrows. It threw me out in front of them, right up into the horses.

Her feet were caught. The horses were frightened and began to run. I was thrown right into the little bay mare. I grabbed her from the back end of the harness, and I pulled myself up between those horses until I got in front of them. When I got them stopped, Roxey's feet were still being dragged in back of the harrows. If I had been thrown in front of the harrows with her on them like that, I would surely have been killed. I got her out of the harrows, and it didn't break her leg.

I told Dad that I was through. We had planted the wheat in the fall, done the fallowing, and got everything ready to plant the wheat in Arbon Valley and west of Marsh Valley. Dad said, "Well. The wheat's in, and the crops are in. The crops have to be cut and harvested. I don't want to do the farming alone, so I'll just go off and leave them. Then you'll have to pay off the notes at the bank because I can't pay them. If you'll stay with me, we'll get this farm paid for." But I said, "Dad, I'm not going back to the farm anymore. I'm through." He said, "We'll have a crop over there next year that has to be harvested next fall." I told him I didn't want to stay, and I worked on the railroad that summer.

I applied for a job on the Bridge and Building Gang. They did work to mend fences and repair the bridges. The boss, Mr. Black, said, "You are a minor. It will take two or three weeks to get you cleared with the railroad with your father's consent." He told me to apply as a 21 year old. We lived in the sleeper cars. There was a kitchen car, and Father was the cook. He had to make coffee for the men, and I noticed that he drank coffee. I said, "Well, if Dad can drink coffee, I can drink coffee." So there for two or three weeks, I drank coffee, but then I quit. I dislike hard work without remuneration. When I worked for the railroad and started seeing what a paycheck looked like, it gave me incentive to work for a purpose. I had a little independence, a little money of my own to spend and do with as I pleased.

The last winter I was home, Bill had been there and he had the flu. He'd been sick for a couple of weeks and was quite weak. But we decided we'd go out and do some sleigh riding. So we got the horse on the sleigh, got some girls and boys, and went up on the bench. Some dry farm boys were there with a fancy team, and I had just taken a slow old team of horses. We were not doing any cutting up or anything, just going out for a little sleigh ride. These boys got smart and ran around us and stopped their team and were showing off. So the guys with us said, "Oh, we'll get even with these boys. We'll fix them." So they got the girls to get those boys to take them sleigh riding the next night. There were only two girls that went with them; the rest were boys dressed up like girls. When they found out, they were really teed off. The next night, they came down trying to pick a fight. Bill said, "If you can get one of those guys to really want to fight, I'll fight him." I said, "Are you serious?" He said, "You bet your life I'm serious." So I baited a big boy. I was just a little kid, and he didn't want to fight me. I said, "Come on, someone will fight you. Get out here!" So Bill came out, and they got in a real tussle. Bill knocked him down, and he skidded across the ice. Bill got a big black eye. When we got home that night, he put a piece of beefsteak on it for an hour or two. When we got in bed, I was so excited because I had never seen a fist fight before. Bill woke me up and asked, "What are you doing, having a nightmare." He laughed at me, and I said, "What's the matter?" He said,

“Boy, you jumped like a jumping jack here. You must be having a nightmare.” I said, “Brother! That scared me to death. You were back in the dark, and the guy started to come after me. I didn’t know whether you were going to come out or not. I guess it got to me.” He laughed, but he had a shiner for a few days.

In the fall I went back to school. There was now a three-year high school program. We had a new principal. I had a reputation as a good basketball player. He wanted a good team, but he wasn’t interested in my education. I got disgusted with the whole program. My uncle, Bill, was headed for Moreland. He was in his twenties and an old bachelor. Being footloose, he said, “Why don’t you go with me?” I said, “That’s just what I’ll do. We’re laid off the Bridge and Building Gang because winter’s here. I started school, but I’m just going to quit and go with you.” My father said, “If you go off and leave me now and don’t help me get this wheat crop in or do anymore farming, I don’t want you to ever come back and put your feet under my table.” I said, “Well, certainly Dad. I wouldn’t expect anyone to take care of me. I’m big enough to take care of myself. The Lord didn’t put me on this earth to starve or to be in the situation I’m in and have been in all of my life. I believe I was put here to make a living, and the world owes it to me. I’m going to go out and get it.” He really gave me a talking to. He said, “This world doesn’t owe you anything. You owe it all to the world, and you’ll learn that my boy.” Well, Dad didn’t understand me. The Lord didn’t put me here to starve. He put me here, where there were opportunities to do things. You can go out and to it if you will. I decided I was going to do it. So I got on the train with Bill and left home.

I had got to be a pretty good shot. Out of a box of 25 shells, I usually got about 22 birds. I took my shotgun with me, and Bill and I went to Moreland and worked as carpenters on the High-Line Canal. When they had to go across the lavas, they built flumes. We worked on the flumes and repaired them that winter. I boarded with my grandmother and grandfather Hatch. My money ran out when we didn’t have any more work to do. Well, it was Christmas time, and all I had was one dollar. I always had to get something for my mother. Somehow, some way, I always got her something for Christmas. When I was old enough, Bill had taught me to play pool at pool hall in Arimo. We were downtown in Moreland. Some town fellows challenged Bill and me to play pool with them. So I thought, “Well, here goes. I’ll gamble it all and either have some money or nothing.” We played pool like none of your business that day. I came away with three or four dollars. We went to the store, and I bought Mother some nice towels, wrapped them, and sent them in the mail. So Mother had a little Christmas from me and knew that her son still loved her.

I was ordained a teacher by Joseph L. Mair January 13, 1920.

Well, I didn’t go back to work on the farm in the spring of 1922. I was looking for a job in Pocatello, intending to go down there and work. My uncle, Jerry Hatch, (Bill’s older brother) was there. They said I could come and stay with them and become an apprentice at the paint shop. So I applied for a job as a coach finisher in the painting department of the Union Pacific Railroad Company. The foreman, Mr. Blackburn, said he couldn’t hire me unless I was 21 years old. My application had been made out with my correct birth date. I was called in for questioning because I had lied

about my age and had worked for the railroad the year before. They said that if I could get a release from my parents, they would hire me. So I got approval from Dad. He thought it was a great favor to me that he gave his approval to go to work for somebody else. But he did it.

I started to work in the coach finishing department, where they painted coaches and diners and business cars, laid gold leaf, and did lettering--at 29 cents an hour. I made about \$50 a month. I lived with Uncle Jerry and Aunt Zina and paid them \$30 a month, board and room. I paid my tithing and found that I never had any money left over. I worked hard, and the job was interesting. I liked the men and got along fine with the foreman. In the two years I worked there, my wages increased to 36 cents per hour. I knew everything there was to know and did about every job in the shop. I even worked with the lay-out man on his bench when they designed the red, white, and blue Union Pacific shield design that they are still using today.

Uncle Jerry moved to Moreland, and that left me without a place to stay. He said he'd sell me his bicycle for \$7 to ride to work. When it came time to pay, he said, "You give me \$14 or nothing. I'll flip the coin, and you call it. If you call it and that comes up, you get it for nothing. If you call it wrong, you pay me \$14." I found out afterwards that when you flip a coin, if you can flip it catch it, and put it in on the back of your hand, nine time out of ten it will come the way you want it to. But I didn't know that at the time, so I had to pay \$14 for the bicycle. Well, I didn't need the bike because there was a strike in 1920. The journeymen lost the strike, and the scabs came in and took over the program. The Union Pacific Company had broken the strike; and because they had to protect the men, they set up a commissary and a bunkhouse. So I bunked in the bunkhouse and ate at the commissary for a few weeks until I got tired of staying in the shop. The Larsens, who used to live at Robin, Idaho, were taking in boarders and had a vacancy. I slept with one of their boys in his bedroom downstairs and boarded at their place for \$30 a month.

The Union Pacific had a basketball team that they sponsored. I tried out for the team, made it, and played with them for almost the whole time I was in the shops. We took the Union Pacific Championship two years in a row: playing in Omaha, Nebraska; Denver, Colorado; Glenn's Ferry, Idaho; and other places. I also tried out for their horseshoe pitching championship team and made it. My cousin, Al Baldwin, came to Pocatello. He went to work out in the car department, where they repaired boxcars and rebuilt them. We moved in with my sister, Ruby, and her husband Earl, who had moved to Pocatello. Earl was a meat cutter for a company there.

We lived in the Pocatello 4th Ward. Leo Edgley was the bishop, and William A. Hyde was the stake president. President Hyde called me in and ordained me an elder March 2, 1925. I was used to getting up at 5:00 am and didn't go to work until 8:00 am, so I had time on my hands. I had always desired a testimony of the gospel but had read and studied little until I was on an eight-hour day. I read the Standard Works of the Church. Dad had given me a copy of Brigham Young's Discourses, which I read and enjoyed very much. When I was alone so much before Al came, I spent my mornings and evenings reading. And now having read most of the Standard Works, I greatly desired a testimony and prayed quite diligently about it. It was during this time of

study and serious meditation and prayer that I had the most wonderful experience: I had appendicitis, and after the surgery I was neither in a state of sleep nor normal consciousness; but the greatest feeling of peace and well-being came over me, in the midst of which, the Savior appeared with arms extended with a seeming welcome of full acceptance. The experience was vivid and fully impressed itself upon my consciousness, and I came to realize for a short moment the ultimate for which one strives in this life.

I also worked in the MIA and Scouting. But after Al came, we played basketball and travelled and went to dances. One night we went to a dance. It was at the dance hall over the laundry on the west side of Pocatello. There were two beautiful girls there, and I said to Al, "Let's take those girls home tonight." They lived in our ward and we'd seen them at church. He said, "Which one do you want to take home?" I said, "Oh, we're just doing it for a lark—take your choice." So he took Pearl Shurtliff, the petite, young girl. I took the other girl, who was beautiful but kind of stout. She was a good dancer and a good companion. I went out with her a few times, and Al took Pearl. Al and I were good pals until I jokingly said, "Al, let's change girls." Pearl took it seriously and wanted to hold me to it. Al took it seriously and wanted to beat my skull in. He said, "No, I'm hanging on to Pearl. I'm going to marry her someday."

One night we had taken the girls home. We were at Pearl's parents' home, and I got to kidding the girl I was with. I said, "Well, we've got to go. Maybe you'd better kiss me good night." She knew I had a crush on Ellen Edgley, the bishop's daughter. She said, "You get Ellen to kiss you goodnight and then you come around and maybe I'll kiss you goodnight." I said, "Well, if Ellen kisses me good night, you'll never get another chance." And she slapped me across the nose. My nose started to bleed, and it took twenty minutes to get it stopped. She was so embarrassed because she'd just been fooling around.

I was very thoughtful and considerate of people in my young days because of my mother's and my grandmother's appreciation for the little things I did for them. I found that other people responded in like manner. If you do your work well, or if you do something unexpected for people, they were very thankful and appreciative. That stroked my ego, and I soon enjoyed doing things for other people. One day, I was coming across the viaduct over the railroad in Pocatello. A lady was lugging a big suitcase, trying to get to the depot. I was in a hurry and was going the other way, but I turned around and carried her suitcase back to the depot. It was very heavy.

One time, when I was working in Pocatello as an apprentice, my Sunday School teacher asked, "Do you like to fish?" I said, "I would say so! I certainly do!" He said, "Well, the game warden at Blackfoot and I are going fishing. If you would like to go with us, we are going up to the Mackey Reservoir and fish." So I went fishing with them. We pitched a tent on the Mackey Reservoir. We caught a nice mess of beautiful trout. When I came in that night, it was cold. I stayed to fish until dark, and they had gone in to get supper ready. They had cooked up a big pot of tea. I looked at my Sunday School teacher and said, "Well, what about the Word of Wisdom?" He said, "This is wisdom, to drink this in this cold weather. We need something warm." So following the example of my father and my Sunday School teacher, when I was with

people who drank tea or coffee, I drank it too. Thankfully, I never developed a habit for it.

Al Baldwin's folks moved to Pocatello, and I boarded with them. I enjoyed doing good work in my job in the shops: in my painting; in the art of laying gold leaf; in doing finishing paints on the beautiful woodwork; and the a nice finish on the business cars, dining cars, and coaches on the passenger trains. My foreman was Bill Adolf, a German fellow. When things were going well, he called me Eugene, but when he was a little bit aggravated with me, he called me George. So I knew what his feelings were all of the time. I was getting anxious to get through my apprenticeship because I knew everything in the shop. I had worked with every journeyman in the shop. When some of the scabs would mess up a car and it had to be redone, I worked with the journeyman that redid it. After two year, I went to the foreman and told him I either had to learn some new things, or I'd have to quit. He said, "Well, there isn't anything I can do for you because an apprenticeship runs for four years. You're only half way through it. It gives me great satisfaction when the big boys come from Chicago, and I say, 'You see that boy working up there laying that gold leaf? He's one of my fine apprentices'" I said, "Yes, but that doesn't help my situation. I've gone from 29 cents to 36 cents an hour, and these boys are all making 76 cents an hour for the same work that I do all day long." He said, "You'll just have to stick it out for another two years."

I knew one of the boys that had left the shop and gone to work in Deer Lodge, Montana. I wrote to Axel Strand, the foreman at Deer Lodge, and asked him what my chances were to go to work there. He said, "You write a letter to the foreman, Fred Friday, up here and outline your skills and abilities; and tell him what you can do. I think he needs another man, and you'll probably get the job." So I wrote the letter. About three days later, the letter arrived. Axel sent a wire and said. "Get on the next train and come on up; you've got a job." I got my clothes and things together and got ready to go. Ellen Edgley and I had become almost "steadies". I took her to the dances, etc., and I finally got that kiss I was kidding about. She was a beautiful girl with a lovely contralto voice. She was at Utah State Agricultural College when I was attending there. That was after my mission, and I was married to Dora.

I rode up to Butte, Montana, got on the Milwaukee-St. Paul Railroad, and went out to Deer Lodge. I went to my friend William Yost's place. We had spent part of our apprenticeship together. I stood up as a witness for him and his wife when he got married. They had a room for me. I lived with them for several months until I moved to a boarding house. I worked with the foremen, Axel, and Fred. Fred was six or eight years older than I was. I worked for the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul Railroad and made my 76 cents an hour like the journeymen in Pocatello were doing.

When I got to Deer Lodge, the first thing I did on Sunday morning was to look for a Mormon chapel. I got dressed up and started walking around town. I kept asking if there was a Mormon chapel in the community. Finally I met someone who said, "Yes, there is a little Mormon church up on the corner of town." I walked out there, and there was a little white church. It looked like a small branch house. It was a one-room building, in which you drew curtains to have classes. I went in and sat through the

Sunday School. A fellow by the name of Farrin was the Sunday School Superintendent. He worked in the engine painting department, where they used black paint to paint engines and coal-carrying cars. He welcomed me, and I sat through the class. They taught the Doctrine and Covenants. When the class was over, they were going to dismiss; but when the final prayer was given, everybody lined up in a row and went around and put money in a container. I asked what that was a bout. They said, "This is the missionary fund that we raise to support missionaries in the mission field," I said, "Well, they don't do that in the Mormon Church." Farrin asked, "Are you one of the Salt Lake Mormons?" I said, "Yes," and he said, "Well, this is the Reorganized Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints." I didn't go back there. But I had many good arguments with Mr. Farrin down in the shops at lunchtime and before and after work. He was trying to convert me to believe that Joseph Smith was a fallen prophet and that his son was the real prophet of the Church.

The town was quite open to gambling, dances on Sunday-- a typical Protestant community. I got acquainted with a few young people, and went with them to dances and parties and went fishing and hunting some.

I went with Dorothy Moe to her church—Presbyterian. I was treated well by her folks who invited me to Sunday dinner. I went to her church several times but never found anything of value in the services. I gave Dorothy a Book of Mormon, and she quite liked it. She began telling people that she was a Mormon.

One day, the boys were talking about going deer hunting. There were six of us that got into a Model T Ford one Sunday morning and drove up in the hills of Montana. We went as far as the Ford could go. It was snowing, and I had borrowed a 30.06 gun. I got out and just started walking up through the woods. The snow had quit, and it was clearing up. One of the boys was off to the side of us a ways and he shot. I hollered, and, asked, "Where are the deer?" He said, "I didn't shoot a deer. I shot a porcupine in the top of a tree," I said, "You're crazy, there certainly are deer around here." One of the boys hollered, "You sure scared a bunch of deer. They're running all through the trees." Nobody shot at them, so they were just milling around. I got on one of the tracks and started trailing it. Pretty soon, another deer came in the same track. I counted five or six deer. I just stayed right on the track. I was just walking, and I finally saw the deer. They had started to browse. I came over a little hill and there stood a beautiful four-point buck. It had started to snow again, and I thought, "I don't know if it's the sight or the snow." I let it down and then put the gun back up again sure that it was the sight. I shot that buck and hit him in the neck. The rest of the deer scattered through the trees. I dressed-out the deer. It was the first time that I had ever dressed-out an animal. I had seen my uncle's knife with which he butchered cows, pigs and sheep. I had my knife and cut off the deer's testicles, and put them in my pocket. I headed off over the hill, and I had gone in a circle. So I walked over the edge of the hill and there was a drop-off of over 200 feet, straight down. I was lost, and it had started to snow again. I took my rifle and backtracked just as fast as I could go. My tracks weren't dimmed out, and I knew where I was going. I got down to camp. It had cleared now, and the boys were sitting around the fire. They'd just finished their lunch. They said, "Where in the world have you been?" I said, "I've been out

after a deer.” They said, “Gosh, it’s 1:00 o’clock.” I said, “Yes, I know. I have been out and got my deer and dressed him out.” They started to laugh and said, “Oh yeah?” So I pulled the testicles out of my pocket, and it was a good thing I had proof because they wouldn’t believe me.

Four of us went back after the deer. Two of them said that they knew where there were some horses and a camp. They said they’d go after the horses and come and get us. One of the boys said that he knew the country, and he knew a shortcut in. “Well,” I said, “I can’t take you to a shortcut in, but I can take you the way I got in because the tracks are there now, in the snow.” So we backtracked on my tracks and got the deer. The boy said, “Now I can take you right directly through on a shortcut.” I said, “Well, I know the way we came. We can get back, and it won’t take too long.” But we picked the deer up—two of the boys got the deer on a pole. Two of us were carrying the rifles. We got into heavy timber. A fire had gone through the timber, and it had burned and fallen in every direction. I saw that it was impossible for us to go any further. I wanted to backtrack again; but this fellow said, “No, all we have to do is get through this stuff, and I’ll get you out of here.” I said, “All we can do now is cut the deer up and each one of us take our own rifle and a quarter of the deer.” Some of those timbers, the way they were crossed, came up to our chests. We had a deuce of a time getting over them. It was starting to get dark, and we were getting cold. We were white because we were covered with snow. As it melted, it froze on our clothes. We got out of the timbers, and it was getting toward dusk. I asked this boy if he was really sure he knew where he was going. He admitted that he was lost. We didn’t have any dry tinder or anything to make a fire with. We were in green forest and tall trees. The snow was almost up to our knees. I knew we wouldn’t get out of there alive if we didn’t get out right away. But we didn’t know which way to go. I said, “Well, I’m going to get us out of here.” And they asked, “What in the world are you going to do?” I said, “Well, I’ll show you.” And I took my rifle and shot it in the air. I waited, and I thought I heard a faint report in another direction. Then I said, “Let’s go that way.” So I led them. We went for three or four hundred yards, and then I shot again. I heard a faint report, and I said, “Let’s keep going,” I shot about three or four times and got our directions. We knew that there was somebody in the direction we were going because they were answering my rifle fire with rifle fire. We got to a ranger station just at dark. The other boys were there with the horses. We went in and got warm. Then we put the deer on the horses and started on the trail back to the Ford that we had come in.

The moon had come out and, my gracious, we could hear something. In the new fresh snow, I could see this big bear track. That bear could smell the fresh deer meat and was following us. We could hear him behind us. We were apprehensive that he would attack us, but he didn’t. We were all really fatigued when we got home. A good bath and warm meal helped. I went to my girlfriend’s house, and her father said, “You’re not feeling very good, are you?” I said, “No.” He said, “Well, let me fix you something that will help you out. Drink this!” I drank it and asked, “What in the world was that that you gave me anyway?” He said, “That was a brandy toddy. I put some brandy and an egg together, and that ought to fix you up.” And it really did—it made

me sick to my stomach. I went home and went to bed. But the next day I was the only one of the six to report to work.

The union people came and tried to get me to join. It was something that I wouldn't do in Pocatello. They had tried to get me to join a union; and I said, "No. I'm going to think for myself and account for myself. I'm not going to let somebody else dictate to me and tell me how to run a shop or how to respond to my foreman. I will take care of myself." Well, I had the same attitude at Deer Lodge. I had been approached several times, but refused to join. Bill Yost had quit and moved back to Pocatello. He decided he wanted to come back to Deer Lodge. He had lost his seniority when he quit, but he wrote to the union and told them he wanted a job. They didn't have any place for him because they had put someone else in his job when he moved. But I got "bumped" because I wouldn't join the union, and they hired him on in my place. This was probably the best thing that could have happened because I left Deer Lodge, Montana.

In the spring of the year 1926, I moved home to Arimo for a few days. I also spent a few days in Pocatello with Ruby and Eral. My old beau, Ellen Edgley, came and got me in her father's Dodge Sedan; and I think she tried to get me to court her again. I did go with her a few times; and she came to Arimo and stayed overnight with my sister, Oriole, one time.

My mother taught me to always say my prayers and to pay my tithing on any money I made. I hadn't paid my tithing while I was working in Montana because there wasn't a branch or a ward there. I knew I had to make up what I owed on the 76 cents an hour I had made for those 2½ years. When I was young I gave all the money I made to my Dad. He was responsible to pay tithing on it. But he didn't pay tithing until he was an old man. He just made donations.

That spring after I was "bumped" from my job at Deer Lodge, I went to Salt Lake City, Utah. I tried to get a job with Bennett's Paint Company. I was running out of money when I saw an ad for a Realsilk salesman. I went to work for a fellow who had a crew of men selling Realsilk products throughout Southern Utah for two months. Jerry Bateman had a Model T Ford, and four of us traveled throughout the small towns and sold Realsilk products. In St. George, Utah, I met a beautiful girl, Rachel Graff. She worked as a typist in the St. George Temple. She lived with her aunt, and we enjoyed seeing each other—a movie and a dance. We got some beautiful roses, and I sent them to Mother. Her aunt and I got along nicely. Years after, when I came through St. George when returning from my mission, I visited her aunt and asked about Rachel. Rachel was married, and I didn't see her. Many years later, the Crandalls and Dora and I were on a vacation together. We stayed over in St. George. Lew and I went to the golf course and were paired with a man and his wife. The man owned the Cadillac agency. His wife and I had hit our balls in the same area, and I thought of Rachel. I asked the lady if she was from St. George. She said, "I have lived here all of my life." So I asked her if she had known Rachel Graff. She said, "I am Rachel Graff." I said, "I'm Gene England," and we had a good laugh.

Once, I took the street car to Sugarhouse. The buildings down there were at the end of the city. Everything to the east and south were farms and pastures. I liked

the area, and I said to myself, "One day I'm going to have a home up there on that bench east of Sugarhouse."

One day I had gone up to Bingham Canyon. I had been selling that day, and I met a very nice, gracious lady. Her name was Cora Sturgill. I sold her some hose, and in talking with her a bit, told her I was from Idaho. That was June 1926. In 1928, I met her again in Downey, Idaho, at the home of her parents. She was the sister of Dora Hartvigsen with whom I was keeping company, and who I later married.

We fellows were staying in a hotel in Salt Lake City. One young fellow from Oregon had gone to college, been married, and had deserted his wife. He wanted me to go with him to San Francisco, ship out as a captain's mess sergeant, and see the world. It sounded exciting to me, and I thought maybe I'd go. He said, "Let's go have a good time and spend our money, and then we'll go." So we went to Saltair, went into a nice restaurant where music was playing, and had a nice dinner. I packed my trunk and sent it home to Arimo on the railroad—all my clothes, everything. All of a sudden, I got this feeling that I used to get while I was alone on the farm in Arbon Valley. I got this feeling of depression. It was a smothering feeling like claustrophobia. In fact, I got homesick. I was really ill, and I had a change of heart and mind. I told that fellow that I wasn't going with him, but that I was going home. I didn't have enough money left for train fare, so I started walking on the highway. I was too bashful to even stick my thumb out. Somebody picked me up and gave me a ride to Brigham City. It was cherry time in June, and I ate some cherries in the orchards along the way. Then I got on a freight train—a coal car in Brigham City—and rode to Cache Junction, Utah. The night watchman there made me get off and asked if I was a vagrant. I told him, "No," I'm just in a hurry to get to Pocatello, and I didn't know when the other train was coming along, so I got on this one." He took me in and got me a sandwich in the depot. He said, "A train is coming along in a few minutes, and you can ride that." He didn't know whether I still had any money or not. But I bought a ticket to Downey because the train didn't stop in Arimo. I rode through to Downey and walked from there to Arimo. It was ten miles, and I got home the next day.

Of course the folks hadn't heard from me. My trunk had arrived. But they didn't know where I was, and they were glad to see me. Father needed some help, and I was a skilled painter. I had worked with him before when I had an appendix operation and was off from the railroad company for a few weeks. I had worked for him for 50 cents an hour. I worked that summer with him.

I determined that I was going to go back and finish high school that fall. I lacked two years, but if I took a heavy load, I would have enough credits to graduate in one year. I had talked to Superintendent Tollman, and he agreed that I could make it okay. I would graduate in the spring of 1927 at the age of 23 years.

However, just a day or two before high school registration, I was downtown at the post office. Brig Blackhurst, the depot agent, called me and said, "Gene, we've a telegram for you over here." It was from Axel Strand, the car foreman at Deer Lodge. The telegram said that Fred Friday, the boss of the paint shop, had transferred to Chicago. He said that if I wanted his job, I could have it. Then I had a great decision to make. If I had gone up there, I would have been the boss over those fellows who had

“bumped” me when I wouldn’t join the union. I would be making 87 cents an hour, 10 cents more an hour than they did. I could have thumbed my nose at them as the youngest and top guy with the best salary in the coach-finishing shop.

It was quite a decision, but I decided to go back to school. If I didn’t, my chances for college would be over forever. I was going with Emma Evans; and when I told her of my decision to go back to school, she wagered me \$5 that I wouldn’t do it. I did; but she didn’t pay up. We had been classmates when I quit school four years earlier. She was now teaching school at Downey, Idaho.

I had worked for Father all summer, and he owed me \$135. When he found out I was going to go to school, he said, “Well, I want to buy a cow; so I’ll keep the \$135 to pay for my cow, and you can have board and room here for \$15 per month while you’re going to school this winter.” Money was scarce, and if I was going to school, I’d have to make my own way. Howard and I bought a couple of dozen muskrat and coyote traps. Dad owned an old Ford jalopy—a Model T passenger car. Howard’s father had a Model T Ford pickup. We trapped along Marsh Creek and Peck Creek. We got up at 5:00 am and borrowed their cars to go out and check our trap lines. We trapped muskrats and badgers for their pelts. We had to skin the animals and then get on to school by 9:00 am. We got \$1.25 each for the pelts. We made our way until towards spring, when I had to go into debt at the store and opened a charge account for clothing and school supplies. I owed about \$25 when I got out of school.

I had two programs in my life: one was to marry the right woman. I said to my cousin, Al Baldwin, “I’m not going to marry a woman until the Millenium, so I know I’m going to get the right one.” Of course, the Lord took care of that, too. After I arrived home from Montana, there was a quarterly stake conference held in the high school gymnasium in Arimo. I was sitting in the balcony looking down at the new crop of girls, who had grown up since I left home. I had been gone for over four years. I spotted three beautiful girls: Dora Hartvigsen, her cousin, Alice Hartvigsen, and Virgil Burrup. Virgil was very dark and striking, Alice was sandy-complexioned, and Dora was a blond.

Elder J. Golden Kimball was the speaker. He was a General Authority from Salt Lake City. He was about six feet six inches tall, peculiar looking with stooped shoulders. He wore a shawl around his long neck and with his high, pitched voice said, “If there was \$25,000 on a clerk’s desk and I could take it and nobody would know, I don’t know if I would do it or not. I have never had the chance.” This got my attention. Then he said, “Now then, if you pay your debts the day they are due, keep your appointments on time, and keep your word, nobody will know if you are a millionaire or a pauper. And it won’t make a damned bit of difference.” I said to myself, “that’s the rule to live by! And that’s what I will do all of my life from here on.” I have made as sure as I could possibly calculate when and how I was going to make good on my promises. On the few occasions that I have miscalculated, I have gone to the banker or whoever depended on me and told them of my disappointment and set the second date for payment--which has never yet failed. For this reason, I have developed a very high credit rating and have been able to take advantage of some excellent business opportunities. It wasn’t difficult to build this trait into my character because my mother had always taught me these principles, and my father

saw that I obeyed them. I have found it to be one of the best philosophies or practices for financial success and otherwise for honor amongst your fellow men, particularly business men and Church officials, than anything else you could do.

We had two, two-hour conferences. Howard Henderson, who was going with Dora's cousin, Ida Nielsen, introduced us during the noon hour. We sat outside under the trees on the grass. Dora had on a white satin skirt and didn't want to get grass stains on it, so I took out my handkerchief, and she sat on it while we talked.

I met her just before her seventeenth birthday. She was a beautiful blond with green eyes. Her father was one of the wealthiest farmers in the valley (Marsh Valley). She had very frugal parents, two married sisters, and a young mentally retarded sister, who she had loved and cared for. Her father said Dora should have been a boy. He didn't have any sons. As a young girl, she had the flu that swept the country in 1918 during World War I. I'm told that it was a miracle that she lived. She lived in Downey--10 miles away. It was only when Howard and I got a silver dollar from our dads that we'd borrow a car and occasionally go to a show or a dance at Hyde Hall in Downey. Howard and I took Dora and Ida out a few times that summer while I worked for my father. Dora later told me that she was aware of my presence whenever I came into the picture show theater.

We had a dance once each month in Arimo. Nate, our barber, made a date for our Saturday night dance with a girl who lived in Lava Hot Springs, Idaho. His shop filled up with customers; and while cutting my hair, he asked me if I'd take his Model-T Ford and go for his date. I knew the girl, so I consented. It was dark when we left Lava Hot Springs, and the lights of a Model-T weren't much. As we were coming around a bend, a horse ran in front of us. There was no chance to stop. I managed to hit him on the leg with the front wheel as the fender on a Model T is high. There was no damage to the car, but it broke the horse's leg. A year later, while dating Dora, I was driving home to Arimo from Downey in a heavy rainstorm. I was in my Chevy Roadster, and I was in a hurry. The lights of a car coming toward me flashed on a horse as it raced across the road in front of me, tail flying. All I got was the end of its tail on my windshield.

While hunting deer with Howard Henderson and his cousin, William, we were in a wash sneaking up on some animals that we had seen. I said, "I'll have a look" and stepped in front of Howard as he fired his rifle. The bullet went between my legs. He had been holding his rifle any higher I would have been killed.

In the fall of 1926, Howard and I and a couple of boys took a week off from school and went to Mackey and up on the Pahsimeroi area to hunt deer. I had borrowed a rifle from old Brother Gunther, who lived down the block from us. We had a tent and Howard's father's Model T Ford pickup. We got up the next morning to find some deer. We were in antelope country, but I had never seen one. We jumped three animals. I thought they were deer, and I shot one. We took it down to the highway. We dressed it out, hung it up, and had our lunch. In the afternoon, we decided to go back up in the canyon and see if we could get another one. By golly! There was a big string of them running across the wash. We got down and started shooting again. I shot one, and when we got to it, there were these prong horns on it. I knew that it wasn't a deer. I

said "We've got to get out of here, or we'll go to jail." So we went down to our camp, took the antelope, and hid it in the willows along the creek. We tore down our tent, packed everything, got in the truck, and headed up towards Challis, Idaho.

It was kind of a rough camp that night. The next morning, we started up the canyon above Challis and Little Falls of the Salmon area. We got into the timbers and decided to go up on a hill to see if we could find a deer. It was quite a steep hill with a canyon below us. Here came seven or eight head of beautiful animals below us. I said, "Let's not get in a hurry. We might still be in antelope country." So we waited, and they came right up the trail. If we'd shot one of them and been caught, we'd never have gotten out of jail. By golly, they were mountain sheep!

We got in the truck, went up the road, up a canyon, and off on a logging road. We finally came to the end of the road and made camp. There, we walked up the road a little ways and came to a dam and a beaver pond. It was about half a mile around, and there were some beautiful trout in it. We had our fishing tackles with us. A couple of the boys stayed there while Howard and I went up the canyon looking for a deer. We ran across a red fox. We went a little further and came across a fellow who was coming down the canyon with a deer. We asked him where he had shot it. He said, "It was way back up there. There are no deer in the country any more. You couldn't get to where they are to save your life." So we turned around and went back. I said "We've got to have some fish for dinner." We were right at the end of the pond with some logs in it. Those big fish would come up and swim over those logs. The water was only about a foot deep. Three beautiful fish came swimming up over one of those logs, and I let go with my rifle. All three of them turned over. The rifle shot into the water had stunned them. I went out on the logs and got them. We had a real fish dinner that night.

I asked the other boys why they hadn't caught any fish. They said, "The only thing we could get them to look at was a piece of bacon. They would come up and nose it but wouldn't take it." There was a big 14 foot bamboo pole there. I said, "We've got a bit of bailing wire here. I'm going to show you how to catch some fish." So I took a pair of pliers and started making some loops out of the bailing wire. I started with small loops and made them up to a big loop and wired them all together. There was a piece of electrical wire made of fine copper wire. I stripped it and wove a nice net. It was about 15 inches deep. So the next morning I took the bamboo pole, took a rawhide lace out of my boot, and laced the net onto the pole. I took a piece of wire down the center of the net, and put some bacon on it. The fish were bout three or four pounds. When one of the fish would turn and head toward that bacon, I'd come up with the pole. He'd try to swim forward, and I'd have him out on the bank. I got twelve or of those beautiful fish that day. We dressed them out and carried them down to the car on this buckskin lace. It was just about all that two of us could carry. I remember how happy Mother was when we got home. We didn't get a deer, but we had quite a fish fry.

That spring, unbeknownst to me, Father had bought me a car. He bought it for my high school graduation on May 20, 1927, but he signed a note for \$520. The payments were \$36 a month. It was a little second hand Chevrolet Roadster. I guess he

thought that was a good way to keep me on the job and not go running off and leaving him. I was happy with the car. I worked for him for 50 cents an hour again that summer and the next fall. We'd work from, 8:00 am until 5:00 pm. I worked 72 hours a month to pay for the car and 60 hours for the \$30 for board and room. I figured that if I worked 10 hour days, I could get by and have money for clothes and courting.

I dated Dora; her cousin, Alice; Virgil Burrup; or Emma Evans, who was teaching school at Downey. I said, "I've got to make up my mind which of these girls I'm going to go with." I asked Dora for a date, and she said, "Well, It's graduation. Do you want to come down?" So I went to Downey for commencement exercises. I had worked hard and finished two years' work in one. I did some extra work, music (played the clarinet), etc. We both graduated from high school the same year—1927. She was 17½, and I was 23 years old. I went steady with Dora from then on. One or two of her old boyfriends didn't like the idea. One night, Clifford Evans switched the wiring under the dash of my Roadster at the Hartvigsens'. I got the car started but had no lights. So I drove the ten miles to Arimo using only a flashlight.

That summer, I painted the Hartvigsen home. I'd park my Chevy Roadster in front of the house. I'd put up a ladder, and while I was painting the second story, I visited with Dora and Ida who were in their nightgowns at their bedroom window. I later courted Dora there on her front porch.

Howard was dating Dora's cousin, Alice, and we'd go to Pocatello and out to Robin to dances. We'd take little side trips and go up to the gap and have lunch. One day, Howard said, "Let's have a "chickaree". I know where there are some sage hens out on the flats by the dry farms. We'll go out and shoot some and have them for dinner." So we went to the Pressler farm on the west side of the valley, where they had a camp house and dishes to have a cook out. We went out in the afternoon and shot some sage hens. There were about four couples. If you've ever fried sage hens, you know that it takes a long time to get them cooked. Afterward one of the girls said, "We ought to do the dishes." And everybody laughed and said they'd just leave them, and let the next person who came out there do them. We had quite a nice summer, but Dora went to Rick's College in Rexburg, Idaho, that fall.

Dora was at Rick's, and I took some big steaks up to Rexburg, Idaho. My sister, Ruby, and brother-in-law, Eral, were up there. Eral had gone from Pocatello to Rexburg as a meat cutter. I stayed with them overnight. I went and awakened Dora. She was still in bed at 10:00 or 11:00 am. I got her out of bed, and we cooked some deer steaks. I didn't get her back to her room until 2:00 am. It was cold the next day, and I had to get back home to work. It was awful rough driving from Rexburg to Arimo after being up until 2:00 am. I drove home after a dance up there one night, too. It was a terrible ordeal to stay awake and drive those rough graveled roads back down to Arimo.

I hadn't been eligible to play high school basketball in the tournaments because of my age, but I did play every one that wasn't a tournament game. So I got back in form and improved my skills. I managed the team for Arimo High School. The next year after graduation, I played with M-Men team. We had a good team. We went to the district finals to see who was going on to compete in Salt Lake City—the final

tournament. We went to Logan, Utah, and out to Wellsville, Utah, where we were going to play the game. It was to be played on a dance floor in the church house. It was one big room with a basketball floor and curtains that could be drawn for classrooms. The floor was very well waxed—very slick. They said, "We're going to mop this floor, double mop it with kerosene, so you won't have to worry about it." When we got over there that night it hadn't been mopped, and we weren't prepared for it. We found out later that the team we played from Logan had cut their shoes so they would roll underneath, and they had soaked them in lemon and used resin on them to roughen them. But we stayed with them up to the third quarter. By then, we were so tired that we absolutely fell to pieces; and we didn't win the game.

Mother was very ill that winter. She was either with Ruby in Pocatello or in the hospital. Dad was gone quite a bit, and I was home alone. At Christmas time, I was exposed to and got the flu. I was so ill that it's a wonder I didn't die. I must have had pneumonia. I always got up early and made the fire in the coal stove in the kitchen and the heater in the living room in the mornings. So I spent a week in bed in a cold house with nobody to take care of me. I got big fever blisters all over my mouth and chin. I still have a scar on my chin. Later I had a really bad sore throat. The basketball coach painted it with mercurochrome.

In the fall of 1928, I had tonsillitis and had to go to the hospital and have my tonsils taken out. Later in my room, as I was coming out of the anesthesia, the Savior appeared to me. I had had a similar experience when I was 18 years old and had my appendix removed. The Savior appeared to me, glorified in white. He assured me that I was accepted in spite of my youthful transgressions, and that I would be blessed in serving Him. It was the same in every detail to the experience I had had four years before, with one great exception: Dora Rose Hartvigsen was at the side of the Savior, and He presented her to me as a gift from Him. I had the selfsame feeling of personal acceptance, and a greater feeling of complete well-being was experienced. The experience was vivid and fully impressed itself upon my consciousness. I came to realize for a short moment the ultimate for which one strives in this life. I now not only knew that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is true, but whom I was to marry. I had been concerned about her waiting for me while I served a mission, and here was my answer. After coming to myself and thinking through these two great experiences, I marveled at that which had been made manifest because I didn't seem to have more affinity to Dora than to other girls I had courted. When my son asked me in later years, how one could know who was the right companion, I answered that he could be as sure through earnest prayer as he could be that the Book of Mormon is true.

Now, I must reflect a bit about my wonderful and loyal companion. Because I married Dora, I got a college education. I didn't go on with my education, though I had the scholarship to go to Ames, Iowa, and get a master's degree in Animal Husbandry. I wanted to be a farmer. She agreed with it, and that made us wealthy, really. I retired when I was forty-seven. She was the one that got us started on the Law of Consecration. It was her suggestion. I'll tell you, "I love her."

I went ahead with my trapping and poisoned a few coyotes. By the time spring came, I couldn't keep up the \$36 payment on the Chevrolet, so I took it to Downey

and traded it on another car. It would be delivered later. So I was on foot when Dad came driving that Chevrolet back home. I said, "Where did you get that car?" He said, "Oh, I went down and bought it. We'll use it up here. I think you should buy into the business and help me pay off this automobile. We'll be on a 50/50 basis in our business." So He had the Chevrolet Roadster, and I had the Model T Ford truck with a ladder and equipment in the back. I went into a paint contracting partnership with my father. Dad did the contracting, and I ran the painting business. We hired two or three men and had a good business going. We worked all over the place: from Twin Falls to Grace, Idaho; over into Arbon Valley; and down to Downey. We painted barns and houses and made good money.

In 1928, Dora's father asked me what I planned to do. I wasn't furthering my education but had settled down as a painting contractor. He offered me a loan, so that I could go to school at the Technical College in Pocatello. In fact he gave me a couple hundred dollars. I went to Pocatello to see if I could get any special courses, but I couldn't. So I took the money back. He asked that I keep it and do some buying and selling of stock. I said, "No, I might make some bad deals and lose the money." I gave it back.

That fall I went on a hunting trip up to the Salmon River. We camped by the falls, which was the last point we could reach by trail. It was a beautiful area and wild country. I borrowed a .30 30 rifle from Brother Gunter again. Howard and I went in my Chevrolet Roadster, and four other boys met us in Bear Valley at the hunting lodge. A man took pack horses, a tent and food, and helped us make camp. He left us with a couple of horse and came back to get us in four or five days. By the time we got to camp, the other boys were there and had a wild chicken cooked. The next day was kind of stormy. I'm a loner when I hunt. I went down a ravine and up over some ledges. As I came up over a ledge, I saw a deer on the ledge above me. I ducked down quickly; but I must have made some noise because when I came up again to get a shot, he was headed down the ledge with his head down. I didn't want to shoot him in the back, so I put the gun up to my shoulder and waited. Just as he was about out of sight, he turned his head. I had my sights on him, and I pulled the trigger. I shot him in the neck. He was a great big, five-point buck. He came off the ledge and down through the shale. I slid down the mountain about 400 or 500 yards before I propped him against a tree and dressed him out. I always carried a rope around my waist when hunting deer. I propped him up so he could drain out, marked the spot where I hit the trail, and went back to camp. When we got him into camp that night, I was the only one who had shot a deer.

The next morning, I took off alone again. It was raining and had rained in the night. I got up one side of the mountain, and it was steep with deep valleys. I got onto some fresh tracks and could see where the deer had been browsing and had gone through the chaparral. They were bedded down. I must have made a noise because a nice buck stood up. When I shot him, another deer jumped up, and I shot that one quickly. I threw another bullet into my gun because I could see that it was wounded. It was wounded quite badly but was headed toward camp. So I let it go. It only went a few yards and fell down. I dressed the deer out and took them down the steep part to

camp. It was not very late in the day-- about 9:30 or 10:00 am. Old Mr. Smith, the camp boy, had just got up to cook and take care of the camp. I told him I had two more deer.

Two days later, one of our hunters was still out trying to get a deer. One fellow had shot a fawn that we were going to use for camp meat. But since we hadn't got enough deer, he took it home for his catch. We told the fellow that came in to take us out that night that one of our group was still out. About dusk, he came along the trail. He'd shot a nice doe. My big five-point buck was laced onto a pack mule. There was a steep grade and a trail only wide enough to go around a ledge that dropped 300 or 400 feet straight down. It was a dangerous ledge, and it was raining and dark. My pack mule stumbled and fell. I heard him roll, and I jumped off my horse. I just kept going. I thought that first instant that I was over the ledge. But here were some areas where there were creeks under the trail and they had built log bridges over them. I had come over one of the bridges, gone down about 15 feet, and lit with my feet in the creek. It was muddy and mossy, and I didn't get hurt. When I got out of the creek and got the old mule straightened out, we went on our way. When we got up towards Bear Valley, the storm had cleared up. But there in the high area it had snowed, and now it was cold. We were sopping wet, and it was freezing. By the time we got to the lodge, our clothes were frozen stiff. They had hot coffee and dinner made for us. We had a big meal. We got a big fire going in the lodge, took our clothes off, stripped naked, and put our clothes around the room to dry. We crawled under the covers in a big bunk bed to sleep. The next morning our clothes were dry. We had big deer steaks, hotcakes, and coffee for breakfast.

Dad had always bought paint from Bennett's Paint Company through Henry Nelson in Arimo at the lumberyard. Then, he got a line of paint wholesale from the Davis Paint company in Missouri. Mr. Davis of the Davis Paint Company held a contest throughout the United States. The prize was an automobile for the salesman who sold the most paint during the month of June 1929. It was the second year that I had worked for my father. We had built up a pretty good business. I told Dad that we could win that car. He said, "You think that in all of the United States of America that we have a chance to win?" I said, "Yes. You get the contracts, and I'll run the crew." He came home, and I asked Mom how he was doing. She said, "He can't get excited about you winning." I got after him and told him to get going. I was doing my part. Well, by the end of the month, he'd caught the spirit and was doing a good job. I personally put in a large order for paint, and we won the car--a Whippet. Dad got a fully paid trip back to the factory. I paid for Mom's way, and they had a nice two week vacation. Mr. Davis hosted them in Kansas City in his lovely home and showed them the city and a good time. (Eugene was never given any credit for his part in the winning of that automobile. His father always said that he had won the car, and it was his)

My uncle, Sam Hatch, worked for us. We were painting the roof of a large barn in Chesterfield, Idaho. We had 10 inch by 12 foot planks on two ladder jacks, 18 feet in the air, on the side of the barn. The roof was steep to work on. We had long-handled brushes but could barely reach the comb of the barn. Dad was on the ground

watching us. I had a short three-foot ladder, which I used on roofs of less pitch. Dad would carry paint up to us. We had five gallon buckets, each about half full of paint.

Because of the long reach, I put the three-foot ladder on the plank and against the barn roof and stepped up on the first rung to be able to reach the top riser. The angle of the short ladder started to push the 18 foot ladder away from the barn. Sam didn't sense the movement. Dad saw it first and froze. I felt the movement of the ladder and jumped off the short ladder to the plank. I balanced okay. The plank vibrated, and Sam almost fell. The 18 foot ladder, which would have taken us in an arc out in the barn yard and dropped us 18 feet with all of the equipment, came back against the barn. Dad was white in the face. He said he was so frightened he couldn't even yell.

I was yet undecided as to what I would do professionally although I had a trade and a fair business. After two and a half years of working with my father—he selling and contracting, and me handling the jobs and the men—I had now saved over \$1,200 in money and equipment. It seemed that I couldn't manage my work and go to college, so I had made up my mind to become a Western Airlines pilot. I had been to Pocatello and talked to some of the pilots that were flying to Butte, Montana, and back. One of the pilots met with me and talked to me--kind of took to me. He told me that I'd have to go to Salt Lake City to train to become a commercial pilot for Western Airlines. It would cost around \$1,200 for the course. I would be paid \$250 per month for day flying and \$500 per night flying—three days on and two days off. They'd fly to Butte, Montana, one day and back to Salt Lake City the next. I planned to go to Salt Lake City and take a business course first. So I was saving my money during those two summers to do that.

Mother didn't want me to fly airplanes. She took the news so hard that I knew she would worry and pray herself into the grave. Dora also said she would never marry an aviator, so I headed for college. I had a good talk with the Dean and planned to go back and register on Monday. The next day, Sunday, Bishop Farr called me in and interviewed me to fill an LDS mission. I guess Mom had put a bug in his ear that I had some money saved.

Parents can pretty well set the course of their children's lives if they will drill into their characters the ideals they should have. A mission was not drilled into me—tithing, temple marriage, etc. were. I got my mission by happenstance. I guess this was so because there never seemed to be enough money to take care of the necessities of the family and to pay the bills. The only bad thing about my work was that whenever someone gave us a note in payment, Father gave it to me. He kept the cash payments. When I went on my mission, I was holding a note for \$90 and another for \$120. These notes were never paid. I wrote to both of them asking for payment while I was on my mission. They said they'd pay me but never did. When I returned home, they had both gone bankrupt. When I went on the mission, Dad bought my half of the business: paint, equipment, and half of the Whippet for \$1,200 at \$50 per month. The Depression kept him from paying all that he owed me. I hadn't put my money in the bank--I put it in postal savings--\$350. If it hadn't been for those postal

saving, I'd have had to come home from my mission six months early. I had \$75 left when I returned from my mission in February of 1932.

Dora didn't object to my going. She would finish two years at Ricks and then go on to the Utah State Agricultural College (AC) in Logan, Utah. So I went to the Harris Jewelry Store in Pocatello and picked out a diamond. I went to Downey and asked her to marry me. She said, "You must ask Father." He was on a load of hay, handling the derrick fork, putting hay in the barn. He looked at me and asked what I wanted. When I told him, he said, "Hell man! You couldn't buy silk hose for her." Then he said, "I thought you were going on a mission." I repeated that I was, and that we would get married when I got home. I got his okay, and she accepted my ring. I was now 25½ years of age, and Dora was a junior in college. Both of our fathers thought that she should teach and help me on my mission-with the idea of marriage before I left. This neither of us could see. Instead, she would finish a year and a half at the AC in Logan, Utah, and teach school until I got home.

On October 9, 1929, I received my patriarchal blessing. Dora went with me to the patriarch's home in Arimo and had hers at the same time. So far, our blessings have been completely fulfilled—every detail!

A Patriarchal Blessing given by Benjamin Williams Henderson upon the head of George Eugene England, son of George William England and Martha Jane Hatch England, born at Moreland, Idaho, March 12, 1904.

Brother Eugene, in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, and in authority of the Patriarchal Priesthood which I hold, I lay my hands upon your head and bless you. I bless you with health and strength of body, and vigor of mind, that you may be able to see clearly and discern the right from the wrong. You are of the house of Ephraim, and the blessings that were promised to Joseph and his posterity shall be made manifest through your life's effort. Your spirit has been held in reserve to come forth upon the earth in this dispensation when the Priesthood in all its power is in the earth because of your pre-existent faithfulness. You were sent to the earth through parents who have made covenant with our Father. As a reward for your faithfulness, much reward will come to you. The brethren of the Priesthood will look upon you with favor and will learn to rely upon your judgment, and will depend up you for putting over the work of the Lord. You will from early manhood be called upon to preside among your brethren. The testimony that the Lord has already given you will multiply into a perfect knowledge. You shall know that Jesus is the Christ and the redeemer of the world, and that Joseph Smith is his prophet, and you will have the privilege of bearing that testimony with joy unspeakable, both at home and abroad. You will be a savior on Mount Zion. The names of your ancestors will come into your hands as rapidly as you can do for them. You will never know want. You will be able to build a home and rear and educate a family, and start them out as worthy citizens and worthy members of the Kingdom of God. And when you have finished your life's work and satisfied every righteous desire of your heart, the Lord will call you home, and bring you forth in the morning of the First Resurrection, I promise you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

(Signed) B. W. Henderson

I was interviewed by Presidents Heber J. Grant, Anthony W. Ivins, and Charles W. Nibley. My call was delayed, but I got into the mission home in December of 1929. I was almost 26 years old. The mission call to the Southern States under President Charles A. Callis changed my whole life plan. There were five states in the mission: Mississippi, Kentucky, South Carolina, Georgia, and Florida.

I was first called to work with the District President, Newell Steed, one of the finest men I had ever known. (He later became a Fundamentalist went to Four Corners and had four wives) I was assigned to Miami, Florida. Then I went to sunny Jacksonville, Florida. It was Christmas with no mail or remembrances as the mail had to be processed through the mission home in Atlanta, Georgia. It was hot and muggy, and I got the seven year itch (fleas or lice). What a miserable period! There we built a small lumber and stucco chapel. Charles Goodson did the carpentry, and I painted and decorated it with the help of the Saints and other missionaries. It was the first chapel in that city. We finished the chapel, and President Callis came down and dedicated it in April. I went back to Atlanta, Georgia, with him.

I worked in Atlanta for about three months with Earl Hill. One day in the mission office in Atlanta, President Callis called me to the window and pointed out two trees that had been planted too close to each other. He said, "Elder England, You see the one tree is smaller and is growing out of shape. You need to get away, so that you'll have room to grow. Now I'm assigning you senior to Elder Newman and sending you to South Carolina. Elder Newman was five weeks my senior in the mission field. He was a bit unruly and had left his assigned companion and field of labor twice. I said, "I will accept the assignment but you must tell Elder Newman that I am to be his senior companion and that he has to follow." We went to the West Carolina District. Elder Weed was the district president. Elder Newman was a bishop's son from Ogden, Utah. His family was well-to-do financially. He was getting \$75 per month from home, and his brothers and sisters would send him extra money. I had a strict budget of \$50 per month, but he would run out of money and borrow from me. He had taken speech in college and would prepare his talks down to the minute—no Spirit involved. One Sunday, after we had been together a few weeks, the Spirit of the Lord took over; and he gave a spiritual talk and testimony different from the talks he had prepared. He had never before experienced the Spirit of the Lord, and he came from the meeting elated. I had been a strict disciplinarian with him, and the meaning of missionary work was taking hold. One day, he had a letter to post; and he said, "I'm going to post this and get a haircut." I said, "I'll be with you in a few minutes." He replied, "Can't I go? You don't need a haircut." I said, "I'll go with you." He said, "Don't you trust me?" I said, "Yes. But I don't trust the devil. We will strictly keep the mission rules."

We were transferred to the South Carolina District, which included the south half of the state. President Callis came to conference at Hartsville. When my cousin, Franklin Baldwin, was released to go home, he gave me a chicken foot sandwich. Elder Newman's girl was a nurse in San Diego, California. She wrote and told him that she was going to marry an Ensign, a Navy man. He powdered and took 20 aspirin. I was really perturbed, and for two nights I slept on the floor by the door, so that he

couldn't get out of our room without me knowing it. We had worked together for about six weeks when President Callis called him back to Atlanta.

I was to meet President Callis at Charleston, South Carolina. Upon the completion of Joseph R. Winder's mission, I was called to fill his position as district president. Headquarters were in Columbia, South Carolina. There were still many prejudices against the Church. Two of our old fashioned, lumber chapels were burned. I remember opening Bennettsville for missionary work and receiving the stick grips, books, and hats of the elders who had been driven from the city many years before. I served as district president there from September 1930 to February 1932 when I was released to return home.

Lady missionaries—Sister Scaddon, 19 years old, and Sister Hunt, 17 years old—were sent to me by President Callis. They were giddy girls, boy-crazy, and wouldn't follow mission rules. They gave me much trouble. They stayed at Brother and Sister Laine's home. One night at 12:00 midnight, I got a call that they weren't in. I found them. They had been to a watermelon party with non-members. I was greatly relieved when President Callis took them out of my district.

The branch president's son died of diphtheria. The district president had all of the responsibility under President Callis: funerals; Church trials; marriages; district conferences; preparations, care, and assignment of elders to fields of labor; etc. So I learned what President Callis had meant when he pointed out the mission home window at the two trees. I had the pleasant experience of traveling over the district with President Callis and Elder Joseph Fielding Smith. I learned much doctrine from Elder Smith. Elder Richard R. Lyman also toured our mission. I was ready to be released having served 26 months. Elder Lyman advised me to go home, get married, and work for my father-in-law who had a dry farm and no son. He said, "Someday you'll get the farm." I talked about college, and he said, "You won't need it. Anyway, you'll soon be 28 years old."

I drove home in a car that I had bought a car for \$100. When I got home I sold it for \$75. On the way, I stopped in Mesa, Arizona, and went through the temple there. I arrived home in February of 1932 after 26 months as a missionary. I couldn't buy or beg work. But I had quite a bit of paint stored in the garage. It was left over from my big order that I bought to win the Whippet. So I took jobs for free with people, who would pay me for the paint. My last painting job was the exterior of the court house in Pocatello. I took county warrants for payment. The bank would pay 90% of face value for the warrants.

My sweetheart, Dora, had remained true. She had graduated from the AC and was teaching school in Kimberly, Idaho. She was getting county warrants for part of her pay. It was now harvest time, and her father Jacob L. Hartvigsen (J. L.) said he'd pay me \$1.50 per day (\$9 per week) to help him on the farm. So I went to hard labor from sun up to sun down. Jacob said he'd pay me one cent per sack hauling wheat out of the field to the elevator. He had a Model A Ford truck to haul it in. Some days I'd make \$3 or \$4. It was real back-breaking work lifting 115 pound sacks all day.

One day on the Cheery Creek ranch, he wanted to bring some horses down to the Marsh Valley ranch. It was about 30 minutes before sundown. He told me to take

the horses down (seven miles) and not to go faster than a walk. I said to myself, "It will be 10:00 pm before I get there, but I'll do as he wishes." The reason for his walking the horses was that one of the mares had been mated to his brother Niels's stallion that day. They owned the stallion together.

J. L. had me haul wheat by wagon into the granary on the reservoir farm. I had to help get all of the horses harnessed—eight head for the harvester and my team for the wagon and ten head eating grain side by side being harnessed. He got angry at the horse he was harnessing, and I felt him pull the line. I yelled, "Hold it!" As I was putting a collar on my horse, I wanted out from between the horses because I knew they would all push my way when he hit his horse. He didn't wait. The horses came together as I was trying to get out. My horse stepped on my right foot and crushed my toe--the one next to the little one on my right foot. I took off my shoe, and J. L. said, "Poor guy, you got your foot stepped on." The blood had soaked my stocking red. I put my shoe on and hauled wheat all day. I eventually had to have that toe amputated.

In October J. L. asked me what my plans were. I told him, "To go to the Agricultural College in Logan." He said, "Who the ---- do you think will support you in school?" I said, "Others are doing it; so can we." That was an insult to me because I knew he'd helped four or five boys get their college educations when they were young men. He was well-to-do, a good farmer. I said, "I'm a young man, and if they can do it, I can."

I had saved \$275 from my work, and Dora had her pay from teaching school. We were married in the Logan Temple on October 5, 1932 by President Noble. J. L. and Vil (Wilhelmina, Dora's mother) took us to the temple and went through with us. They took us to dinner after and left us at the Astle Apartment House (on the northwest corner of Third North and First East). Dora and I carried bed springs and utensils and dishes and items for housekeeping, etc. up a flight of stairs. We rented that 1½ room apartment for \$7 a month and 50 cents for electricity. We had a coal and wood stove and two pull string lights.

I began my freshman year in college at 28½ years of age. I had saved about \$200, and our budget for the first year in school ran less than \$25 per month--including books and tuition. I earned \$5 making some posters for the Horticulture Show, and we paid 50 cents tithing on it. Dora said that we were blessed to find work because we paid our tithing on our earnings. Without doubt, she was right. I picked watercress in the stream on my way on home from school. We'd eat watercress and bread and butter for our evening meal. I bought a cup for 2 cents at the AC dairy, and I could have all of the buttermilk that I could drink. That and a sandwich was it. I had weighed 170 pounds when I came home from my mission and dropped to 150 pounds.

Dora had \$650 from her year of teaching at Kimberly. She cashed it, a cashier's check, at Alma Sonne's bank. She bought a washer and a bedroom suite and put the balance in postal savings. The Kimberly Bank closed before the check got through, and the Logan bank called me to make the check good. I was taking business law from Professor Ace Bullen, and he advised me to forget it. They couldn't do anything about it. I told the bank that as they had foreclosed on a number of homes, I could paint and hang wallpaper. They had me do that until they were satisfied that I had worked out

what I owed them. We were green and inexperienced and didn't ask for the return of the check. Years later, we heard that the Kimberly Bank had paid out all losses. Later when Elder Alma Sonne was a member of the Twelve Apostles, I told him about it. He said I'd have to get a record from the Kimberly Bank. We checked. They said that when they had made all of the payments, they took all of the records and paper out into a field, poured diesel fuel over them, and burned them. Well, that was that. We could get no proof.

That spring, I got a WPA job on the Twenty-Mile Bridge up Logan Canyon. I used one of the other student's tools in the daytime, and he did the night shift. The foreman, Mr. Allen, saw that I wasn't much of a carpenter, and let me go. I applied for a job painting the courthouse. On the second day, the foreman tried to lay me off. He said that I wasn't a Utah resident and was taking the job from someone else. Well, that didn't prove true, and I stayed on that job until it was finished. Then I worked for a contractor, Mr. Wolf, and as foreman for the NYA (students on government aid). We repaired furniture, etc. for the school. The school regent had ruled that students could only be paid 25 cents. But the foreman at the college told me that if I was a skilled painter, I would get 50 cent an hour. He went to bat for me and won. When school started, he let me work as a student janitor for \$8.50 a week. I had the north wing of the Old Main Building. For two hours after school each night, except Friday, I cleaned floors, chairs, chalkboards, and desks. On Saturday, I gave them an extra good cleaning. If I had to go to Downey on Saturday, I did the extra cleaning on Friday night.

Dora became pregnant; and I was impressed to promise the Lord that if He would bless us with a son, I would dedicate him for the work of the Kingdom. I would see that he wanted not for the material things of the world if he would accept. I read in the Old Testament about Hannah promising the Lord that if He would give her a son, she would dedicate him to the Lord. Samuel, who became a great prophet, inspired me to make such a promise. On July 22, 1933 that promise to me came true: Dora delivered a beautiful baby boy. Dora went through a severe labor but had no complications. He was a hard baby to care for. He was a large baby—a joy and a trial. My sister, Ruby, came from Twin Falls to help for two weeks. I picked wormy apples from a tree in a vacant lot and helped her make apple sauce.

Our son George Eugene England Jr. was blessed with a brilliant mind. His mother taught him the right way. He had the opportunity to be a great scientist. Henry Eyring couldn't entice him, so he called me and tried to get me to persuade him, but I wouldn't. When Russell M. Nelson was on the Board of Regents at the University of Utah (U of U), he wrote me a letter that said my son had graduated with one of the highest scholastic records recorded at the university. He has been a comfort and a joy all my life. Sure we have had father and son differences, but he has been as good a Latter-day Saint as I have known, and I have known the best for many years. . He was the greatest gift of my life. He has brought honor to his and our names. He can write his own history. When I was near death after the accident in Logan Canyon in 1976, he talked to the Lord and reasoned with Him for my life. If I had died, most of my asset would have gone to the government, and our missionary and Book of Mormon programs would have come to a halt.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was now the President, and he had WPA and NYA (students on government aid) work projects going. The government brought in train loads of small pigs, killed and wasted them. It brought poor grade cattle and had the meat canned to give to the students at NYA. I was told I could apply at the school and get some of the canned food. But I had to declare that I was a pauper and unable to make my own way in order to do that. I said 'Keep your food. I'll make it.'

J. L. asked me when I was going to ask for some money. He had loaned money to several students who had repaid their loans. I replied, "I'll ask you for money when I feel that your daughter is going to starve if I don't." Now, her folks were good to help us. Her mother sent butter, eggs, potatoes, and boiled meat when they killed a beef or a pig. J. L. would write a penny post card and say, "Come up Saturday and help me haul hay, etc." He never sent a bus ticket. So I'd go out on the highway and thumb a ride. I gave as much or more than we received. The first year we were in Logan, J. L. made about \$2,000 on the grain market. He sent his daughters in Twin Falls each \$500. He told Dora. "I'll give you some when you need it." I'm quite sure he was getting back at me for not asking for help. When Dora was expecting Gene Jr., her mother gave her \$25 to buy a used sewing machine. I was embarrassed because I couldn't buy it for her.

The second summer I worked for Otto Wolf, a paint contractor, for 90 cents an hour. I remember working all night wallpapering in the candy store, at overtime. I was wealthy. I went home really up-beat and happy. I'd made over \$17. We moved downstairs from the \$7 apartment to an \$8 apartment. Astle furnished the paint and paper, and I painted and wallpapered the apartment.

J. L. asked me to come to Downey and help with the farm. So I quit working for Otto Wolf and took over the farming. J. L. was working in Pocatello for a government farm program called AAA. I made \$1,000 that summer. When we moved back to Logan in the fall, we rented a house. The Eliasons (he was an engineer for the Logan Electric Power company) were our neighbors. Dora's cousin, Ross Murray, came to live with us and go to school. Once a week, I tended Eugene Jr. and Mrs. Eliasons baby, changed diapers, etc. while she and Dora played pinochle. Dora and Ross got me interested in a three handed card game. We'd lay a 15 cent chocolate Hershey bar on the table and have a game two or three times a week. When fall quarter ended, I had dropped to a B average. I said, "That finishes cards in this house." I really had to study to take up the slack in my grade average—5:00 am and Saturdays and Sundays, too.

When school started the third year, I heard that the NYA supplied money for the school to hire students to do necessary jobs. I inquired from my friend the Grounds and Building Manager. He said, "Yes, to repair desks, doors, chairs, etc." He said that Dr. Tingey was in charge of the program. I went to his office and knocked on the door. He came to the door and asked me what I wanted. When I told him my skills and said I wanted to work. He turned to the other four or five professors, and said, "I think I have the man to solve our problem." He invited me into explain my skills to them. Then he said, "The students gets 25 cents per hour, but the foreman will be allowed 50 cents per hour." I had my winter's work cut out for me. I sluffed every class I thought I could to spend that extra hour in the shop. I was trusted with the power

tools and keys to the shop and told I could spend as much time working as I could, even when there were no students to supervise. However, I lost half of my left middle finger and cut the cord in the ring finger in a wood joiner in the shop.

After farming in Downey for the summer of 1935, I started school that last year with \$1,000 in the bank. During my senior year, I didn't work but took extra classes, so I could teach Smith-Hughes (Animal Husbandry major and Agronomy minor). Although I was now 32 years old, Dean Maynard recommended me for a teaching fellowship at Ames, Iowa, to complete a doctorate in animal breeding. I also had a teaching certificate. I graduated in 1936 at the end of 11 quarters with 220 credits. I graduated Phi Kappa Phi (honorary scholastic, the top 10% of the class), and Alpha Zeta (Agriculture honorary). Dora had graduated Phi Kappa Phi, and Phi Upsilon Omicron (Home-Economics honorary), and I couldn't do less. One always seems to have the feeling that his in-laws look at him as a bit inferior; so we strive, or should, to improve our image.

When J. L. learned of my scholarship, he came to Logan and offered to share-crop his dry farm in Downey; and then, I could teach school in the winter months. Dora and I discussed it. She told me I'd have a hard time with her father; he was a hot-tempered Norwegian. She said her father hired boys because men wouldn't work for him, but it was up to me. I had seen his temper but had always gotten along with men and felt I could do it.

When I first went to work with J. L., he showed his temper when I brushed and saddled the riding horse. She had rolled in the mud and dried out, and her winter coat was full of mud. I had spent about 30 minutes brushing her and had gotten all of the dirt and dust out of her hair that I could, except to wash her. Well, the saddle was on over a blanket. J. L. walked up to her and hit her on the side. Of course that brought out more dust. He started to give me "what for", and he didn't hold back. I stopped him and said, "No more of that language to me if I'm to work with you. You have no excuse. If I make a mistake, I'll stand corrected but not in that manner." He calmed down and found that I had done the best that could be expected under the circumstances. He promised that he'd be careful in the future. But I found that he forgot that promise each time he got really mad.

J. L. had an old home in the north east corner of Downey that he had received in return for a \$2,000 loan. It was a four-room cottage with outside plumbing. The floor braces had gone, and it needed to be re-shingled and painted and repaired inside and out. I found out all of this after we had moved from Logan. I got busy fixing up the old house. There was an outside entrance to a storage room under the house. I built a chimney from it through the roof and put in a coal bin and a furnace. I painted and wallpapered the inside of the house and graded and planted the lawns and a vegetable garden. There were no trees or shrubs on the place. All of the floor braces had been knocked out by the rowdy kids of the people who had lived in the house. I got a straight 2"X 4" and a leveler. I had about twelve inches under the floor joist to work in. Dora did the engineering while I pushed myself on my back under the house with a flashlight and a car jack. It took two or three days to level and brace the floor. Dora worked the straight edge while I drove big rocks into the ground. There was just room

for me to push along on my back in the dirt under the house. I had a bit of claustrophobia. We had to live with the Hartvigsens while I fixed it up to make it livable. I was to get the home and one-fourth of the crop. My duty was to pay for all hired help and one-fourth of the crop costs. But the big incentive was that someday, and by some means, I would get the farm.

Just before leaving Logan, I had a serious operation on my nasal cavity to remove a polyp growth. I had a miserable spring and summer on the farm. Then I spent six weeks at school in Moscow, Idaho. I had to go there to comply with the Idaho law for a teacher's certificate as my first teaching job was in McCammon, Idaho. My first year's salary was \$1,325 (\$125 per month). We lived at the south end of town by a creek, and I shot several ducks with a 410 double barrel shot gun that belonged to J.L. I learned to shoot it well and would bring pin-tailed grouse and sage hens from the farm quite often. Eugene was 3½ years old when I taught at McCammon (1936/37), and he would occasionally bring me lunch to school at noon. I went to Downey to harvest the crop. It was a poor year with little rain but lots of weeds. Now, we were farmers and school teachers with a home in Downey but living in McCammon, where I was teaching school. I taught shop, math, biology, and coached the M Men basketball team. We took the All-Church Consolation Prize by losing only one game in Salt Lake City in 1937. I came back to Downey in the spring. I had saved five or six hundred dollars. I hired a carpenter and built a kitchen and a breakfast nook, a bathroom, and a storage and wash room on to the home. I shingled the roof and painted the outside of the house. I put in a big swing, teeter totter, and a sand box. I also built a lean-to on the one car garage. Dora and I decided that we didn't want to go in debt for anything. So our home got finished bit by bit.

McCammon High School wanted me to continue to teach there but didn't offer me much of a salary raise. I applied with the Church Education Department for a position teaching seminary. Dr. Franklin West was the Church Commissioner of Education, and M. Lynn Bennion was the Seminary Supervisor. Dora and I had been asked to go to Salt Lake City for an interview. A man's wife counts a great deal when one is called to a position in the Church. Well, I guess she got hired. Harold Lawrence, the Downey Seminary Principal, was leaving the system because he was teaching that the Savior was just a great man and a master teacher and other false doctrine. He told me personally that his ideas came from O. C. Tanner, and that he believed Tanner's reasoning. So I was able to obtain that position.

The stake president, George T. Hyde, had to sign the papers for me to be hired. He questioned my having them and contacted the Church Education Department before he would sign them. He was prejudiced against me because he had had a rift with my dad while I was serving my mission. The Church had purchased a small grain elevator at McCammon. It needed painting. President Hyde was responsible to get the job done. Dad begged him for the job because the Depression had made it impossible for him to send me the \$50 dollars a month that he had promised me. He explained this, but President Hyde said, "We have a man that we have to help with fast offering. He says he can do the job." Dad knew the man and told President Hyde that he wasn't worthy of fast offering help. That was later proved to be true. But President Hyde was

a strong Democrat, and Dad was a strong Republican. That was probably what was behind the decision to give the other man the job.

Well, President Hyde signed the papers, and I taught seminary for three years. My salary was \$1,600 a year. There was no budget, no books except for a Bible in each desk, and no blackboard, even though the Seminary had been going for two years. However, I didn't get any help from the Seminary Board--President Hyde and his counselors. When I approached them about our needs, President Hyde told me that it was my problem. The seminary students sponsored some shows and raised the funds for library books and a chalk board. We went to different wards and put on the sacrament meeting program. We had a fine graduation with diplomas. The parents were proud.

I wasn't supposed to purchase or own any equipment, but J. L. said we owed a pickup truck to the farm and insisted that I purchase it. Well, I have always tried to get along. Even though we needed the money for the house, I bought a 1½ ton Ford pickup truck. I had a chance to buy an 80 acre farm that joined us, but J. L. said that we had enough land. He had a John Deere wheel tractor and about 12 head of draft horses, and didn't want to expand. I hauled wheat, and J. L. and a hired man ran the harvester. I got up at 5:00 am, got a load of 105 sacks, and went home for breakfast. I hauled two more loads before the noon meal and two after.

I had a rift with J. L. over the clearing of a ditch on the Cherry Creek ranch. We had ceased to use the ditch and had cleaned the willows and trees out the fall before. The roots and sod growth on the banks were still there and the ditch needed to be filled in, so that it wouldn't divide the farm ground. We now had a D4 Caterpillar tractor and a 13 foot Wheatland disc plow. I was finishing the fallowing (plowing) in a field to the north. J. L. said that that morning he would be burning some straw piles left from the fall harvest, and that he would see me at lunch time. I finished the field there. I was plowing and figured that the best way to fill in the ditch and cut the roots was with the Wheatland plow. I got the job done and started plowing around the field. When I got over the hill where J. L. was burning the straw piles, he came over. I stopped the tractor and he said, "We've got to harness a team and plow the ditch in before you can plow this field. In the fall, we had tried to do the job with a hand plow and a big team but the plow got stuck in the willow roots. I thought J. L. would be happy to hear that the job was done. But when I told him, J. L. said, "You can't take my new plow and tractor and treat them that way!" I tried to stop him. I said, "Nothing is hurt. I am as concerned about taking care of the equipment as you are." Well, it got so bad that I got off the tractor and went down to the truck. He brought the tractor around, and I told him that I'd wait until he was ready to go home. He ate his lunch and started to pile up lumber from a horse barn that we had torn down. I sat in the truck for about an hour. He came over and asked, "Are you just going to just sit there while I do the work. I said, "I'm not working with you anymore; you're impossible. You can keep what I've paid for except my pickup truck. We're through." He worked another hour or so and came over to say he was ready to go. So I had quit. This was just before the seminary graduation. It was difficult because I had such bad

feelings. The next week, J. L. came to the house to make amends. After he asked my pardon and made promises, Dora and I decided to try and stick it out.

The summer of 1938, I went to Alpine, Utah, to attend a Church Education Seminar at Aspin Grove. It was the last year BYU held school there. When I was married, I had planned for a family of six children. After our son was born, no more children came to us until my petition to the Lord for a daughter was answered. Ann Christine was born September 19, 1938. Dr. Hartvigsen, who delivered her, said to Dora, "I don't know how you have had any children." Dora's uterus was in no condition for her to conceive. She had taken a bad fall off a horse when she was young. After we moved to Salt Lake City, Dr. Burtis Robbins operated to correct her tipped uterus, but no more children came to us. Our daughter Ann, like her brother, is a real Latter-day Saint. She is charitable, kind, and a good mother and homemaker. She married Duane A. Barker March 27, 1959. According to my observations, her husband, with Church and business responsibilities, has been of very little help as a father and counselor to the children. Home evening and prayer are neglected. He, as bishop, is father to the ward and loved by the people at the expense of his own home. My daughter and her children are the joy of my life. Her children are: Anna Christine (Chris), born January 15, 1960; Cynthia Diane (Cyndi), born December 12, 1960; Camille (Cami), born August 19, 1962; David Duane, born August 22, 1970; and Deborah Ann (Debi), born September 23, 1971.

J.L. still worked with the AAA at Pocatello but was on the ranch when not needed there. He was always on hand for seed time and harvest. Our seed was treated by a hand turning contraption that fed cas can dust into the wheat through a two bushel container to be sacked and treated. The dust was present in the air because of the agitation of the hand-turned machine. It took one man to feed in and sack the grain and another to run the power wheel. One year, I got dust poisoning in my lungs and was bed ridden for a few days.

J. L. always seemed do to things the hard way. We' needed hay for the horses at the Cherry Creek ranch and would haul it seven miles and pitch it into a loft on the high side of the barn. At the end of the season if we had too much hay there, instead of leaving it for the next year, he'd insist on pitching it out and hauling it back to feed the cows in the winter. We would always have to haul our machinery on the truck back and forth from farm to farm as needed. Now, we were to load the big Wheatland plow for the first time. I backed the truck up to where there was a grade cut in the road. I cut the fence wires, hitched the tractor with a log chain to the plow across the truck, and pulled the big 13 foot disk plow onto the truck. This started a new way of loading rather than with back breaking man power. But we still had horses and horse machinery. J. L. was a horse man. He had worked with them all of his life. He fed and cared for them and handled them fine except when he was angry. I handled the power equipment except the harvester. The tractor now pulled the harvester. It was a big John Deere. But men had to sack and dump the sacks in rows to be hauled.

I tried to get J. L. to sell the horses and horse equipment, but he wouldn't. He insisted on doing small pieces of work with them. He would mow the back swathe (the row against the fence line while wheat was green in the hard milk). This was the hay

to feed the horses through the rough part of the winter. J. L. got rough a couple more times over things I did, and I quit as before. He would come to the house and tell Dora, "If Gene would do things the way I want them done, we wouldn't have any trouble." He expected me to think and do as he would—to read his mind on everything. Dora said, "Gene has graduated in Agriculture, has his Smith-Hughes teaching degree, and is going on 40 years of age. Why don't you let him make his own decisions when he is doing the work?" He said, "Well! I thought blood was thicker than water, and you'd be on my side."

We had planted some rye and sweet clover which we cut for hay. I was breaking the bay mare and had hitched her to the wheel side (right side), where the mower makes the right angle turn at corners. I turned real sharp on a three-cornered piece, the mare got frightened of the cutter bar being so close to her. She plunged and tried to run away. I stopped the runaway, but her quick lunge broke the drive cog on the mower. Well, J. L. exploded at this. Then, I had an old, docile team doing the raking. I stopped to rest them. And as I was next to the wheat--the most beautiful wheat crop we had ever grown--I got off the rake and walked out into the grain. It was so beautiful, and I was so grateful to My Maker for the promised crop, that I fell on my knees and thanked Him for all the blessing He had given to me: my lovely wife, two beautiful children, and now a most beautiful crop. I petitioned Him to preserve it for harvest. When I had finished and got to my feet, I found my team had gone to the hay stacks with the rake. I got chided again about my lack of horsemanship.

Now, we were hauling and stacking hay. We had hired two boys (Parley Bright's sons) to help out when J. L. wasn't there. I had just finished topping off a stack of hay. I clipped the big six-tine fork together, took hold of the fork, and yelled at the derrick boy to back-up the horse to let me down off the stack. As he started back, I kicked myself free of the stack of hay, and as my weight hit the derrick rope, a splice in the rope parted. I came down onto the empty hay rack with the big six-tine fork on top of me. When I came too, one of the boys was trying to pull me off the hayrack. I was on my back, and he had hold of my arms. I managed to say, "Quit. Get water." I had a big bruise on my forehead, and it was two hours before I really came to my senses. I didn't remember how I got there, but I did remember the fall, the awful fight to survive, and putting a good splice back in the derrick rope. The next day, I had a big red spot about the size of a half dollar on my forehead.

Then, J. L. was putting the cutting bar on the big John Deere harvester after having it at Cheery Creek for harvest. The cutter bar was raised and lowered by a hand operated wheel that could be fastened into place. Two, long angle-bars went out behind with weights as a balance to make the cutter bar easier to handle. The angle-bars and weights were not on, and I was under the reel putting on the reel slats. J. L. went up the ladder to the wheel, and I yelled, "Don't release the wheel while I'm under here." Well, he released it, and the whole cutter bar and reel came down. One of the reel bolts caught me in the top of the head. I had on a felt hat, and that saved me. The reel gave some, and I came out. I was dazed a bit. As I got up and put my hat back on, Blood was running down both sides of my face. J. L. said, "Didn't hurt much, huh?" I was too angry to say a word. I went ahead and put the bars and weights back

on that balanced the reel and cutter bar and finished the slats on the reel. I said, "Let's get at the harvest." I got on the D4 Cat. It was about 2:00 pm, and we harvested grain from then until dark--me with a splitting headache. It was seven miles home. I didn't feel like eating supper. Dora was shocked by my face, which was pale under the dust and blood. I washed up and said, "Get the Mercurochrome and disinfect my scalp. My hair was matted with blood. She got it washed out and then went to part my hair. She lifted a three-cornered piece of scalp and almost fainted. She said, "I won't touch it. I'll call the doctor." I said, "Just disinfect the scalp and it will heal okay." She wouldn't and called the doctor. He was two hours getting there, and I was dead tired. He disinfected the scalp and taped down the loose ends. I tried to get some rest before returning to the harvest at 5:00 am.

That fall, we almost became cattlemen. We had a chance to bid on land on the east mountain range for summer grazing. We went to Fort Hall to bid on some two-year old Herford heifers. They were beautiful, top-grade beef stock. It was eight cents per pound on the hoof. J. L. backed out of the bid. I am happy that we didn't because I might still be a rancher in Downey. I had traded the 1½ ton pickup for a one-ton pickup. We didn't need the big truck to haul machinery any more. I could haul the seed wheat as needed for seeding in the smaller truck. We hired the sacked grain hauled, and I ran the tractor. J. L. ran the harvester. One day when I went to get the pickup to go home, J. L. pulled the keys from the ignition and said, "This stays on the farm." I said, "We'll see about that" The title to the first pickup was in my name, and so on the trade, this pickup was in my name. I just picked up my lunch bucket and headed through the field towards home. It was only two miles. J.L. caught up to me before I got through the field and made me one more promise. He said, "You know, when I get mad, I'm like Goldilocks. When I'm good, I'm very, very good, but when I'm bad I'm horrid." Well, this time, I didn't reach home and the farm work wasn't delayed.

In the spring of 1939, we had our Institute Convention at Rexburg, Idaho. Commissioner West said, "If some of you teachers have other interests, you have to decide between teaching and them." With me, teaching was a big stepping stone to farming. Brother M. Lynn Bennion had visited me during the winter as he checked on the progress of the seminaries in the southeast area of the state. He had lunch at our home and went to the board meeting that evening. While he was visiting in our home, Dora was holding Ann, who was just a few months old, over her shoulder while she was preparing a meal for us. Gene Jr., five years old and vying for attention, pulled all of the books out of the bookcase and ran around the room like a wild Indian.

Brother Bennion had set up an appointment with President Hyde and his counselors at the Downey chapel. He had lunch at our home and went to the board meeting that evening. I didn't find out what had happened until the next spring at our convention in Logan. I was called into a conference with Dr. West and Brother Bennion. They asked if I would like to teach again the next winter. They named several locations. I told them "No." The farm was keeping me too busy for that. I asked who would be teaching at Downey, and they said, "No one." Brother Bennion said that at the meeting last winter with the stake presidency, he was informed that it was up to

the seminary principal to get the financing and enrollment. They were not going to do anything about it because they were too busy. I was very disappointed that the seminary was going to be dropped. This decision had been made after Brother Bennion's meeting with the stake presidency, and no budget had been set up for Downey.

Well, I had some good information that the stake was going to be reorganized at the next quarterly conference in the fall. I told them about this and that there would probably be a new school superintendent who would be in the presidency. After questioning me, they believed me. They said, "We could run the Downey Seminary on our buffer fund, and we'll do that if you'll do one more thing for us." I was to ask the Downey Ward bishop for time in sacrament meeting to tell the people that the seminary would be staying on a one year trial. If it was to continue any longer, then the people, students, bishops, and stake presidency were going to have to show concern and special interest in their children continuing to have religious education. I got the time, and as I looked out into the audience, there was the President Hyde. I said that I had resigned as seminary principal and had just come from the convention with a special message. Then I delivered the message. After meeting, as I was getting in the car to go home, President Hyde asked me if it was true that I had resigned. I said, "Yes, I have." Well, in the fall, we had a new stake presidency, a new school superintendent, and a new seminary teacher. It is 1978, and seminary is still being taught in Downey.

The old homestead at Cherry Creek was a real headache, trying to move machinery and animals seven miles away. In 1940, I proposed that we sell and trade to get our land into one location. When J. L. asked how? I replied, "Your brother, Niels, has always been jealous of you and your homestead that joins his. Let's propose that he buy it for \$50 an acre. I'll propose that he pay that to Martin Thomas whose land joins his on the east and who wants to buy Mrs. Bright's farm that joins his Grantsville farm." J.L. said that if I could make that kind of a buy and trade, he'd go along with it. But he doubted that I could do it. I approached Mr. Thomas first, and he was interested. Then I went to Niels Hartvigsen, and he was delighted. I got all the arraignments made and an appointment made at the bank to make the necessary agreements and contracts. I had three old men, all in their late sixties and cantankerous to boot, to work with. It was my first business experience with a really big deal. With a few "back-offs" and a few "come-ons", the paper work was done and the dollar value committed. With some study and thought, each man reluctantly signed the agreements and the deal closed. I went home a happy man because now, all I had to do was go across county roads, and open a gate from one piece of farm land to another. But there were more rocks to haul, gullies to fill in, and fence lines to clean up. Now we had a good workable dry farm. I remember J. L. standing on the high ground next to the east mountain where he could see the whole farm; and as he looked toward Downey, he said, "Now, I am Lord of all I survey!" He didn't include me in the statement, but it was okay by me. Someone asked me later how much of the valley I wanted, and I jokingly said, "I only want the land that joins me." But I never tried to expand any further.

After two years, I had \$1,200 from sharecropping. J. L. offered me of half the farm for \$25 an acre. He felt we should be able to get along on \$500 a year, and that we should pay him the rest. He didn't make a big deal out of it, but we paid him as fast as we could. We also bought the 440 acre Jesse Webb farm that joined us from Utah Mortgage and Loan who were closing on it. We took over the loan and Jesse got \$25 an acre for it. We sold one piece to Ed Burrup and another to Martin Thomas. I really slaved to clean up the brush filled washes, the old fence line, sheds, chicken coops, and filled in old wells, etc. We made a good farm of it along with what we had in the valley. With the land joined, it made 1125 acres, which I purchased two years later (1942).

We made an offer to purchase Stirling Nelson's small elevator on the railroad tracks for \$1,700. We decided to buy it and put in one more bin, so that we could store our crop each fall and sell when the price was good. I drove to Salt Lake City to close the deal, and Stirling had upped the price to \$2,000. I met his price, and when I got home, J.L. asked how I was going to pay for it. I said, "We've got a good crop." I feel to agree with the Prophet Joseph Smith Jr. He said, "I have learned in my travels that man is treacherous and selfish, with but few excepted."

Wheat had been selling over the years for 36 cents to 68 cents per bushel, but the war years strengthened the price. Since 1943, I haven't sold wheat for less than \$1.52 per bushel. Wheat acreage allotments were thrown out in 1943. I had always planted full acreage allotment since purchasing the farm. This freed my "hot wheat" for sale, and with a good crop year in 1944, I was able to pay off the farm. During the war, Dora had hauled the wheat when there was no one else available. Gene Jr. ran the elevator and hauled wheat when he was old enough to help.

Bishop Bickmore talked to us about purchasing Labradore minks from a syndicate. Ray Robinson, a high councilor at Logan, was their representative. I borrowed \$1,025 from J. L. and bought three females and a male. The agreement was that my minks would be taken care of for \$75 each year by the syndicate. They would sell the kits and send me the profit. They kept the agreement one year, and said, "Come and get your minks." Of course, I didn't have any way to take care of them. B. J. Stirland was raising foxes, and he agreed to take the minks on shares. I wrote to Ray and said that I would sue the syndicate. He said, "Go ahead. You'll just have the cost of the law suit." I wrote back and said, "No, I won't. I'll take you personally to a Church court." Then he asked me what I wanted. The breeding of cross-fox males was resulting in some silver pups. So I said, "You give me a male dog, and I'll settle." He agreed. When Stirland and I went for the dog, all he had was a scurvy male. But to settle the issue, we took it. At the fox show in Logan, Ray showed a silver dog that hadn't furred up properly. He said that he had gotten it from the syndicate to replace the nice male he had given me to keep. The word got back to the Taylorsville Utah headquarters. Bruce Horton, the manager, called Stirland and said, "I'll be in Downey on my way to Idaho Falls to the fur show. I want to see the dog that Ray gave you." When he saw the scurvy dog, he said, "You bring that dog to Salt Lake. Most are sold, but we still have some good ones. You can have the pick of what we have left." He said Ray had insisted on the dog he got saying he had given you his best male. He said

he tried to tell him the dog he picked wasn't acting properly and probably wouldn't fur up. He thought I didn't want him to have the fox, so he insisted. When Bruce Horton said to bring the fox, we made a date and took it down. Bruce called Ray and said, "I hear that you don't like the fox you got from me in the summer." Ray said, "He didn't fur up properly." Bruce said, "I told you, but you come down and I'll give you, in exchange, one just as good as the one you gave Gene." So when Ray took the fox for exchange, Bruce took him out to the pens and said, "There's the fox you gave Gene. Take it and no more is to be said." So that was one skin-game that backfired. We got a nice male, which gave us some nice silver fox pups. I pelted my share of the foxes and I sent two furs to Denver and had a good gift made up for Dora. (Ann had the foxes made into a collar that Cyndi has now).

In December of 1942, war was declared with Japan. Men were drafted, and I was called to pinch hit as the Smith-Hughes (agriculture and shop) teacher at Paris, Idaho, and then again, at Grace, Idaho. Dora's cousin was the superintendent of Schools at Grace, and I stayed in their house during the time until a new teacher was found.

I thought I had a little time on my hands in the winter, but I had cows to feed and milk and our own 17 head of horses to feed and care for. J. L. had purchase a stallion, and we had calls for him for service all over the valley. There was 11 miles of fence to repair each spring. We had winterkill on the north slopes and where the snow was drifted. J. L. insisted on disking, harrowing, and seeding spring wheat in these winter-kills spots using the horses and horse equipment. I said, "I can do in one day with the tractor what it will take you a week to do. Why don't you forget the misery of the cold, hard work and let me do the job?" He said, "No. I'm doing it right."

One day, I could see that he was having trouble in the upper field because he had made five trips to town in the pickup. I was plowing about 1½ miles away. I kept the D4 busy from dawn until dusk. As he needed the truck, I would walk about half a mile home from the lower field. I could have done all the work he did in one day on the gasoline he used in a week. Well, this day he had real trouble with the bay mare that had caused him to break a cog in the mower. He'd had a runaway with the grain drill. The tongue came down, stuck in the ground and caused one wheel of the seeder to go up in the air and come down on the horse on that side. There were four horses abreast. He was thrown from the seat on the drill but didn't get hurt, but the seeder, the harness, and the horse got banged up. I could see he had some trouble from his several trips past me where I was plowing. At dusk, I quit and cut through the field for home. J. L. came around the road, but missed me. I was a bit irate that he never stopped at night to take me home, so I let him pass by me. He apparently didn't check to see if I had put the tractor in the shed, but went around that section to see if I was still in the field. I got home, bathed, put on my pajamas, and was eating dinner. He came in the house and said he'd been looking for me. I guess we were both a bit upset and tired. He started telling me his troubles of the day. It was too much for me not to come back at him a bit. I said, "It's a good thing a horseman had the reins." He exploded, picked up a chair, and came at me. Dora grabbed the chair, and I ordered him out of the house. All of the other times he had lost control, we were in the fields.

My son, who was nearing his fifth birthday, saw and heard that which I had hoped and prayed he'd never witness. I told Dora that that finished our business together. He thought he could patch it up again, but Dora sustained me. I wouldn't even discuss it with him. I was through.

J. L. was 71 years old and it was time that he retired from the farm, but he was determined to push me out. So he asked if I would take care of the horses and cows, etc. while he went to Twin Falls. He was gone about a week. When he came back, he came to the house and asked Dora where I was. She said I was in Pocatello working on a defense job. She said I had a good job; the farm was his problem. When I got home from work, he came up and said "The weeds are growing in the plowing. What are you going to do about it?" I said, "Either sell, or I'll purchase; it's up to you." I said I'd take \$12,000 for my seven years work, and leave. He said, okay, he'd sell. We found out that he had been to his other sons-in-law in Twin Falls and tried to get them to come in with him. Both of them had refused. Then he tried around Downey to get someone but couldn't. One night when I got home from Pocatello, he came to the house with an agreement, where he'd keep all the cows but one. I'd get all the tools, stock, and farm machinery. I would assume the Webb farm purchase with Utah Mortgage and Loan and pay him \$36,000 at 5% interest. I'd pay it out of the crop payments each year as I sold the wheat. The banker in Downey told me not to do it that he'd give me all of the credit I wanted. I quit my job in Pocatello and started farming the way I had wanted to. I built a bin on the harvester. This eliminated one man. The wheat was hauled loose in the bin I built on a new one-ton Ford truck. I had quit teaching. So when the new School Superintendent, Elmer Hartvigsen, came to the field where I was plowing and asked me to teach the Smith-Hughes, shop, and agriculture classes; I thought it over, and said, "On one condition: I want \$1,800." He laughed and said he doubted the school board would agree. He said he only got \$2,000. I said, "If they say, no, okay by me." Well, the board approved, so I taught one more year.

When wheat went from 45 cents to 75 cents a bushel, I made a substantial payment on the farm. There were about 700 bushels of wheat left in one bin at the elevator that I sold. I thought J. L. figured that it went with the farm sale, so when I took him a check for his share of that wheat he laughed and said, "That is like getting money from home without asking for it." Despite J. L.'s temper, he was a good man. When he was the bishop at Woodland in Cherry Creek and stake clerk for 21 years, he helped many go to college. He loaned his daughters, Leona and Cora each \$10,000, and when they had paid back \$400, he canceled the debt. When I built the duplexes on 1500 East in Salt Lake City, he loaned me \$10,000. The last \$5,000 I was to keep for his wife Wilhelmina's and daughter, Isabel's, funerals.

I had been in the elder's quorum presidency when I first taught seminary. Then Percy Burrup and I served as counselors to Elmer Hartvigsen when he was called as the Stake Sunday School Superintendent. Elmer was called into the new stake presidency. Percy and I were called as counselors to Bishop L. Mitchell Jones in the new Downey Ward bishopric. I was ordained a high priest by Sylvester Q. Cannon November 3, 1940.

In the fall of 1943, I had just gotten the fall wheat planted late. After conference, I registered for three courses at the U of U. I took philosophy (Plato) under Jarret Reed, American Social Morality under Dean Erickson, and Torts under Leary. I got "B's" in each one. Dean Leary tried to get me into the law profession. We stayed with Ruby and Eral. Dora worked in the linen department at ZCMI. Our children went to Hawthorn Grade School. I slept on a cot in the basement by the furnace. When the quarter was over, I had intended to continue the winter quarter. But I had sold Rex a ranch in Arimo and also made a down payment on a home for him. Rex failed to make his payment of \$1,000, and we were almost out of funds. So I worked in Wendover, Nevada, working on housing for the Defense Department. I got pneumonia and almost died. Ruby took care of me until I returned to Downey for the spring work.

With the crop in and the horses sold, I had a little extra money in the bank. I went fishing to Henry's Lake at Yellowstone Park with Hy Jensen. We got to Staley's Spring, west of the lake, on Saturday November 8, 1944; and I caught five or six large trout. We stayed in a log cabin and had planned a nice chicken dinner for Sunday. I had taken Elder Widstoe's, Priesthood and Church Government to study for the day. When we awakened Sunday morning, the snow was falling profusely. The other fishermen all pulled out. It was about eight miles to the highway. I could see Hy didn't want to go, so we talked to Walt Edwards, the owner. He said, "We are never snowed in until the lake is frozen." So we stayed. We had a nice chicken dinner, and I read part of the book.

Monday when we awakened, there were 18 inches of snow. My new Mercury car was completely covered. I had neither a shovel nor chains. Walt gave us an old pair of chains. I bailing wired and patched them together and put them on the wheels. We hunted geese. I finished the book. Thursday Walt was out with his glasses looking for elk to see if they were moving to their winter ground on the Madisons. He said, "Here, look across the lake." There were three trucks breaking a road through the snow. When they arrived, it was William England and Ott Wheeler's road crew, highway contractors. They came for the last day of fishing. The game warden followed them in. I suggested that Mrs. Edwards cook the fish I had caught. So we all had a nice trout dinner. As we finished, it was getting dusk. The warden said, "The season closes tomorrow. Let's go to the spring and catch some fish." It was 100 to 200 feet long and opened into the lake. It was closed to fishing. Boy! Did Hy and I give each other a knowing look? We went for our fly casting gear. When we finished at 1:00 am, the smallest fish we had caught was 2½ pounds and the largest was 13½ pound. Next morning, we put our gear between the seats and filled the trunks of the cars with beautiful dressed-out trout. From my share, I gave my folks and Dora's some fresh fish, and my bishop, L. Mitchell Jones, enough for 20 pints--canned. We had three large one smoked, fresh fish, and canned 42 pints. Hy said, "Remember this! It is a once in a lifetime experience." Dora had the cow to milk while we were fishing. There was heavy snow in Downey, too. So I got to work and built a one-cow shed.

The first Sunday before we went fishing, Bishop Jones called and wanted to go up the north fork of Marsh Creek to see if we could find a deer. I said, "I'll go early for a couple of hours because Hy and I are going fishing. He was at the house before daylight. We just got in the canyon, and I saw a three point buck in the mahoganies on

the south hills. We stopped. I got the buck, dressed him out, and came back. I stopped at Hy's he came out, and I said, "Let's go get a deer." He said, "No time. We'll have to leave in a couple of hours." I opened the trunk of the bishop's Oldsmobile and Hy was really surprised to see a dressed-out buck that early. It was 8:30 am.

Elder Spencer W. Kimball had recently been ordained an apostle. In 1944, he and Sister Kimball came to Portneuf Stake Conference in Downey. He spoke about his work as the first general Church leader assigned to the Lamanites and about the Book of Mormon promises. The conference was held in the Downey Ward, where I was in the Bishopric. Dora and I attended a luncheon served at a large table in the Relief Society room after the morning session and happened to be seated next to Elder and Sister Kimball. Dora felt the spiritual force radiating from the apostle as he continued to talk of the Lamanites. She said, "He is different. He is imbued with the Holy Ghost. It shows in his every act and expression." She talked about it for days. She said, "We have paid our tithing and Church dues and been blessed—abundantly. We have a wonderful son and daughter, a good harvest, and etc." So I said, "We will discuss it a bit and get inspiration of what to do." We talked of our temple promises to consecrate all that we had and were to the work of Christ. We wrote a letter offering to budget \$50 a month to help support the Lamanite missionaries Elder Kimball had said were now becoming available. He was away on an extended assignment but answered after five weeks, writing, "I know, personally, two young Mexicans who could go on missions, serve as branch and district leaders, and return to make the work in Mexico begin to grow. Now Brother and Sister England, thank you for your offer; but if you could send \$80 a month, we could send them both." Well, we stretched—but then Spencer Kimball has always stretched us. We started, and that was the beginning of our missionary program.

The Downey Ward hadn't been cleaned or painted, since it had been built in 1930 or 1932. I said, "Let's get the chapel renovated, the classrooms painted, the benches varnished, etc." The bishop consented, and I and others spent most of the winter working on the building.

The farm (1125 acres) had had a 17 bushel average. Over ten years with help of the Lord and good management, it had increased to 25 bushels per acre. Wheat was selling for \$2 a bushel. In the fall of 1945 I had J. L. paid off, and the farm was clear.

At the request of Eugene Jr., I will tell about the antique furniture that belonged to Ane Kerstine Rose, Dora's grandmother: Because of a serious illness of Leona Gibbs, Dora and her parents were in Kimberly, Idaho. I had recently purchased the dry farm from J. L. and had a list of all livestock, tools, and machinery on the purchase agreement. I was alone doing my farm work when Ted Sturgill came to Downey with a truck, he said, "To pick up the 20-load hayrack and gear and the hay rake." He, of course, stayed over in our home, and I informed him and showed him the contract that all farm equipment was mine. He said, "J. L. said I was to have it, that you didn't need it, and I have come about 230 miles." Well, I am the easy touch, and already having had the experience of losing a load of alfalfa to J. L. that I had traded an old mower for—that's another story. So Ted got what he came for. And then he said, "Dora said Cora could have the love seat, rocker, and chair that you have of her

grandmother's." I said, "I don't believe Dora would give that away." Then I told him that we had hunted those old pieces because Dora wanted them, and I knew she wouldn't give them away. He then explained that Dora had agreed that Cora could have them repaired and use them in her new home until we had a home, where they could be used. The agreement was that Dora would pay for the repair costs because she knew Cora would take good care of them. So Ted took them also.

When we finished school at the AC and moved to Downey, Dora thought of these old pieces of furniture but couldn't figure out what had become of them. She believed that her mother's brother, Orville Rose, had them last. But he had divorced and been a bachelor for many years and was now living in Idaho.

One day Dora said, "Let's hunt for those pieces." We got in the pickup and inquired around and found Orville had been on a farm down on Marsh Creek. We went there, knocked on the door of the house which was rented, and there we found a woman on the rocker with a baby on her lap. The rocker was really in bad shape with a folded quit on a board for a seat. One rocker was broken and no finish was left on the wood. The set was made of red cherry wood. The lady didn't know about the other two pieces because they weren't in the house. We said we'd have a look around. Well, we found the chair in the wood pile with a foot broken off and glue joins apart, but repairable. The woman didn't object to our taking them. She said, "It was here in the house and isn't mine."

We went in the sheds and then in the barn; there was no love seat. I said, "I'm going up in the hay loft." When I got up there, I found the love seat. It was in bad shape. Well, we had the three pieces--such as they were. We put them in the store room to await the day we would need to fix them up. This is where Ted came in. Cora had them repaired and upholstered, and they were beautiful in her living room.

The years went by. Then Cora was operated on for breast cancer. After nearly 10 years of x-ray treatments, the cancer reappeared and spread. Dora went to Kimberly to help. Cora passed away. She had willed her share of the farm to her children, Lois and Eugene Hart. Lois was about 18 years old. After the funeral, Dora told Ted she would like to get her furniture. Lois was present and said, "It's not yours. Mother never said anything about it belonging to you." Ted wouldn't own up to the agreement, so the furniture stayed there.

Lois married Therman Willis, who she had met at BYU. They had a son and three daughters. They worked the farm, made some trades, and got about 1,200 acres near Hansen, Idaho. Then they got into financial trouble. They leased their farm and expected the lease to pay off the mortgage. We helped one of the girls with finances to Ricks College—a gift. She married a well-to-do farmer's son from Rexburg. We loaned money to Lois's son to help him in school. He made a couple of small payments on the loan and then forgot about it and wouldn't even answer our letters. The Willises moved to Billings, Montana, and went broke in the cold storage business. The farm, in the meantime, got in deep trouble. Ted told Lois that if she would give him a warranty deed to the land; he would get a government loan, pay off the existing loan, and save the property. Lois, unwise to the danger, gave her dad the warranty deed.

One day, I got a call from Lois. She had divorced Therman and moved back to Twin Falls, where she was working in a department store. She and her girls were living in a small, three-room home. She said she needed financial help to save her land because the government loan was due, and they were going to foreclose. So Dora and I went to Twin Falls. We found that Ted had sold off all but 240 acres of the 1,200 acres. There was some \$36,000 due to the government. Ted had agreed to give Lois a quit-claim deed on the 240 acres, but she was to pay off all costs. Lois agreed to give me a deed to the property and then pay me from the crops and purchase the land back.

Eugene Jr. knew about the furniture and told his mother he wanted it. I had now seen it in the house in Twin Falls. So after I had paid the government and made the contract for Lois to purchase the land back, I said, "Lois, now, you can do me a favor: you can give Dora her grandmother's furniture. You know it's hers. It's the least you could do for saving your land." She wanted to keep at least one piece for one of her girls. I said, "No, they belong together," She cried a bit but gave them back to the rightful owner. They were in almost as bad a shape as when we first saw them. It cost us more than \$1,000 to repair them. Eugene Jr. will get them.

Year after year, Lois could only pay a part of what she owed. The 240 acres were worth a lot of money. She begged for release of 40 acres. I gave it to her for ditch and fence money, which she needed. Finally, when the debt got down to about \$1,500, we settled and gave her the deed to the land. She and Eugene Hart got their share of J. L.'s estate when he died. Dora and Leona gave their shares to Isabel.

In 1945, we were released from our Church duties with the reorganization of the Downey Ward. Bishop Jones said that he was going to move either to Bountiful or to Salt Lake City, Utah. He was a good dentist, and had had his fill of Downey. Dora had talked about going to Salt Lake City for our children's sakes. We went to Bountiful first and found five acres for sale--south on the highway. We made a deal, but Dora wouldn't agree. The next week, Bishop Jones called and rented an office over Walgreen's Drug Store in Sugarhouse. He bought a home on Hollywood Avenue. We bought Harold Hadley's home on 1809 Redondo Avenue for \$10,600 cash. (We had sold our home in Downey for \$6,000) The homes were about three blocks away from each other. He was in the Edgehill Ward and we were in Mountain View Ward, but both wards met in the same chapel. He took Dora and his wife Emily in his Cadillac. I took his dental equipment in my truck. And so to Salt Lake City we went. I had fulfilled a pledge that I made to myself in 1926: that one day I would have a home on the east bench in Salt Lake City. We moved the family down in July in time for school. Gene attended Irving Junior High School and Ann, Parley's Grade School, which was in the church house on 23rd East and 21st South.

I stayed with the Hartvigsens while I got the crop planted. I commuted to Downey for the next six years to do the farming. Eugene Jr. helped as he could during school vacation time. Dora and Ann came to keep house and cook during harvest. We stayed in the Downey Hotel one year, in my cousin's house another year, and then, I bought and modernized a camp house across the street from the cemetery at the south edge of town. Lou Crandall and C. H. Parker and I stayed in it in the fall to hunt ducks, pheasants, and deer.

The winter of 1945/46, I volunteered to work for the Church. It was the close of World War II, and Elder John A. Widstoe assigned me to take charge of the relief shipments of clothing from the Salt Lake Region to Europe. He said, "Each 11 pound package will save a life. So we would like you to get volunteers to help, so that you can reach 300 packages per week." With the help of Ed Porter, the manager of the warehouse, 19 stakes sent truckloads of clothing, needles, thread, etc. We called for volunteer from the stakes—packers, box makers, stenographers, etc. The post office let us weigh and stamp the boxes. We got to the point, where I would buy \$1,560 worth of stamps each Monday, and we would pack and mail 1000 pounds of packages per week. In March, Elder Ezra Taft Benson got permission from the government to ship by car lots. Then, I went to the Remington Arms Defense Plant, west of Salt Lake, and purchased wooden boxes at 5 cents each. We packed two railroad cars for shipment before I had to leave for the farm. These and many loads of canned food from Welfare Square went by ship directly across the Atlantic to the needy in Europe.

One day I met my former mission president, Charles A. Callis, in front of the Church Office Building. He asked what I was doing. When I told him, he said, "That's a good project, but you should go on a mission. You are needed in Jacksonville, Florida." I explained to him that I had committed myself to this project, that the home purchase had used up my funds, and that I had promised my wife to spend the winter in Salt Lake City. He told me a story. About a man called on a mission, and his wife said she couldn't spare him. He didn't go on a mission, but he died. So his wife didn't keep him after all. This upset me, but I laughed it off. When I told Elder Widstoe about it, he laughed and said, "Your mission call will come later, the need right now is to get this relief to our people in Europe."

Dora wanted to invest in real estate. We took over two duplexes that Kenneth Dyer was building on 1500 East and Bryan Avenue. We sold our home and moved into the south end of the two-story duplex at 1589 South 1500 East in the spring of 1947. We lived there until May of 1949. Dora's feelings about real estate investments were excellent. Then, we bought the Clone Apartments on 3rd South and 5th East with Kenneth Dyer. We bought his half in the fall and sold that half interest to Dr. L. M. Jones in the winter of 1947. After having paid \$50,000 for the apartment building, we sold our half to Dr. Jones in the spring of 1951 in order to save our friendship. In the fall, we purchased half of a business building at 201 East 300 South from Sidney Harmon for \$150,000. I later traded it for 96 acres of land at Corner Canyon in Draper, Utah. I made some foolish mining investments which stopped my financial progress. I sold real estate for the next two years to help recoup some of my losses.

I sold real estate with Heber Taylor until we had some differences. They really began when some repair work had to be done on a home (a back door and screen, etc.), and I agreed to do it in order to make the sale. Heber made me pay the whole bill out of my share of the commission. Next, my former bishop, Paul Newmeyer, approached me to invest in an apartment house or business building. I knew of an old apartment house that the owner wanted to sell, but he would not list it with a real estate broker. I told Paul about it. Heber said, "You go get a commission. We don't let out any information." Well, this was out of the question, but that started to weaken

our relationship. Next, I had an offer from Mr. A. B. Maloof to purchase the entire subdivision of about 20 finished lots, where our home was located. I went to Heber and told him that I had a good deal at \$1,800 per lot. At 5% per lot and \$2,000 to close the deal, we could pay for each lot as we sold them. Heber said he didn't have \$1,000, and neither did I until my crop was sold in the fall. I told him that he could sign a note with me at my bank, and he'd have all summer for his sales men to have lots to sell. We'd make some real money. He agreed. I called Mr. Maloof, and he invited me and his real estate man to lunch. We worked out the details. I took them to Heber, and he said, "I've changed my mind. I figure I can do as well by investing in the country club area. I have an agreement to sell houses for a home builder up there." I was really embarrassed to have to Mr. Maloof that the deal was off. I still stayed with Heber until I sold one of the houses in the country club area to my friend Paul Cannon. I brought the sale to the office to close, and Heber said, "That's one of the homes I intended to sell!"

I'd had enough, so I transferred my sales license to Main Realty with Bert and Cy Curtis. All went well with them until I listed and sold the Colonial Motel at Blackfoot, Idaho. They owed me \$1,200 commission. They claimed I'd have to wait. I did wait until we had trouble over the sale of the Clone Apartments to Dr. Jones. Cy tried to get Parris Jensen to sue me for a commission, which he refused to do. I immediately went to Cy's house and showed him the agreement between Dr. Jones and myself that said that if either one of us purchased from the other, there would be no commission. He said that Bert had bugged him until he did it. I said, "Okay, you owe me \$1,200. Write an agreement and I'll sign it, and we'll be square." I didn't renew my license with the state and have invested on my own since then.

Soon after we arrived in Salt Lake City in the fall of 1945, President Wheeler of the Sugarhouse Stake called me in for an interview. President Wheeler said, "We invited you in to get acquainted." President C. H. Parker was his first counselor, and President Harold Wright was his second counselor. Elder Mark E. Peterson had been President Wheeler's counselor when he was called to be an apostle. The Hyland Stake had been divided off from the Sugarhouse Stake a short time before. Elder Harold B. Lee had been assigned to affect another division from the Sugarhouse Stake, which became the Hillside Stake with C. H. Parker as president and Harold Wright and Stewart McMaster as his counselors. I was at Welfare Square in February when President Parker asked me to come and see him. I was called to the high council and set apart by Elder Lee. At our first high council meeting, I looked the group over. Most had been on the Sugarhouse Council. The one man, Lew Crandall, I thought would not be easy to know, later became my good friend, sports companion, and the most honest of my business associates.

We owned a 13½ foot boat and trailer along with the Parkers, Crandalls, and Robinsons, which we used for fishing. We also had a seven horse-power motor for the boat. On the Fourth of July each year, all four couples would go to West Yellowstone. We reserved a four-bedroom and kitchen cabin. The trip was for sightseeing and especially, fishing for the men. One day, we were fishing at a special place on West Yellowstone Lake, north of Dot Island. Three of us would fish, and one would handle

the motor, changing often, so each had his turn as motorman. Lew Crandall was on the motor. Fishing was good, and he decided he would troll, also. There were too many lines out, and he and C.H. Parker got their lines tangled. I brought my line in saying that I would take the motor for a while. I had just changed places with Lew when the boat capsized. My back was to the others, and we were about a quarter of a mile from the shore. As I saw the lake bottom, I judged that it was about 20 feet deep. C. H. and Sherm Robinson had life jackets on. Lew and I didn't. C. H. had hip boots on, fastened all of the way up. Lew had his boots on, but they were rolled down below the knees. Sherm and I had our light shoes on. I turned and came up under the boat, moved to the side, and saw C. H. about 15 feet away. He was in a panic because his boots were full of water, and he couldn't remove them. I could see that he was okay, even his hat was on. I yelled, "Where's Lew?" Just then Lew came up on the other side of the boat. I pushed myself as high as I could and yelled, "Grab my hands." He did across the bottom of the boat. I said, "You have to get on the boat." There was a good airlock caught under the boat as it tipped over, and it was stable. Lew got on okay, but I couldn't see Sherm. Then I saw him going for shore as fast as he could swim with a life jacket on. I yelled for him to come and help, but he kept on going. I pulled the boat with Lew on top over to C. H. who grabbed the side with both hands. One hand on the boat, swimming with other and both feet, I worked to the shore. Sherm was the only one with a lifesaving certificate, and he deserted us. He stood on the shore and watched. I asked him why he didn't come to our aid and he said, "I was going to help." I said, "Why didn't you then?" It took me most of an hour to get to shore.

In the summer of 1949 Bishop William Hyde, the new bishop of the Downey Ward, brought a mining stock sales man, O Bray Morgan, to our camp house. He said that he had invested in a good company, Golden Centuries, and wanted me to invest. Ob and he said, "You should get in on it while it is cheap." Ob guaranteed it would double in price by the end of the year. It would be a new venture for me, and I was cautious.

I had rented 120 acres in the middle of my farm from Dora's cousin, Margaret Richens. It was full of rye and was getting into my fields. Ed Burrup had been the share cropper before and was really upset. I had given the Riches crop to Junior, and he liked what O Bray and Bishop Hyde said. Junior was excited with the sales pitch—silver and gold, etc. both, in Idaho and Nevada. I didn't know anything about investment stocks or the SEC. I asked Ob who the people were who owned the mines. "There were several," he said, "Kay L. Stoker is one, and he has his office and lives in Salt Lake City."

I told Junior I'd find out about Mr. Stoker. He lived in the Mountain View Ward, where we had first lived in Salt Lake City. I asked Bishop Paul Newmeyer about the man, and he told me he was a seventy and a very good man. He said, "He is paying the cost of keeping a widow who is serving a mission in Holland."

Ob introduced me to Kay, and he seemed like an honest man. He gave a good sales pitch. I told him about our missionary program. I said, "We use our surplus money on a special Lamanite program through the First Quorum of the Seventy, and I didn't want to make a bad investment." He said, "I'll return you \$10 for every one you

invest.” A couple of weeks went by, and I hadn’t heard from or seen Ob or Kay. Then, while I was painting the roof of our new home, they both showed up; and I invested. We started out with \$5,000 at 25 cents a share. We were promised \$1 stock in a year.

When things started to go wrong in the business, Ob told me that Kay said, “We’ve given Gene a couple weeks to ponder; I think he’s ready to buy.” Then, Kay came giving a glowing sales pitch. He had a bottle with about half a pound or so full of gold nuggets—supposedly from the Idaho mines. His pitch was that he would guarantee \$18 for the missionary program for every dollar we invested. He got \$5,000 and sold stock for 25 cents a share. His company, with a Utah business address, was illegally selling investment stock from an Idaho company. His office was in the Federal Building.

A few months later, I got a call from a broker in the New House Building offering me 30 cents per share for the \$5,000 worth of stock. A five cent profit wasn’t much as Ob was supposedly selling for 50 cents a share. I said to the broker, “I don’t know. I’ll have to talk to Mr. Stoker to see what this will do to their program.” Kay said, “Why don’t you sell it and buy more from me at 25 cents? If you’ll invest \$1,200, and you get 50 cents a share, you’ll double your money.” Well, a green farm boy from Idaho took the bait. I asked the broker who was purchasing the stock and he said that it was confidential and he was not allowed to reveal it. Later, when I saw the records, I found the Kay had worked this out with the broker as a come-on to get the \$1,200.

Faye Larson was Kay’s secretary. She knew about it and was afraid that I would run across it. When we finally parted company, Fay told me about many things that went on behind my back. I asked her why she didn’t warn me. She said that she was afraid of Kay, of what he might do to her. She said, “He even looks like the devil when anyone crosses him.” Well, that come-on got me in for \$1,200.

We ran the farm that year after the first purchase. I had the crop planted and the stubble deep-tilled. I said to Kay, “You need help in this business. I’ll propose a lease to the Criddles, my neighbors, to run our farm, and I’ll work for the Golden Centuries Mining Company.” He thought it was a great idea. We settled on a salary for me at \$200 per month. The Criddles purchased our farm equipment and leased the farm. They also purchased some Golden Centuries Mining stock.

I worked Nevada, saw the mines, and thought all was well. But as time went on, I got suspicious of the gold samples from Idaho and other things. Bruce Hanks had taken the gold to New York to entice some of his senior friends to invest. He had dropped a small glass bottle of gold nuggets on the cement sidewalk. Some of them weighed two or three ounces. They caused quite a bit of excitement.

Kay Stoker and the people, who owned the Bufffalo Mining Company, went together and leased the Ward Mining claims at Ely, Nevada. The major part was owned by the bank. They hired Burt Walker and his father, engineers, who had brought the Leadville Colorado Mine, to tunnel into the mountain to try and find the secondary enrichment of the mine. The government loaned \$125,000. The two companies matched with \$125,000.

As secretary of Golden Securities, I had researched the records and history of the company and found a lot of fraud in the procedures and records, so I determined to get out of the company. I traded most of my stock for Buffalo mining stock, sold the

balance for 3½ cents per share, and took my loss. When money ran out, I mortgaged our home for \$13,500 with personal guarantees to pay the money back with stock as security. But before I took the books and records to attorney Allen Tibbles, we took five rolls of microfilm and prepared a fraud law suit against Kay L, Stoker. Five of us, major stock holders, entered the suit against Kay. The attorney said it was one of the worst cases he had seen.

One day, after I sued Kay Stoker for fraud, President Parker called me in. I wondered what he had made a special appointment for. Kay Stoker had been to see him, and the president asked me to drop the suit. He had sold Kay \$30,000 of insurance, and Kay had complained to him about my instigating the suit. I said that I couldn't because there were five of us suing in behalf of the stock holders. A few weeks later, I was called before the stake presidency. Again the president said, "Gene, I want you to drop the fraud suit against Kay Stoker. I can't be explaining to our stake members why my high councilman is suing a seventy in our stake." I asked the president to go to John Bayden's law office and see for himself why the suit was filed. He said, "No, I want you to cancel. Withdraw the suit. That's final." I asked, "Is this an order from my stake president or from you as an individual?" He said, "I'm asking it." I answered, "I'm sorry, but I won't. You almost had me wondering if I belonged to the right church." The first counselor said, "I don't know what you are trying to do to Gene." The second counselor turned to me and said, "You must forget this Gene."

A few days later, Lew Crandall and the stake president were walking down the sidewalk together. Lew, the president, and I had been good pals—fishing, and hunting together. The president remarked to Lew that Kay had said he was going to sue me for defamation of character. He thought that if he did it might ruin me financially. Lew stopped in his tracks, faced the president, and said, "President, a man has to have a character before he can sue for it. Kay Stoker has been on our list for investigation for years (Lew was an IRS agent). We can't catch him. He's slick as an eel. Gene is on our high council, our brother, and our friend. I think it's time you got your priorities straight." When Lew told me about this, I said, "The president has really hurt me." Dora had been in tears saying, "The president treats you as if you were the crook, instead of Kay." I asked Lew about our relationship: "Should I invite the president to go with us on our annual hunting trip to Downey?" Lew said, "Sure. Ask him, and say nothing about what's happened with Stoker." I'll admit that I had a bitter pill to swallow, but I did it. The president accepted my invitation, and we had our annual trip.

I was a mission president the next hunting season. This meant that the other parties in the fraud suit against Kay Stoker were to pursue it without me. They didn't, and our \$500 retainer went down the drain.

The Walkers announced that the \$250,000 on the Ward Mine was spent. They had tunneled some 1,200 feet into the mountain and found no secondary enrichment of lead or copper, and the project was abandoned. The next I knew of Stoker, he was in partnership with the Walkers in the Shasta Mine in California. I heard that he was selling stock in Hawaii. Then, someone sent me a news clipping that said he was in jail in San Diego for over-selling the SEC approved number of shares of stock. I found out

stock in Dora's name and left 270,000 shares of stock with the Utah Securities Commission. Later, while I was in Minnesota, Parris Jensen and Leo Rogers got their money as the stock went to 10 cents a share. Parris promised me that he would take care of our interests, but didn't. Later we traded Dora's shares to Dr. Tom Robinson for a lot in a Mt. Olympus subdivision. This lot went to our missionary foundation along with the building at 201 East 3rd South in Salt Lake City. The lot and one at Kearns, Utah, were traded to Dwayne Johnson's reality investment company, Consolidated Capital Corporation, for stock. He also got me into another oil lease deal on which I took a loss. These companies were owned by KSL and General Authorities. Dwayne was also associated with Jim White and Norman Hayes, who took us for another loss. We did get some stocks from them that paid. We put them in the Missionary Foundation.

President Parker was pressured by President Henry D. Moyle to get a welfare farm project. He said that a sheep man, Clay Cummings, of Heber City, Utah, had offered the Church a section (6,400 acres in Cedar Valley) if they would drill a deep well to see if there was any water basin that would be profitable for irrigation. I told the president that the Church could afford such a gamble but the stake couldn't. It would cost between \$30,000 and \$50,000. If the well didn't prove successful, we would be severely criticized for wasting the stake's money. The Butts Ranch was in the Valley with house, barns, cattle, and some machinery. There were water rights from a good spring. It was listed at \$110,000. President Parker assigned me to try and find a farm project. I traveled over 135 miles and spent two weeks looking. I found a dry farm owned by the Westons of Logan that was a good project. It was about four miles from my farm in Downey, Idaho, and I offered to let them use my machinery until the farm was paid for. The price was \$42,000. President Moyle turned the project down. It sold within a year for three times what we could have bought it for. (My son-in-law's brother and his sons own the land now) President Parker suggested a dairy farm in Park City, Utah; but I couldn't see that. Then, he contacted Paul Buehner who owned the Hiute Ranch. We made an appointment and met. Buehner said, "I'm the black sheep of the family, but what would have become of us if my parents hadn't joined the Church in Germany and brought us here? (His brother, Carl Buehner, was the Presiding Bishop of the Church). Here we are successful business men in this choice country. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. That ranch is my cherished possession. It cost me \$90,000. If the LDS Church wants to purchase it, they can have it for what it cost me." President Parker, Lew Crandall, and I went over to the ranch. It was good, but President Parker hesitated. Next, I found an irrigated farm in South Jordan owned by a man that I knew from Robin, Idaho. He wanted \$230 per acre. The ground wasn't very good but would raise beets, alfalfa, etc. The ranch is now worth over \$2,000, 000. It is a recreation ranch now worth \$9,000 per acre.

It seemed that the president wanted the Cedar Valley Ranch. So since I held a real estate license, I could save the Church the commission of \$10,000. So we bought the Butts Ranch, including farm stock and equipment, for \$100,000. I was the ranch manager. I went to Delta, Utah, and purchased 40 or 50 Herefords and steers. We fenced the ranch and grazed out the pastures. We made \$12,000 on the cattle sale the first year. President Parker made the sale because I was still farming in Downey. I

brought my machinery to the ranch to clear sage and brought a load of winter wheat to plant. The ranch foreman fed it to the pigs instead. The next fall, the calves were kept too long before sale (we had a cow/calf project), so we only made \$2,000 the second year. I suggested that we keep about seven head of steers and feed them. Our foreman, who lived on the ranch with his family, did a poor job and wouldn't follow my instructions with the feeding or with the yearling heifers. So one day, I was real upset and chewed him out before President Parker. On our way home, the president chewed me out for talking straight to the foreman. He set down rules that I couldn't follow as ranch manager responsible to the stake members. So I said, "I'll help you all I can with the work, but I want no more responsibility in management." He said, "Okay." I took my truck, taught city men how to put up a good straight fence, ran the tractor, broke up new land, put up hay; and helped castrate, brand, and de-horn cattle--but no more responsibility. Although more land at Woodland on the Provo River has been purchased and the cattle project is carrying as many as 350 head of cattle, we still have a cash assessment each year in our stake budget for ranch expenses—1977.

In high council meeting, President Parker said that we needed a set of harrows for the ranch. I said that we had got four sections with the ranch. He said, "No. We borrowed them from a neighbor." I objected and said that the foreman left them in the field last fall. The president objected and said, "I have talked to a dealer in Lehi, Utah, and he is giving me priority over a farmer, who has an order in." I told him not to buy them until I got out to the ranch. He insisted that he was prompted to go to the dealer. He went ahead and purchased the harrows. The next week, I got on a horse and took Lew Crandall to where the foreman had left the harrows.

Although very trying at times, my Church service was very rewarding. I was the Hillside Dance Chairman for two years. It was the custom to rotate assignments among the high councilmen, and I had all of the quorums assigned to me and all of the auxiliaries. In 1951, I leased the farm on one-half of the crop share to John Criddle. I sold him the farm equipment and the elevator on the railroad tracks. That relieved me of a great work load, but threw a country boy into the fast, hard dealings of sophisticated and seldom honest men. Most of them were Church members holding the high priesthood. I found out and am still experiencing the fact that most men's honesty in word or deed, even in contracts, depends on the pocket book.

My Church experience began with meeting in the barn-like chapel in Moreland, Idaho, with wires stretched across the building on which curtains were hung to make class rooms. I can still almost hear the muffled voices of teachers and students: My grandfather, Hatch, who taught gospel doctrine class; President Ducksworth, our stake president; the old white haired patriarch, Uncle John England, who had the spirit of prophecy for the benefit of the local people; and our three bishops (Lindsay, Cutforth, and Dad's cousin, William England). In the Pauline Ward, a log structure in Arbon Valley, where occasional dances were held, I was ordained a deacon in the priesthood by W. F. Kowallis on May 22, 1916. At Arimo we met in the grade school building. Here, I was ordained a teacher at age 16 on January 13, 1920 by Joseph L. Mair. I listened to long, dry talks by the bishop and other speakers in sacrament meeting at 2:00 pm and suffered through those two hours in the heat of summer. There was usually a dance

each month. I was taught in the teacher's quorum by a school teacher and neighbor, who chewed tobacco. My mother ingrained into me the habit of tithing (though I had little to tithe until I was on my own), the habit of praying before retiring at night, and attending church meetings. Good habits that I never feel good when I miss them.

Mrs. J. D. Stoddard of Downey had lost her husband. He was a former bishop of the Grant Ward and a dairy and wheat farmer. He wrote me several times asking me to purchase some Downey Grain Growers' Debentures. They were given for patronage at the co-op and were being paid four to eight or ten years later. A few people were in the market at 25 cents on the dollar, but she couldn't find a purchaser. She had just written me a letter before our annual Fourth of July trip to Yellowstone Park with the Crandalls, Robinsons, and Parkers. So I said to Dora, "Mrs. Stoddard's letter is urgent. Let's stop and see her as we go through Downey." We did, and she pled for help. I asked her why her own children or son-in-law couldn't help her. She made excuses and said they couldn't or wouldn't. I said to Dora, "It's only a matter of a few hundred dollars." So I had her write me a letter of assignment as her debentures were at the Grain Grower's office. Sam Robinson was the manager. I took the letter to him and asked for a transfer of the debentures. He said, "They don't need to be transferred. We have evidence that they are yours, and you'll get the money when they are paid off." A few years later, Mrs. Stoddard passed away. I again asked Sam for the debentures. He pulled out the file, where they were and said, "They are here, and we know who they belong to." Well, when the Stoddard estate was settled and the debentures were due to be paid, Adna Thompson, her son-in-law, demanded the money for the debentures. Sam Robinson had been transferred to the American Falls elevator and the new manger paid Adna the money. I raise particular cain but couldn't get any action from Downey, and Adna just laughed off the fact that he had the money and wouldn't give it up. I went to the headquarters at Ogden, but it would take a lot of trouble and maybe legal action. I just let the whole thing die. I lost some \$600, but Adna must have gotten some \$2,000 because they paid face value. I still have some of their savings certificates that are supposed to pay 2% interest or can be used on credit. I think I'll use them sometime to purchase grain or something.

Dora and I and our son Eugene Jr. served as Hillside Stake Missionaries in 1953 until March 7, 1954. We served along with Vaughn J. Featherstone. I advised him to stay with Albertsons. He eventually moved up to management and then was called to serve in many leadership positions as a member of the Seventy. Our son Gene Jr. married Charlotte Ann (Sholly) Hawkins, December 22, 1953. He planned to go on a mission in the spring of 1954. Sholly was to stay with us during his missionary service.

In February 1954, I received a call from President Stephen L. Richards' secretary. She said that he wanted to talk to me. Dora was sitting across the desk, and I asked her if she was prepared to leave on a mission. She said I had turned pale green. We were invited to his office and asked how long before we could leave. We informed him, and were told we would know where in a couple of months. We were pledged to secrecy about the call until the Church announced it. We were called to preside over the North Central States Mission in Minneapolis, Minnesota, on February 23, 1954. President David O. McKay set me apart, and President J. Reuben Clark set Dora apart

on April 16, 1954. There were only 50 missions in the Church at that time. The Brethren gave Gene and Sholly a special dispensation and sent them to Samoa together as teaching missionaries.

When we left for Minnesota, we had a good income with expenses of only taxes on the land we owned. We had rent from four duplex units and the business building downtown (\$5,000 per month). We were nearly out of debt. I was planning to go back to school at the U of U when our mission call came. Dora had a goiter operation, and I had some painful tooth work done before we left for Minnesota.

Our missionary farewell was held on April 11, 1954. Elder Harold B. Lee spoke along with Dora and Ann and I. President C. H. Parker and Bishop Smith made a few remarks. I went to Flint, Michigan, to pick up a new car for the mission and arrived in a heavy rain storm. The mission and district officers had a party planned at Sam and Christine Jorgensen's. President and Sister John R. Hawks were waiting for me. We were a bit late but had a nice evening. Dora had stayed in Salt Lake City for Ann to finish her second year in high school. She had the packing to do, the home to rent, etc.

This poem was read at our farewell party:

Gene England bane a farmer man.
He farmed de land, where'er he can.
Vid horses, tractor, drill, and plow
He vork so hard as he know how.
But now and den he goes away
To de place he hear dem say,
Dere's duck and fish and deer and such,
To eat de vich he like so much.
Von day he go to Downey town
Der to shoot some duckies down.
He shoot and shoot and straight away
Some ducks did fall across the vay.
How dem blooming ducks to get?
Dat vas a problem, he solve it yet.
An old row boat he see aground
Dat look like it could cross de sound.
He paddle off so big and grand
To reach dem ducks and dem to land.
But de boat vas yust a little rotten
And soon the vater filled the bottom.
But Gene, he vould ha his game
So on he paddle yust the same.
He got de ducks and den he found
De boat vas ready to settle down.
So Qvick as scat he leave de ship,
He step out on de ice and slip,

And down he vent right through de ice.
 Gene he spoke, but not so nice.
 He got de ducks and eat dem too.
 He finish vat he start to do.
 Ven after duck in field or blind
 He sure has got a von-track mind.
 He like to fish as vell as shoot
 But nearly always fill his boot
 Vid vater, oh, so nice an vet,
 And dat he sure enjoy, you bet.
 Now on a mission he ar going
 Vay up nort, ver de vind ar blowing.
 He den vill go and fish for men.
 Ve hope he catch von now an den.
 In Minnesota he be greeting
 Many Svedes ven he hold de meeting.
 Ve hope dat den he'll no forget
 Dese verses dat ve here have set.
 Ve vish you vell, ve vish you luck,
 So dat you'll from de devil pluck
 Many souls from many creeds,
 Even do dey bane only Svedes.

The first problem I had in Minneapolis was to find and purchase a building site for the Minneapolis 2nd Branch. I found a nice property in Golden Valley that was listed for \$15,000. I offered \$12,000 and got it. There was enough land for a chapel and several houses. I funded some of the local elders to buy the extra land. They each got a free lot and some money. Wally Betz, a Catholic convert from St. Cloud, Minnesota, was in financial trouble. So I loaned him \$3,000 (my share of the profits). This debt was finally settled for \$50 when the Betzs were in Ft. Lauderdale, Florida. It was worth the effort and cost when I sealed Wally, his wife, son, and daughter in the Salt Lake Temple. The son filled a mission in South America and the children were married in the temple. I helped several people with loans or gifts while on our mission. Some, who claimed to be members of the church, came to me for help because they could not get in touch with their bishops. We also helped finance some of the missionaries, who I called to serve locally.

My mother Martha Jane Hatch England passed away November 14, 1955. I traveled alone to Pocatello to attend her funeral.

As I had worked outdoors all of my life, book and office work were hard on me. We had been instructed by President McKay to take care of the mission home, mission finances, and Church business as if they were our very own. We found the mission home run-down. So we had papering, painting, curtains to make, floor coverings to replace, etc. We did much of that ourselves with the help of the missionaries.

There I was, a sagebrush-grubbing homesteader from Bannock (Arbon) Valley, Idaho, debating with Lutheran ministers and teaching leadership to the likes of Clyde Parker and Russell Nelson. Dora received the gift of speaking in public by the Spirit and was given, at times of great need, immediate, complete healings by the priesthood.

I suppose our mission was much like other missions of the Church. We had some very spiritual experiences in conversions and the healing of the sick. There was the constant twenty four hour vigil of the president and mission mother: of the home; of the missionaries; of the officers of the mission, districts, and branches; the joy of seeing the gospel's effect upon the individual and upon families, who came into the Church; and to see the missionaries mature into young men and women of judgment and understanding as their dedication to the work and love of the gospel increased. Much of all our joy increased in the development of our daughter Ann. She was fifteen when we took her into the mission. When she was seventeen, we had her work as a companion to one of our fine lady missionaries. It was a most profitable experience for her.

I felt on my first mission that I would like to share my experiences with my sweetheart. This I was able to do now; and although the sharing wasn't as complete as it should have been, it was very uplifting and satisfying. Some experiences we could share with Ann, and these helped her to see the world as it really is. We made some wonderful and lasting friendships: the J. Wright Childs, the G. Albin Matsons, the Delbert Wrights, the Thomas Gwynns, and many others. I was able to really see what the gospel does to build character and happiness in people when interviewing them for temple recommends. Their lives had changed so much that they wouldn't be recognized to be the same people. Non-members even bore testimony to the fact, although they didn't recognize that it was the gift of the Holy Ghost working on the individual.

The last six months we were in the mission, Dora didn't have a housekeeper. With 22 rooms, 7 to 24 at each meal, and the Mission Relief Society to oversee, etc., she almost had a nervous breakdown. Ann helped during the summer (she was now attending BYU), and we hired a girl to help cook, but nothing steady or permanent.

We served three and a half years and worked to convert good leaders and to build chapels. There were ten chapels in the mission at the beginning of our work. There were twenty when we left with five additional building sites in preparation for buildings. Our success in getting chapels built was because we felt that we could share with each branch and match the amount that the branch president would give for the building fund. This worked well and helped to get the branch membership going in their fund-raising.

We helped to place three children for adoption while in the Mission field. One day, President Austin Haws for the St. Paul Branch called me and said, "I have a divorcee in my branch with three children, all boys, whom we are having to support." Dora and I had decided that we would support Wanda (the mother) in a trade school, so she could get a job and take care of her children. We held a couple of meetings and called in a professional counselor. During the interview, Wanda decided that she didn't want to go to school, and she didn't have any talent for any kind of a job. Dora and I

volunteered to take her into the mission home and put the children with a caregiver. I suspected that she was a street walker. Dr. and Sister Matson agreed to keep her for a while. One day she was out walking, and Sister Matson read her diary. It was full of men's names and dates. She would bring toys home to take to her sons when she saw them in the park. The Matsons found out that she was shoplifting. I called her in and told her that she couldn't stay with the Matsons or any of the other members because of what she was doing. I asked her if she had any money and she said, "Yes, all that I need." She sat across the desk from me and told me that she knew she was going to hell, but that that was her choice. It was a chilling experience. She called a doctor friend to come and get her. I told President Haws that I was going to excommunicate her, but we'd have someone adopt the boys first. A Bishop Kimball, who was a driver for Peerless Laundry in Utah, and his wife, came for them. Papers were signed with the father of the boys knowing where, and to whom they were adopted. Then, I excommunicated Wanda. President Haws was afraid that she would jump off the bridge into the Mississippi River. I told him that it would be the end of a lot of trouble. He was shocked at my statement.

One night sometime later, a bishop from California called me and told me that Wanda had had another baby. He said, "I understand she has them and you place them." He got a scotch blessing. Next I got a call from a missionary in Florida. He was from our stake at home. He was teaching her to get her back into the Church. I said that she was poison, and he should cut it off right now. Then I heard that she was back in the Church. She had changed her name. I don't know what became of the baby in California. Her oldest son, Ronald, somehow contacted her. He went to Minnesota to meet his father, who wouldn't have anything to do with him.

The next time I heard about her, she was with Ronald back in Salt Lake City. He had never adjusted in the Kimball home. He had bed wetting problems, couldn't be controlled, was into dope, sex, marriage and divorce, jail, etc. Ronald called me to tell me that Wanda had an eight year old son with her, and she was wrecking his life as she had his by incest. I was totally shocked. He gave me his bishop's name. I called him and the bishop said, "I have no control over the situation." He didn't do anything. I kept in contact with Ronald, but Wanda took her young son and left Salt Lake City. That was the last I heard of her.

Accomplishments: There were approximately 3,400 members when we arrived and about 4,300 when we left. Aaronic priesthood bearers increased from 457 to 532. Melchizedek priesthood bearers increased from 364 to 475. There were two elder's quorums. Now there are six and one seventies quorum. There were 11 chapels. Four new chapels have been built with five under construction and five more by 1958. Nine building sites have been purchased and three more are waiting approval. There have been five new branches organized. Tithing has increased by more than 50 percent.

I had the privilege of knowing Dr. Russel M. Nelson while he was interning at the University of Minnesota, I advised him to return to Salt Lake City and work with his parents to get them through the temple. He went fishing with me several times through the years. I traveled throughout the mission field with Elder Milton R. Hunter

in May and June of 1955, Elder and Sister S. Dilworth Young in June of 1956, and Elder Bruce R. McConkie of the First Council of the Seventy in June of 1957.

Our son and daughter-in-law finished their mission in 1956. Gene Jr. went back to the U of U to finish his education. They had a daughter (Katherine) born to them in Hawaii on March 28, 1956. Josephine was born December 5, 1957 while they were at the U of U; and George Mark was born April 10, 1959 while they were at MIT in Boston, Massachusetts. Jennifer was born August 4, 1960, at George Air Force Base in Victorville, California. Rebecca was born December 27, 1963, and Jane was born September 5, 1965, in Palo Alto, California while Gene was working on his PhD at Stanford University.

We were released September 4, 1957, and returned home in November of 1957. The duplexes and the business building were almost paid for. Dora wanted me to take it easy and not worry about investing further. I said, "Well, I'm only 54 year old. I was put on the high council for a while until the stake was reorganized. I was called then as first counselor to J. Stewart McMaster in the high priest presidency in the Hillside Stake. My friend, Lew Crandall was the second counselor.

In April of 1958, I had the pleasure to go to the dedication of the New Zealand Temple. The temple was dedicated by President David O. McKay on April 24, 1958. I also attended the dedication of the London Temple September 7-9, 1958.

In the spring of 1958, Ann had finished spring quarter at the "Y". We decided to have a vacation and travel south to California, and back up the west coast. We went to Springville, Utah, and took time for the art museum. We talked awhile about where to go from there. We decided to go to Manti, Utah, as we had never seen the temple there with its famous spiral staircase. On our way to Zion's Park, we got as far as Joseph, Utah. We were traveling about 50 miles per hour. A run-away horse with a young man riding it came out of a blind alley. I slowed down and pulled over to the left off the highway. We collided. We had a new Cadillac. It was totaled. The young man hit the hood, knocked the windshield out, and there was glass all over us. He was killed instantly, as was the horse. The policeman said it is seldom someone isn't killed in the car. A horse usually rears up and brings its feet down and kicks the people to death in its struggle. We just had a few glass cuts.

I had nightmares and struggled with this for a long time. I replayed the accident in my mind wondering if I could have done anything different. Sometime later, the young man's father came up to me in the Salt Lake Temple. He put his arms around me and said, "I was watching. There wasn't anything you could have done." The young man had just received his mission call. He had come into the house and was visiting with his father when he jumped up, ran out of the house, and jumped on the horse. It took off out into the road, and they were killed. His father felt that he had been called on a mission to the other side of the veil.

In August of 1958, Gene was attending MIT studying Meteorology for the Air Force; and we took a trip with Ann back to Boston to visit him and his family. I made a business side-trip, and Mr. Wall, president of J. H. Smith, let me purchase the Frostop franchises for Nevada and Arizona.

I had purchased the franchise for Frostop from J. Hungerford Smith of Rochester, New York, for Utah and Idaho. I renovated and painted our home and the duplexes. Kyle Bettilyon offered to sell me the west half of the business building at 201 East 350 South for \$190,000. So I got a \$225,000 loan and renovated and remodeled the building for Standard Oil Company. They gave me a five year lease. That took the winter of 1958/59.

Lew Crandall and Brother Edwards, the Church Financial Advisor, helped us with legal work to set up a non-profit organization, the G. Eugene and Dora H. England Lamanite Missionary Foundation for support of Lamanite missionaries, which we filed with the state. Dora asked what I was going to put in it. I said, "The business building and the Frostop franchises." After gifting the Bettilyon Building at 201 E. 350 S. in Salt Lake City, now the G. Eugene England Building, to the Foundation, it was sold to Valley-Hi Associates, Inc. for \$422,000 in April of 1962. We traded the business building for 278 acres south of Draper, Utah. There was money owed on it to Kenneth Beck & Brothers. So I sold 7.7 acres to Arthur Burr for \$1,600 per acre and 40 acres to Herm.

Many young people have been helped by the Foundation. Thirty are in the mission field at present (October 1963). The Foundation has continually increased in assets. It is worth over \$250,000 at the present time; and the Lord has blessed us beyond measure with family, friends, and the earth's goods.

Elder Kimball occasionally asked us to help with some educational needs for Lamanites: travel for students from Bolivia to USU and from Polynesia to the Church college of Hawaii. In 1966, we supported the first pure Indian (from Asian-Indian descent), Elder Devendra J. Singh, who was called to the Southern Far East Mission. He was from the Fiji Islands. We helped him after his mission to attend BYU. After he married and had two children, we helped him attend Harvard law School. At the request of Apostle Kimball, we helped the first pure Chinese from Hong Kong. We helped many others at BYU including several members of the soccer team that toured Italy in May of 1974.

After that, we made contributions to the First Council of the Seventy, who handled the Fund. We sometimes sent money directly to the mission presidents, helped in the ward and stake missionary funds, and supported individual missionaries: the Thayne boy; the son of a widow in the Edgehill Ward; Rex's boys; etc. We also helped some in our own mission, the North Central States, and supported our own son and his wife in Samoa.

When in England, we gave \$4,000 to Brother Tuttle, who was a mission president in South America. We gave \$3,000 to the Bolivian mission president. We purchased an automobile for the health missionaries there and helped several English missionaries—some under President Marion D. Hanks and some personally, the families of the missionaries. We sent money to help members raise food and thus their standard of living. We pledged \$20,000 for education and a building.

When we returned home, we gave property at Kearns. Some we gave to Gene and Sholly, and they gave it to the Church. We gave the land by the bowling alley at Kearns—40 acres on 54th South just below 56th West—23 acres in sec 22 by Bingham Highway south of 6200 South.

Dan Sam, a convert to the Church, had converted his brother, David Sam, who became my counselor in the North Central States Mission Presidency. Their father had escaped from Romania. David needed a car to travel in; and Dan, who was supporting him, brought a car up from Gary, Indiana. Dan owned the Arizona Frostop franchise and wanted to sell it to purchase land at Gary to build a subdivision. I paid him \$15,000 for the franchise. David agreed to manage it when he was released from his mission. Dora and I traveled to Arizona to find locations for Frostop Drive-Ins. We purchased a lot in southwest Phoenix, built the building, and leased it. This later sold, and we bought 80 acres of land at Flagstaff, Arizona. This land was later sold to Church and Asson of Burley, Idaho.

I found a good spot in Scottsdale, Arizona for a drive-in. It was owned by an 82 year old German, Burkhart Wurts. He lived in Mesa, Arizona, in the winter and in San Francisco, California, in the summer. We needed 80 feet by 150 feet of a large parcel that he owned on Scottsdale Road. He wouldn't break up the parcel, 1,320 feet by 440 feet, and wanted \$350,000 for it. Our farm and the duplexes were clear, and I had \$5,000 in the bank. I put in an offer for \$300,000, and gave my check for \$5,000. Negotiations through the attorney and real estate agent got me nowhere. I had gone to the bank in Phoenix and was assured that the land value was there, and with using our properties in Utah and Idaho as surety, the deal could be made. The banker knew Mr. Wurtz and said, "If you really want the property, go the San Francisco and make the deal personally." So I called Mr. Wurtz and flew to California. He met me at the airport and took me to his apartment. He was a director in Signal Oil Company, holding stocks and investments and a great deal of land in Maricopa County, Arizona. He wanted to know how I would pay for the land I wanted. When he found out that I had enough assets, he said, "Young man, I don't think you can handle the deal; but if you get me \$87,000 before February 1961 and pay me the balance of the \$300,000 by April 1961, you can have the property for your offer. I will not charge you interest until April 1, 1961. If you don't pay the cash by then, the price will be \$350,000, and I'll give you three years from April 1960 to pay off the contract. I'll tell my attorney, and you can deal with him." He took me to my plane, and I never saw or heard from him again. The offer was escrowed at Phoenix Title in Scottsdale on April 1, 1961. The \$300,000 was paid, and all of the land was sold. I worked on the land deal most of the summer, fall, and winter of 1960/61. The total profit was over \$200,000. Our tithing was over \$1,700 and taxes over \$30,000.

Although, I lost \$44,500 to Sansom and Son through a sub-ordination when they went bankrupt and lost the property while we were in England if I had been home, I could have save the property and made at least \$1,000,000. So it goes. I spent \$6,000 on attorney fees trying to collect the money from Sansom and Son. They proved to be real crooks. I got a judgment, but my attorney never seized any of their assets.

In 1960, David Sam was a student at the U of U. I hired Ray Brown and Melvin Ferris on commission to manage Frostop. I got an offer to sell the franchise for \$90,000 to Ashby Snow, which I did. I kept Ray and Mel as managers. I had given Ray the state of Idaho for a small profit, so Snow got Arizona, Nevada, and Utah. Snow's

attorney, Bruce Jenkins, drew up the \$36,000 contract. He never paid any more, so we got our business back the next year.

That is when I hired Glenn Massey as manager. He managed quite well for two years bringing in about \$8,000 net annually until we left for England to serve as president and matron of the London Temple. He was a stake president at Ogden, Utah, and talked me into selling him the franchises on contract for \$78,000 with \$5,000 down and 7½ % interest. The national owner, J. J. Connally, sent me letters praising Glenn and signed a note to extend payments because he was doing a good job of developing the territory. When we got home, Glenn had an offer from James Thomas of Taylorsville for \$56,000 for the Utah franchise. I agreed, leaving Nevada and Arizona to be paid for. About this time J.J. Connally became disenchanted with Massey because he hadn't paid him back for the note J. J. had paid me. So he claimed that Massey had breached the franchise, and he was canceling it. Massey still owed \$72,000 to our missionary foundation, which owned the Frostop business. It had been bringing in \$8,000 or more each year for the management lease. Connally knew about the sales proposal to James Thomas. He thought he'd make a killing by getting the franchise back and selling it himself.

Well, I dug into the problems and found out that Massey had sold the Arizona franchise for \$4,000, had sold the Nevada franchise for a large amount, and had illegally incorporated the Utah franchise and sold stock for a total of over \$70,000. It meant a lawsuit because I held the franchise for Utah and Nevada totally, and Arizona had never been paid for to the national headquarters. He had sold the Idaho franchise for \$50,000 with \$10,000 down. Nothing was recovered because I would have had to go to New York and sue for them. I could have sued Massey for fraud for selling franchises that he didn't own, organizing an illegal stock company, and selling stock to Utah residents. They all lost their money. I won the suit from J. J. Connally. He was to pay all royalties on Frostop products that had been sold in the territory while the suit was on and to make up costs by splitting future profits until over \$5,000 was paid back. The agreement was settled, without attorneys or a judge, on the phone with J, J, Connally. He never kept one promise in the settlement agreement. Connally finally came to Utah and wanted to make things right. He wanted to purchase the franchise from me. The deal was made. He made two payments and quit, owing me \$20,000.

I asked Glenn what he had done with over \$70,000, and he said that he had invested it in real estate and lost it. He took out bankruptcy, resigned as stake president, and left the state. One day I met him in the Arizona Temple. It was hard, but I shook hands and asked how he was. He was dressed like a millionaire. Really, I have forgiven him.

Several of the Frostop stands are still operating. (One is in St. George, Utah) Even though, I am the legal owner of the franchises, I let them use the signs and the name.

Dora and I had been called to work as ordinance workers in the Salt lake Temple by President El Ray L. Christiansen in the fall of 1960. We made a trip with Dr. Harvey Fletcher, Dr. Hansen of the Drama Department at BYU, Dr. Preston Hughes, Lew Crandall, and their wives to England (the London Temple), Scotland, the continent,

Sweden, and Denmark. Then we started working at our assignment at the Salt Lake Temple.

I was put on the Priesthood Genealogical Committee of five to the president of the society, Junius Jackson. It was one of the four priesthood committees that visited the stake conferences of the Church to represent the First Presidency. I traveled to stake conferences every weekend. We had three stake conferences in Hawaii, and I took Dora along. I also took her to the North Phoenix Stake and to Covina, California. I visited Miami, Florida, and saw the first chapel which I helped build when on my mission there in 1930.

I enjoyed it all except some of the long stake and mission visits. We usually visited with a General Authority. Dora and I traveled with and spoke with Brothers Thomas S. Monson and Boyd K. Packer. To be with the General Authorities was a great experience. I got to travel twice with Elder Spencer W. Kimball. He and Elder Howard W. Hunter were especially good and profitable companions to be with. I was with Elder Kimball twice when he restored the priesthood blessings to a man who had been excommunicated from the Church and once when he gave instructions to and ordained a patriarch. On my first conference assignment with him, he asked me if I knew how to relax between sessions, and I said, "Yes." We had just finished lunch at the stake president's home. He asked the president's wife if she had a room, where we could relax. A nice large bedroom was provided. I liked the floor, and President Kimball took the bed. Fifteen to twenty minutes completely relaxed and asleep and one feels like a new person. I learned to do this on the farm. After the noon meal, having been on the job since 5:00 am, 15 to 20 minutes and I was ready to work until 7:00 pm, which I always did during harvest and rush season work. Elder Kimball said he learned this method of rest early in life. It has been his key to the vigorous pace he has kept since being called to the high offices in the Church.

The Church formed a new policy with the stake presidents as the high priest presidents, so my stake work was finished. On May 17, 1961, President McKay called and set me apart as the second counselor to El Ray L. Christiansen in the Salt Lake Temple Presidency and gave me the sealing power. Horace P. Beesley was the first counselor.

I was charged to talk about and teach temple marriage and to contact the Genealogical Society for temple names.

I taught: "Obedience is the first principle of the gospel. God gave commandments to Adam (Moses 6: 51 to the end of the Book of Moses) God commanded Adam to teach these things to his children, and we are all children of Adam. Adam was commanded to multiply and replenish (fill up) the earth. To Latter-day Saints this means to marry the right person, at the right time, in the right place (at the altar in God's temple), by one holding the keys of sealing from the President of the Church.

The man receives the woman with an oath and a covenant before God, angels, and witnesses. He receives an eternal companion, complete, with every attribute of person. She gives herself, complete, to her companion and receives him likewise.

Promises are made to them that will lead to eternal lives. These promises are contained in D & C 84. If they are kept, God promises them everything that He has: knowledge, power, and intelligence. The glory of God is intelligence or light and truth. The gift of Holy Ghost leads to all truth if we seek his presence. Christ promised that to know the truth would make one free.

The couple is advised, as Adam was, to have a great posterity, who are taught the truth. The glory of God is to bring to pass the immortality and eternal lives of His children. So, a child is to be taught from the cradle how to find the right eternal mate; and they together, help Christ to glorify the Father through obedience to God's commands.

When President Christiansen was released to be the coordinator of all temples, Willard R. Smith, President Joseph Fielding Smith's brother, was called to be the new Salt Lake Temple president—from 1961-1964. Brother Horace Beesley and I stayed on as his counselors. It was been a great pleasure to work with President and Sister Smith. Dora continued to serve as an ordinance worker two days a week.

I was put in charge of security. When the plans for the remodeling the Salt Lake Temple were finished by the architects and signed by the temple presidency, the adobe wall around the temple was removed, section by section, and replaced with cement blocks. There was a nursery building that had been constructed five years before for \$60,000. The contractor was going to remove it and demolish it. I offered the Brethren \$2,000 for it and had it moved at no cost to the Church. I had a moving company take it to 9th East by the Dunford Bakery, where I had just moved a Frostop building out to 21st South and 18th West. I traded the building for \$14,000 and a new Cadillac. My cost was \$2,000 for the building and \$12,000 to move it. I was one Cadillac ahead.

The remodeling took upwards of two years and the annex about six years. We used the new Visitors' Center for our annex after the temple remodeling was finished. I was very busy during this period with my own business, the priesthood committee, and the temple.

President Willard R. Smith had a heart attack while the temple was being remodeled and Horace Beesley, the first counselor, was busy with his real estate office; so I was pretty much in charge of temple remodeling during this time. Someone wrapped cordite (explosive wire) around the knob of the north door on the east entrance of the temple and fused it. The explosion ruined the heavy oak doors, shattered all the windows in the alcove above it, and sent oak splinters into the wall to the west of the door. A painting of Brigham Young hung on the wall opposite the door. The frame was damaged by the flying oak, but none of it hit the painting.

It was interesting to see the skeleton of the temple--the rough sawed timbers, but solid construction. A new annex to the temple was to be constructed. All the temple property was to be renovated: new wiring, fire sprinkling system, and a new heating and an air conditioning plant installed. I kept insisting that the excavation for the new annex go all the way to the northeast wall of the temple property. The architects kept asking, "What are you going to do with all that space?" I said, "We are now spending six months with pick, shovel, and wheel barrow to excavate under the

baptismal font foundation for our heating and air conditioning unit. The space will be needed, and it can't be excavated after we build." I finally got approval, and it is in use now.

The six, extra sealing rooms that were added to the north and the chapel were all constructed out of the original granite from Little Cottonwood Canyon. It was a fight with the building committee because they wanted to use California Granite like that used on the Visitors' Center. A stone cutter was found in South Salt Lake, and the granite was fashioned to match the temple. Our number four sealing room was used for elevator space and went down to the furnace and air conditioning unit.

The Adam and Eve picture window was moved from the south window in the hall into the World Room. The Garden Room needed to be stripped of old plaster, which would destroy the original paintings. This took some real counseling, and the decision had to go to President McKay. He came to the Holy of Holies, and I suppose he meditated and prayed about several things that needed to be done--one of which was the Garden Room. He came out and said, "Do this, this, and this." The west wall and a bit of the southwest walls were left almost intact with the original paintings. The rest of the room was done by modern day artists.

The workmen found a walled-up room in the northeast area of the temple. There was no entrance. The space was about 20 feet by 20 feet square and about 20 or 30 feet to the ceiling. The temperature was quite constant. We put in a door, a steel platform near the top of the room, steel steps, and vault cases. That is where all of the original film for all of the temples is kept.

The building committee met to make decisions each Tuesday morning in a temporary office at the northeast corner of Temple Square. As President Smith was unable to be there, none of the presidency was invited to attend. I was really concerned about this as the temple presidency had approved the plans and changes were being made without our knowledge. This was typical of Brother Mendenhall in most of his work as Chairman of the Building Committee. I went to President Smith about my concerns, and he gave me instructions to talk to President Hugh B. Brown about it. President Brown was really upset and called for Brother Mendenhall. He wasn't in, but Ed Anderson was. President Brown told him that the Church wasn't to be run by the building committee and instructed him that a member of the temple presidency was to be at all meetings pertaining to the temple, was to approve all changes to be made, and was to know of the progress of the work. I was invited to the Tuesday meetings and called by Ed Anderson on decorating, marble, and colors and patterns for drapes and upholstery.

The font had to be completely disassembled, and blasted down to the cast iron sections that formed it--oxen and all. When the oxen and font were reassembled, a dark gray metallic substance was sprayed on them. Then they were coated with a bronze metal fed through a flame that melted it and sprayed it like paint from an air gun. The horns and hooves of the oxen were polished. The oxen stand on a white marble floor with the font on their backs--beautiful!

There was a 1,000,000 gallon water tank cemented under the northeast corner of the block. A tunnel was excavated from the temple, west to the Visitors' Center.

The temple granite was sand blasted. The whole job closed the temple for about 20 months. The presidency had offices in the Visitors' Center, and we were at work again. The Salt Lake Temple was rededicated March 7, 1963 by President David O. McKay.

I had many interesting things happen while serving, first under El Ray Christiansen, then Willard R. Smith, and for a short time under Howard McDonald. Willard was good for me as he was so patient and kind. Sister Smith was President Heber J. Grant's daughter. She was more of my temperament, and she thought I was good for Willard because I wouldn't let things ride that needed correcting. In presidency meetings, she would say, "Gene is right." Then Willard would let me carry the ball. He was so kind to people that he'd get into difficulty by favoring their desires when Church policy directed otherwise—such as sealing children to a stepfather without getting the father's written consent, etc. One day he said, "Gene, you know we Smiths kiss our brothers when we meet them." And they did—on the street, in business places, at church, or any place. He said, "You know I love you like I do my brothers, and if you don't object, I want to show the same love to you." Well, what could I say? I do kiss my son, and I did love President Smith. But once in a while, I must confess, I'd get embarrassed at the bank or in other public places; but I didn't refuse.

I found great pleasure in interviewing young couples who asked me to perform their sealings. When men first started wearing beards again, and before long hair, I said to one groom, "It would be nice if you came to the temple clean shaven." He did, and the bride was really upset. I didn't do that again.

When one of the counselors was alone in the temple, he had full responsibility. If he had a problem and felt he needed advice, he'd call Presidents David O. McKay, Hugh B. Brown, or N. Eldon Tanner. I knew all of these men well, and I would go to the man who I knew would be sympathetic with my view of the problem. One night, a young couple from Colorado came in. He was a returned missionary, and she was a convert to the Church. He was on his way to Alaska with his wife and baby to work. His bishop had decided that they should be sealed on their way through Salt Lake City, so he issued them recommends, and their stake president had signed them. The young lady, who was well acquainted with temple procedures, had passed them, and they had received the initiatory ordinances before their papers were brought to me. I saw that they had only been married for four or five months before the baby was born. The endowment session was soon to start, and they had been in the bride and grooms instruction sessions. I sent for them, and they both sensed problems. I asked their history. He had returned from a mission early in November. She was a convert to the Church for less than two years. It was now March, so the baby evidently was not his. She said she had gone out with a boy who had taken advantage of her, and she became pregnant. She said she had gone to her bishop and told him about it. He had instructed and forgiven her. The missionary had come home. She was a beautiful girl, and he had fallen in love with her. He said that he'd forgive and accept her if she would marry him. Both, by now, were weeping profusely.

Well, they had gone so far in the temple and had recommends signed. I called President Brown and told him the story. He listened patiently and answered, "Now, President England, if you were their bishop, you know what I'd tell you." And I

answered, "Yes, I do, but here they are and have gone this far in the temple. What's to be done?" I knew President Brown and what his answer would be, but it was his decision and not mine. He said, "We are not here to break hearts but to heal them. If you feel to let them go ahead, you may do so." A beautiful baby was sealed to her parents that night. If we would teach the doctrines of the Church in Sunday School, sacrament meeting, and priesthood classes, etc., I believe we would be a much better people by obedience to those doctrines.

One day, President Smith proposed a change in temple procedure regarding the missionaries. I said, "President Smith, that is a policy set down by the First Presidency." He said, "I'll write a letter, and let them carry it from there." I objected, but he proceeded with the letter. He and President Beesley signed it and came to my office for my signature. I read the letter and said, "President Smith, I'm sorry, but I can't put my signature on that request." He sent the letter with the two signatures. The missionary committee consented to a meeting and gave an appointment. President Smith informed Horace and me of the time. When they came to my office and asked, "Aren't you going?" I said, "President, I cannot. You'll have to excuse me." They went and waited for the response. When it came, the request had been turned down by the First Presidency.

After the time change came for missionaries to receive their endowments--they were doing two sessions on Fridays, and President Lee was instructing them and answering questions in the Creation Room between sessions. At times, this interfered with our regularly scheduled session, so I proposed to President Smith that I make a request from President Lee to have the question and instruction period held in the assembly room of the temple. This would give President Lee an almost exact time to be at the temple, and we wouldn't have any break into our regular sessions. One day, I met President Lee in the tunnel leading from the Visitors' Center. I asked for a moment of his time. He gave it to me with a rebuke about knowing better than to interfere with a set policy of the First Presidency. I knew that he had reference to President Smith's letter and meeting with missionary committee. I answered. "President Lee, I have never knowingly interfered with the policies of the Church. If you will recall, when you read President Smith's letter, my signature was a not on it. And as you were at the meeting of the missionary committee to hear President Smith's personal request, you should know that I was not present. I refused to either sign the letter or attend the meeting although my own president requested me to." I asked that we arrange the missionary time in the temple to make it more pleasant and convenient for him, the missionaries, and the temple procedure. My request was granted, but I always felt when meeting President Lee after that, that he wasn't quite so warm towards me as before.

The sisters who work in the laundry are still sharing appreciation for my getting the schedule for the missionaries changed from one session on two different days to two sessions on one day. Now, the missionaries have to go without lunch until 2:00 or 3:00 pm, but they only use one set of temple clothes for two sessions--before they used two sets of clothes. That saves 250 to 300 sets of clothes to be laundered each week.

On another occasion, a couple from California, who had adopted four children, came to have them sealed. The history of the natural parents was that they, as a young wild couple, had married and had two children. Someone, as a temple project or parents, got them to the point where they went to the temple for their sealings. Then two more children had been born in the covenant. The parents reverted to their old ways, deserted all four children, and were excommunicated from the Church. Now, adoptive parents wanted to have all four sealed to them. This was a new situation, so I called President Mc Kay on the telephone. He said, "President England, the first two children who were sealed had their sealing broken when their parents broke their covenants. They can be sealed to the adoptive parents, but the children who were born in the covenant belong to the lineage of their forefathers. No child born in the covenant can be legally sealed away. Their birthright is set." If this doctrine was taught and understood by LDS parents, they would do all in their power to teach the importance of temple marriage to their children.

When I was called to the temple presidency, I met a man, who is now a supervisor under the presidency. I had had words with him in the county building a few years after we moved to Salt Lake City from Idaho. I was then still running the farm and had kept our residency in Idaho. A non-resident in Utah could purchase a Utah car license plate for \$5. This I had been doing for a number of years for our touring car, which I used in both states. I went to the county building and stood in line while a woman from Missouri bought an out-of-state license. When she finished and paid her \$5, the man asked what he could do for me. I said, "The same as you have just done for the lady." When he found that I was from Idaho, he refused to sell me the plates for \$5 saying, "You don't have an auto tax in Idaho, but they do here in this state." I asked, "What do you use your tax money for in Utah?" He answered, "For schools, roads, etc." I said, "I own property in Idaho and am taxed on it to do the same things you use your auto tax for. So why not sell me out-of-state plates?" he said, "No, You don't pay an auto tax there, so you have to pay it here." I tried to reason with him but to no avail. So I got smart and said, "You act like a Mormon bishop, who doesn't know how to use his authority." Then, I turned and walked out. I went to the state capitol and got my out-of-state license. The fact of the matter was that Brother Houston was a Mormon Bishop in Rose Park. When we got acquainted in the temple years later, we were good friends. The lesson here is: hold your tongue. Something I haven't quite mastered to this day.

Before each shift of workers, we instructed our supervisors in the temple to keep them on their best behavior and see that the workers didn't offend the patrons. I would always bring up any incident that was questionable, that had happened in previous session. It seemed that there were always things that needed correcting. So that the sessions would run more smoothly, I would say, "We never offend, no matter what the provocation. Be patient and kind and never let a patron go home feeling that it wasn't a blessing to have been in the House of the Lord."

One of our sealing supervisors was old and cantankerous and very officious. He did not regard temple presidents' instructions. He often offended General Authorities who came to perform marriages. I told President Smith that he had to talk to him and

instruct him as to the limits of his authority. He had to be more gracious to the sealers and patrons. President Smith finally called him in, but was so kind in instructing him, that I remarked at our next presidency meeting, that the supervisor thought he had been called in and complimented. President Smith said, "I just can't chastise a man." I answered, "But he hurts so many people, and it doesn't even matter if it's one us or a General Authority." I said, "Elder Richard L. Evans was tied up with an important appointment and was just a few minutes late for his marriage. The supervisor put another sealing in his room. When Elder Evans got there, he said, "You're late! You'll just have to wait 30 minutes for your room." I once put a sick, pregnant woman ahead of one of our sealers after a night endowment session, and he came to me like you wouldn't believe! I didn't hesitate to let him know that he had a place to fill, and it was subject to those who were responsible for the management of the temple.

Dora had a very sad experience with him, too. A handicapped doctor, who was very self-conscious, had had one adopted child sealed a couple of years earlier and now, had come with his wife with a second child to be sealed. He had asked Dora, who was in charge of this sealing, if the first child could be present. She had asked me if it was okay. As I was in charge of the temple that night, I said, "Yes." But the supervisor refused to let the older child of about three or four years in the sealing room. I was in my office downstairs and didn't know about the difficulty until after the sealing was done. I tried to console the doctor, but he was hurt. Dora was hurt and very disturbed. The officious supervisor was finally released.

My friend, Lew Crandall was approached by Roy Brown, another IRS agent, to help finance a project in Kearns, Utah. Lew came to me, and we became partners with Roy and Howard Nelson in a bowling alley and rental properties at 5400 South and 40 West. This project has been a headache because it was under-funded; and we did our own repair work, painting, managing, etc. Lew was doing the accounting for the building and for the rental units, etc. I had a one-quarter interest in two corporations—Lanes Investment and Ten Pin. I gave this to my son when we went to London in 1964. I later became his attorney and manager when he was in the Air Force and at school at Stanford. I purchased land from Rulon Jenkins and the Bawdens for him with monies from the sale of Ten Pin and Kearns Lanes and the sand and gravel from the land purchased in Kearns. Gene Jr, and his wife Charlotte had 43 acres which they later gave to the Church for our Lamanite Missionary Foundation. The land was valued at more than \$150,000. It is the property north across from the Boys Home at 6200 South and 3500 West. It has housing, a school, and a church on the property now.

I traded the store in Kearns to Norman Hayes for oil stock which was supposed to be free trading. It wasn't free trading stock, so I sued him in federal court and recovered the store.

Lew Crandall's brother-in-law, Dr. P. G. Hughes, promoted us into a computer project with Paul Gamble, and we each dropped about \$15,000. The product could have gone over well if it had been managed properly. Total loss after taxes was \$7,500.

I made the decision to purchase and option land around Kearns, Utah. Seven of us optioned 2,060 acres from the local farmers. Within two years the other partners had left me, and I had a new partner, James L. Knight. Reed Davis, real estate broker,

and two of his friends from Reno, Nevada, were trying to put together a large block of dry farm land around Kearns, Utah, for an investment. Lew Crandall, his brother-in-law and Dr. P. G. Hughes, from Spanish Fork, Utah, joined me; and we optioned 2,160 acres from Abe, Clyde, and Alvin Barker, and the Bawdens, Jenkins, Harmons, and Kirkhams. The land according to location ran from \$550 to \$2,000 per acre, where it joined Kearns proper. Reed Davis was elected manager with a salary. He did some foolish things, such as hiring an engineer to do topography and survey. Topography could be purchased for \$2 from the government survey, and a survey wasn't necessary until we were ready for improvement work. Well, I was getting an education! We fired Reed, which caused a division in our group. When money was needed to purchase the land in order to keep our option with Abe Barker, no one was willing to advance it. So Lew, Dr. P. G. Hughes, and I made two advances on condition that we could choose the land to be released. Of course we took the most valuable land at 5400 South and 40 West that could be used for commercial purposes. It was next to our bowling alley and business property. This made the rest of the group angry, and they offered to buy us out. We set the price and gave them a 30 day option. They failed to come up with the money.

Lew and Jean Crandall were now on a mission in Florida, and Dr. P. G. Hughes didn't want to invest anymore. I heard of James (Jim) L. Knight, who had land options on the 16,000 acre Jeremy Ranch in Summit County. So I contacted him at his office in the Cook Building. He said that if he went partners with me, he wanted his attorney, Ed Clyde, to work with them. Ed was my neighbor, and I had used his services myself. Jim said it would be up to me to work it out with any other owners, but he would go halves with me and Ed would do the legal work. I had a prospective purchaser for part of the land but didn't dare act alone because of my fiduciary position. If I made a profitable deal on my own by buying out my partners, they could sue me to get back into the partnership. Jim Knight made his own deal and bought the remaining four (two in Reno and two in Salt Lake City) out. I had already bought out Reed Davis for \$20,000. Lew and Dr. P. G. Hughes just quit with the 20 acres we had already purchased. Before Jim could raise very much money, my prospective buyer, Spencer Grow from Provo, had purchased 30% of the ground and optioned the rest for \$87,500. Jim told me that the substantial profit he had made from the sale to Grow helped him save the Jeremy Ranch. We kept Grow under option because we didn't want to go into a contract for fear he would fail. He had two builders from Palm Springs, California, who were purchasing it from him. They came to me to buy 20 acres that Lew, Dr. P. G. Hughes, and I owned. It was zoned for commercial use. I acted as agent and made us a very good profit.

When option payment time came, Jim was at deadline time for his Jeremy Ranch payment of about \$200,000. Jim said, "Let's sell Grow the property at 5400 South and 5600 West." I told him that that land wouldn't be ready for subdividing for years. When we got into the deal, he needed the money to make his ranch payment and needed to borrow \$100,000 from me from our profit. (We had bought the land from Alvin Barker for \$650 an acre. We were selling 127 acres for \$1,400. We had previously sold 10 acres to Utah Power and Light Company for \$2,700 per acre on a

condemnation for a high power line and retained the surface rights) I asked what guarantee I had that I'd get the money back. Ed Clyde said, "Look Gene, Jim had made this deal with Grow, and you have a handsome profit. I feel that you should let him have the money without interest." I asked, "Ed, will you sign the note to guarantee payment?" He said since he represented both of us that he couldn't. He was favoring Jim, and I found out later that he had all along. We were paying him 10% of the profits for legal work--at least I was. I paid him each time a sale was made, but Jim didn't. Ed had first lean on the Jeremy Ranch which finally, in 1967, amounted to \$50,000. Spencer Grow said that he'd sign with Jim. And being the sympathetic guy I always am, I took a no-interest note to be paid in eight equal yearly payments. We sold 40 acres of the Bawden-Jenkins land to Utah Sand and Gravel for \$1,500 per acre and the land just east of it and another 20 acres north of that to grow. I found out later that my efforts with Jim and Grow saved the Jeremy Ranch. Jim offered me half interest for the money he owed me, but we didn't take it because of our call to London.

I had been working to get my own genealogy moving since returning from the mission field. I had again been appointed genealogical representative for the family, and I hired Frank Smith of the Genealogical Society to do our research. We have been quite successful, although I have had to fund the program with little help from the family. I was paying \$300 to \$400 every few months. I had spent \$3,000 to by October 1964. We had family sealing sessions when we had the sheets. I did the sealings, and the family acted as proxies. The Lord has blessed us with good children, who have faithful companions. In 1964, we have seven granddaughters and one grandson. We have prospered in business, have good health, and thoroughly enjoy life.

We gave \$200,000 to the Foundation to start our missionary program. Within one year, we had it all back, and more. This has been the story of our lives: we give to the Lord's programs, and it is multiplied back again. This has happened time and time again: we have received more in return than we have given.

Early in March, the temple presidency received notice of release from the First Presidency to become effective April 15, 1964. Howard S. McDonald was to be installed as the new temple president. President Brown called me into his office and asked how long it would take to get my business affairs in shape, so as to be able to accept a foreign assignment. He said he was not at liberty to say where, but that President McKay would call me in a few days. I asked for three months, but due to the pressures of General Conference, President McKay didn't call me for the interview until April 8th. He didn't make a decision at that time, but told his counselors (Elders Brown and Tanner) that he had something else in mind. President Brown called and reported and asked me to be patience awhile. President McDonald was installed as temple president on Friday, May 1st, with President Beesley as first counselor and me as second counselor. This installation was done with President Tanner conducting. President El Ray L. Christiansen and his wife were present.

I thought that this was what President McKay wanted, but on May 13th, he called me for another appointment and asked if I would preside over the London

temple with Sister England as matron. There is but one answer to the Lord's representative, so we are now preparing for the move.

Tomorrow, May 20th, we have an appointment with the Church News—announcement of our call is to be published Saturday, May 23, 1964. We will greatly miss the Salt Lake Temple, our home and children, the mountains, and our many friends; but we look forward to new assignments to serve the Lord and trust that our small efforts and sacrifice will be acceptable to Him.

When we were called to preside over the London Temple, I asked the Church Controller what counsel he had for me, and he said, "None." He said, "Yours was the best managed and most economical mission in the Church, so I have no advice for you." Those words, although coming ten years after our mission call, made us feel that we had done what President McKay had asked of us.

President McKay told me to return home from London whenever I needed to take care of my business matters and to bring Sister England when she wanted to come. She only came once--in the spring of 1965. I came once each year at April Conference to take care of business and taxes.

My sister, Ruby, and her husband Eral came to live in our home and take care of the monthly receipts and expenses. We charged her \$100 per month. Her work as bookkeeper paid the rest. She rented her home and all seemed to work out well.

When we arrived in Lingfield, Surrey, England, President Selvoy J. Boyer seemed impetuous and in a hurry to leave. We didn't get much information from him except introductions and a transfer of accounts at the bank and the experience of one temple session.

We thought we wouldn't be very busy as the temple sessions were only held on Saturdays and at special times when people from the stakes and missions came on excursions. In President Boyer's time, the missionaries came twice each year for a few sessions, but this practice was stopped shortly after we arrived. The endowments for the dead totaled just over 10,000 the year before, so with the absence of the missionaries, we had to plan member-projects to move forward. Within two years, we had the endowments up to nearly 20,000 per year with the help of the stake and mission organizations.

The temple and grounds were in very bad repair as not much had been done on temple renovation since the dedication nearly six years prior to our arrival. While the temple was closed for a week, the laundry and office help and ordinance workers helped wash fabric walls, curtains, ceilings, and, walls, and polished the silver chandelier in the manor house. We got busy and with the help of the gardeners; Brother Max Bryan, who helped me with the high painting; and our new engineer, Ervin Eskelsen, who did the wiring for the outside lighting. A two-year project saw the temple, the gardens, and the manor house completely renovated. We did most of the work ourselves and spent \$5,800 on the manor house. Dora took over on the interior furnishings in the Celestial room and the manor house (furniture, carpets, and accessories), and they took on a new and beautiful appearance. The biggest joke of the year was when Dora thought she wouldn't have anything to do over here.

We met often with President Mark E. and Sister Emma Peterson and came to respect and love them. We increased the temple sessions from two to three to six sessions --Monday and Wednesday nights and three sessions on Saturday--with special missionary sessions of 220 that went on four sessions. We had dinner for the missionaries at the temple with me conducting a question and answer period and testimony meeting. The endowment record for the history of the temple was 1,668, with 350 endowment sheets the past three years. Our endowment record was 2,638 in November alone. We had a record number of 56, plus President and Sister Peterson for a session.

I have helped my brother, Rex, out in homes and farm payments in excess of \$75,000, which he will never repay. While we were in England, Rex lied and cheated and forged my signature. I had to pay his bond obligation. He cost me \$50,000 plus the embarrassment. I see why Dora is bitter. I still pray that he will change and be a better, more responsible man. I trust that I may be forgiven by those who I have offended

I worried about Dad. Miles hands were full, caring for him and Rex. He offered to pay the rent on the house for Rex and send the money to Dad.

We gave the bowling alley in Kearns to Eugene and Charlotte and the Layton Frostop to Ann and Duane.

I came home for October Conference in 1964. All of the money for the wheat harvest in Downey went to the Church for tithing.

In England in November, I made the four hour drive to priesthood meeting and back in dense fog.

We had planned to stay for three years, but I had promised President McKay that we would stay two years, regardless. My land investment partner and the lawyer who was in charge took such poor care of our business, even with the help I gave them when I was home, that we had to leave in a little over two years. My partner had pulled out and left me with about \$500,000 in land contracts and some bad checks, besides owing me upwards of \$40,000 of the \$200,000 that I had loaned him without interest. Our attorney had an opportunity to sell some land for the gravel, but muffed it. The owners of the land were looking to me for the money. We felt that we had filled our assignments pretty well by getting the endowments up and completely renovating the buildings and grounds. President McKay had said, when we left for England, that nothing should happen to our missionary program I told the First Presidency of our plight, and we were released to come home in August of 1966.

I had a double hernia operation in October but was well enough to go deer hunting and got a fine two-point buck.

The winter of 1967, I served as Sergeant-in-Arms for the Thirty-Seventh Session of the Utah state legislature for 60 days. I accepted the responsibility of keeping the employees in line and happy for the House of Representatives. Although, it was trying and long hours, I met many fine people; but you couldn't pay me to do it again.

Jim Knight had failed to keep up the options on the Kearn's land. I took over with some 1,300 acres left. This has been our fund for the GEE Investments Limited and our family missionary projects. Jim Knight's notes to Abe Barker and his checks

were no good, and he failed to pay off the interest-free note to me. So I sued him and Spencer Grow for payment. Jim and I had already agreed that I would take over the Kearns property, and I wouldn't sue on the agreement that Ed Clyde drew up. Spencer Grow was now being sued by the Federal Government on insurance fraud on his savings and loan companies. He was sure he'd lose and have to go to Jail. Therefore, he assigned me his interest in some 40 plus acres in northeast Provo, four houses, and some canal stock. So I agreed to settle on that basis with interest added to the debt. Spencer went to jail for one year, and his son, David, handled his business. I finally foreclosed on the property and got my money. David saved the property because he had six months to redeem it. Jim and Spencer were all mixed up in business in Utah County and the Jeremy Ranch property. After Spencer got out jail, he worked on his cemetery property north of Provo. One night on his way home, his car turned over on the winding road, and he was killed.

An investment company that had loaned money on the Jeremy Ranch had gone broke, and their assets were being sold in bankruptcy court. I purchased their \$167,000 judgment on the Jeremy ranch for \$60,000. Jim Knight said that if I'd did that, Skip Christensen of Capital Investments would furnish the cash, and he would give our missionary Foundation \$6,000. Skip didn't put up the money, and I had to borrow it from the bank. Ed Clyde was again at the center of this. He called and said the money had to be paid. A few weeks later, I found out that Terricore Company was offering \$2,100,000 for the ranch if the title could be cleared. Ed Clyde held first judgment for \$50,000 against Jim Knight and Elliot Wolfsome--\$200,000, then the \$167,000 judgment that I held. After me came some smaller judgments including the people Jim had brought--the groups interested in on the Kearns property. He hadn't even paid them off. I was in a position where I could have paid off Wolf and Clyde and taken over the ranch, or someone would have had to pay me \$167,000 plus interest. One evening Jim, Ed, and Skip called me to a meeting and wanted to know what I would take for my judgment. Here again I said, "Pay me the interest on the loan and give the foundation \$6,000, and I'll assign you the judgment." I felt they thought I held out, at least Ed and Skip did, but Jim knew I wasn't going to be too hard because I had always treated him well. So I helped him out. I at least passed-up \$107,000 to his benefit, and if I'd gotten the ranch for \$250,000 (Clyde and Wolf's judgment), I would have made \$1,700,000 with the sale of Terricor. I told Dora what I could do; and she said, "But you won't, and I won't let you." I said, "No, I'm afraid Jim would commit suicide for this-- his last chance. He has lost his wife and his six children, who expected him to succeed." He said he would give me five acres of the ranch for a recreation home site. Wolf and Christensen both got land on the settlement. To date, I have none, but have helped Jim a couple times with other things. I do get to hunt deer each year on the property.

I got an offer on some land east of the Butler Ward on Wasatch Boulevard--the Wynn farm. When we were in England, I sold the option for \$70,000. I also had an option on the Al Despain property. That is when I gave Leo Van Zyverden \$27,000 to put the sewer in from the Willow Creek golf course. I later sold to skip Christensen of England. I tried to get Al Despain's attorney to extend our option for three months

until I got home. He refused. (this land which I had optioned for \$2,400 per acre sold, ten years later, for 12,000 per acre)

We had some rough years financially. We had to drop the Despain option, which if I could have held on to it, would have netted us a profit of about \$1,000,000. I had some foolish stock and loan investments after things straightened out, but most of them will eventually pay out, I believe. Our land investments have been goods, and our Lamanite missionary program has gone forward.

I had paid for and got the deed to 10 acres of the Despain land, which I later traded to the Barker Brothers. After Jim Knight left Kearns, I took the Barker Brothers (Richard, Shyrl, and Duane) as my partners—on all of the land except Corner Canyon. When Dora and I got ready to start giving land to the Church for missionary work, the Barkers and I divided our land, and I gave Ed Clyde \$4,000 to quit representing us.

The Barker Brothers, who had become my partners, never waited for a payment to come due on their land. They were always looking for a tax-free trade. In 1959, I bought land from the Schulers in Soda Springs, Idaho, from Wendell Welling in Montpelier, Idaho, and from two people in Cache Valley. I made down payments for all and traded for their land in Kearns. The Barker Brothers traded 575.5 acres. I purchased land from Abe Barker (230 acres), Clyde Barker (176 acres), Francis Kirkham (87 acres), Bawden-Jenkins (220 acres), and 100 acres from Maurice Harmon. I gave 80 acres to the Missionary Foundation and 20 acres to the Girl's home. I bought more land in section 1, and Bawen's 50 acres, Abe's 50 acres plus 40 acres of Bawden-Jenkins, and 234 acres went to the Missionary Foundation. Last year, we gave our Wyoming ranch (328 acres) to the Church. In 1978, we gave the Church a check for \$100,000. I have also purchased Vaughn Barker's 150 acres in section 18.

The best agreement we got was an option to purchase the 97 acres by the Girl's Home for \$90,000 cash the next fall. This we sold in 1979 for over \$900,000. I bought platinum stock in the Liahona Mine and some tracings to be recovered at Rosemont, California. The children got shares or percentages in GEE and there are some 50,000 shares of New Fibers International which should eventually be worth \$5 a share—we hope. (It was worthless)

Before we went to England, I had sold the property at 10006 South 1300 East to Richard McKean and Company for \$26,000. Then his group wanted out. When we returned home in 1966, I met Dick at conference. Now he wanted the 105 acres. I sold it to him with an ongoing option of 20 acres per year. He did his first group, but had six improved lots that were not paid for on his payment date. The lots were worth \$8,000 each. I had the right to cancel our agreement. In February of the next year, he agreed to raise \$18,000 and pay me 5% if I would reinstate him. I have never been able to take anything from a person if he'd finally pay for it, even though I had the legal right to do so. That worked out, and I made a profit. But he and his real estate man really made a killing.

After being released as the London Temple President and before being called back to do sealings in the Salt Lake Temple and work as a host in the Visitors' Center, one of my former missionaries, Lawrence Critchfield, came to me and said that the Church was offering the Desert Farms in Florida for sale—some 275,000 acres. He said

that he had made an agreement with David Evans, President of Evans Advertising Company, to cooperate on a sales program which if successful, would net us up to some \$350,000 or \$400,000 in commissions. David asked to overfly the ranch for air pictures; and take ground pictures of the citrus groves (some 18,000 acres), buildings, livestock, and machinery. He made the statement that he already had prospects of purchasers, and that he would do the sales job. David and I were to take care of the expenses. Lawrence made an appointment with David; and we met and came to an agreement, which was committed to in writing, that we would share in the sales commissions equally, less expenses. If no sale was made, then David and I would be out the costs. David seemed to have a good knowledge of the situation and was willing to go forward provided we have a meeting with President N. Eldon Tanner and get an agreed sales price and what commission we would receive if we made the sale. I personally knew that if the property was on the open market that we would be competing with real estate people all over the country. Yet, with David handling the brochure and advertising, I figured we had a head start, especially with Lawrence's sworn statement that he had already contacted creditable and able purchasers who were very interested.

We set the appointment with President Tanner, and he was willing that we go ahead with a sale price of \$80,000,000. The brochures were made by Evans and were very beautiful. The master copy with original pictures was given to Critchfield to take to prospects. He would be gone sometimes for weeks, and we wouldn't hear from him. Then he would show up with a prospective purchaser, and feeling he had the credentials and ability, we'd have a meeting with President Tanner to close a contract. I remember two buyers--one from Hawaii and one from Chicago. The man from Hawaii said that he was ready to close the deal and would put down \$1,000,000 earnest money. We had to work through Zion's Securities, the Church business arm. But when the agreement was ready to okayed by President Tanner, he was tied up for two days with solid appointments. The prospective purchaser kept changing his flight reservation. On day at 1:00 am he said, "I've got to catch my plane after lunch today. I can't delay and longer." I asked the manager of Zion's Securities to break into President Tanner's appointments for 15 minutes. He called President Tanner's secretary. She said he was in a Board of Education Meeting, and she wouldn't disturb him. I said, "This is too important, and we can't expect this man to wait any longer. Let's go to President Tanner's office." We did, but his secretary wouldn't even send a message to the president. His office connected to the board room. Having had a close relationship with President Tanner over the years, I said "I'll get him." I knocked on the door and opened it. President Tanner was at the head of the table, conducting. I said, "President Tanner, I'm sorry, but we have an emergency. Can you break for a few minutes?" He agreed and came into the office. The man from Hawaii took the agreements back to the people he represented, but the \$1,000,000 didn't come. I guess his people had backed-down.

Then, the man came in from Chicago, ready to purchase the property. He tried to get an interest-free contract. President Tanner turned the offer down. The next prospects were people from New York, who had an educational program which had

involved a large tract of land. They were qualified financially to purchase. A small interest program was proposed which was acceptable to the Church, but the price would be \$101,000,000. The sale looked so certain to be made that a full investigation of the property, etc. had to be made. We felt it would take as much as six months to complete the sales agreement.

A letter from President McKay stating that we had exclusive right to represent the Church was required by the purchaser. I personally went to attorney Lawrence McKay, and he with President Tanner dictated the letter. Lawrence and I took it to President McKay's Hotel Utah office, and the president signed the letter. I took it to the airport and paid for hand delivery to the person involved. This letter gave us the exclusive right to sell the property for the required time asked for. When the deadline approached, and the people involved had made their study and investigation, we learned that they had hired an independent company to check their findings and make recommendations to them to purchase or not. David Evans said, "We have lost the sale." He said, "I have experienced this several times, and not one purchase has been recommended by a hired investigator."

The sale didn't go through. David Evans and I had spent about \$17,000 for Chritchfield's expenses over two years' time. President Tanner called the ranch sale off. My former temple president, Willard R. Smith, said to me one day when I told him about our trying to sell the farm, "Gene, why don't you forget the big farm and purchase 20,000 acres which Zion's Securities loaned the Church \$8,000,000 on? The Church had deeded it to us (he was on the board of directors of Zion's Securities), and we are willing to sell it for what we paid for it." Well, if I had known what property it was, and where it was located, I would have tried to put a group together to purchase it.

Last year, a supposed qualified buyer called me to see if the Church would sell Desert Farms. I called President Tanner, and he said, "It's not for sale, and by the way for your information, the farm is running in the black." It was losing from two to three million dollars per year when we were trying to sell it before. President Tanner then said, "Maybe Zion's Securities will sell their 20,000 acres. Why don't you call Brother Dunn and find out?" This I did, and he said, "We're not sure, but we have a firm offer of \$26,000,000." We could have had it a few years earlier for \$8,000,000.

In 1981 got a call from a federal officer about Lawrence Critchfield. Lawrence has finally crossed the line, and it looks like he'll get four to five years in prison. It's too bad about these young LDS returned missionaries. All they want to do is get into some promotion and make a million dollars. They get too close to the illegal lines and find they have lost their client's money and their good names--usually they have lovely wives and children. The Church must do some teaching on this line and try to save these people, young and old. We have put our trust in several on our missionary project fund. They have to have big autos, boats, homes, etc., but it's our money; and they should and could use it to accomplish what they promised the investors.

Richard Bigler got me to invest \$7,000 in the franchise, Circle-K Stores, in Canada. Then he wanted me to loan \$2,800 to his friends--supposedly the Circle-K people with 2,000 shares of Navset stock as security. The broker said that the stock

was selling at \$5 to \$6 per share. Then Bigler came pleading for a loan to save his home on Provo. He was to be out of his home in two days. It would mean a divorce, and he would lose his wife and daughter. I went to Provo. The home was a good investment, so I took his note and purchased the contract. He said, "I have an option on 1,460 acres of land in Hobble Creek up the canyon above Springville, Utah. He gave me an assignment of the option and said he'd raise the money to pay the initial down payment. He didn't do it, so I hired an attorney and took up the whole option. I got worried about Bigler trying to sue me, so I called Howard Jensen, who I had met in England when I was the London temple president. President McKay had interviewed him and set him apart as a sealer. Howard had purchased the land next to the piece I was interested in for \$350 an acre. After the survey of the land and roads had been graded, the rest of the land had sold for \$2,000 an acre. I had the option for \$228 per acre, and the first payment was to be \$25,000. Howard agreed to take the \$25,000 and handle the sale of the land for one-half interest. I said, "All I want for myself is my money back from Bigler and 20 acres of my choice for my son, who I am sure will one day be at BYU." So I made an appointment to meet Howard, the land owner, and the development people at their office at BYU. We spent most of one day putting the option in Howard's name. All of my share of the sale of the land was to go the BYU. When the agreement was finished with the owner, I said, "We need the agreement of my share and balance to BYU." Howard said, "We all know the agreement. We are all high priests and brothers in the Church. We've been here all day, and everyone is tired." Everyone agreed, so I foolishly let it go.

Although I tried to contact him, I didn't hear from Howard for the next few weeks. We were to purchase the rancher's cattle for \$10,000, so I went ahead with that. Then one day, I got a call from Attorney John Runyan. He knew all about the option and contract and asked about the cattle settlement. Then he asked, "What is your interest in this anyway?" I told him that the whole program was in my interest and asked him how he knew about it. Evidently, Howard had told him about the deal. He said, "The contract is land and your name isn't on it, so you have no claim." I was shocked. I couldn't imagine that Howard would do such a thing. I told him to meet me at Howard's office at 5:00 pm, and we'd get this thing cleared up. When I got there, I asked Howard what was going on. He made the excuse that he thought we needed legal help, and that John was his friend. They asked me what I wanted to do to not cause trouble, and I said, "Sell the land I wanted for \$20,000 and put it in my missionary fund with Brother Blodgett, and get me the \$15,000 Bigler owes me." They asked me to give them his note, and I did. I asked Howard about our promise to the BYU. He said, "We pay our tithing, and that's all we owe." I told him that then it was between him and the Lord. "I want nothing to do with characters like you." When the land was sold, there was a \$2,000 commission, so only \$18,000 went into my Lamanite Missionary Fund. Again I say with the Prophet Joseph Smith, "I have learned in my travels that man is treacherous and selfish, with but few exceptions."

Now, I have been taken in by a good Saint, John D. Smith, on mineral development on the Great Salt Lake. The company needed capital, so they put up stock worth \$3 per share for each \$1 loaned at my bank. All went well until the due

date. I could have sold the stock, but soft-hearted me let them put up more stock. Then time ran out, an SEC investigation ran the stock down, and I lost \$30,000 plus interest.

Dwayne Johnson came to me for a loan to Wendell Butcher on two buildings in Salt Lake City. It was run by Leroy Matanski and Hubert Reed. Dora and I looked the property over and made the loan. I had loaned the company \$30,000 with personal signatures of guarantee from Reed and Matanski. When the loan came due for repayment of the \$70,000, Butcher hired an attorney. He claimed that Dwayne Johnson had charged an exorbitant fee for finding the loan, and I was named in the suit. Well, a California investment group said that if I would sign the note over to them, they would get all things straightened out, there would be no lawsuit, and the company would be financed by them. So Butcher, Matanski, Reed, and I went along with it and lost our security and our money. Concerning the \$30,000 loan guarantee, I knew that a law suit should get me a judgment against Reed and Matanski, but no money. Matanski gave me 10,000 shares of Dominion Air Craft which his attorney said would be worth \$3 in two or three years, and Reed gave me 25,000 shares of New Fiber's International stock, which may someday get my \$100,000. (it was worthless)

Dr. Tom Robinson and I bought Liffert stock from John Peart. He gave us a written guarantee to exchange it for free trading New Products stock. I had to sue Peart in federal court to get the New Products stock. The judge gave me all the stock involved because Dr. Robinson didn't enter the suit. I gave Dr. Robinson his stock and Peart his 30,000 shares. Although I could have legally kept it all, I kept only what was rightfully mine.

John Peart's judgment from the federal court included come \$40,000 due me besides the stock the judge awarded me, for which I took his note and stock as security. When the note came due, he paid the interest, and I gave him an extended time on the note. When it was due again, he gave me a new note, and agreed on a higher rate of interest for another extension. He went to Zion's First National Bank and paid their trust department \$100 to hold the stocks and the note. The stocks included New Fibers International, New Products, and Liahona Mining Company. The president of Liahona Mining was Mr. Newberry in Canada. I was given a trip to see the mining claims out of Vancouver, Canada. Everything looked good, and I got mining samples. He was supposedly a good LDS man. To top it off, I was given another paid trip to Rosemond, California, where Jimmie Bridges PhD, a metallurgical engineer, was doing the refining. By my purchasing some 250 tons of ore to be processed, another \$65,000 was invested there. Dr. Bridges signed notes for the \$65,000 and a letter stating that the stock was worth \$6 per share but has failed on every promise, hasn't kept his word or written agreements, and now, refuses to answer the phone or registered letters. I am writing the whole thing off—Liahona, Peart, and Bridges. (The FBI arrested Bridges, sometime later, in 1982 in Provo at choir practice)

When things didn't work out, John Peart, who was a real promoter but seemed to want to be honest, gave me New Fibers International stock in exchange for my Liahona stock. He did that for John Boud who had bought \$30,000 worth of the stock from me. John became a mission president. He heard about some platinum property

from Hyrum Adams, a real estate salesman, who tried to sell our Draper properties. I had told Hy about the platinum properties on a fishing trip to a ranch on Bear Lake. He made me an offer, and I sold him some stock for \$20,000. He was president and major stock holder of Fashion Fabrics. Well, John Peart's note came due, and he paid \$20,000 in interest, and brought his note to about \$58,000. I now had 18,500 shares of his New Fibers stock and 83,333 shares of his New Products stock. New Fibers was now selling for 15 cent to 10 cents per share.

In November of 1976, I wrote to Mr. Roberts, the president of the company, for a bid on the New Products stock. He got me an offer of \$10,000, and I told Peart that I would sell it and credit it to his note. He plead for an extension of two months, and I said, "No, but I would have GEE Investments buy the stock because I needed \$8,000." He said that was okay if GEE Investments would write him an option to repurchase in 60 days for \$10,000. When the option time drew near, he offered \$12,000 for another 60 days. When the 60 days were up, John and a young man, who worked for Merrill Lynch, met me in the Thunderbird Bank in Sun City and made out a check for \$87,800. The stock and check were sent to a New Orleans Bank. The stock was to be delivered when the check cleared. I gave them one week. The check bounced and was sent back to the Thunderbird Bank marked insufficient funds. The next week the young man from Merrill Lynch called and offered me \$25,000 for Peart's note and the stock. I refused. So GEE owned 83,333 shares of New Products stock, and I had 18,000 shares of New Fibers stock and the note. Peart called and said that the New Products stock was now worth the note, and he wanted me to give him the 18,000 shares for New Fibers stock and send his note back. I said, "I'm out \$64,000, and GEE owns the New Products stock." So I refused his request.

My father George William England passed away April 4, 1968.

When in 1968 the government began to tax charitable foundations, we gave the assets to the Church. We dissolved our foundation and organized G .Eugene England (GEE) Investments Limited, a partnership with our children and grandchildren. Dora and I have 7% each as managers, Ann and Gene Jr. each have 10%, and each grandchild has 7%. (?)

Dora and I gave the Church land before we formed GEE. We have about \$1,000,000 gift credit that we will never be able to use for tax purposes. We gave it the oil rights in Downey, Idaho; and we gave 326 acres southwest of Afton, Wyoming. We gave the Church the property in section 17 (5400 South and 4000 West). Gene and Sholly gave their 430 acres that were also in section 17. Later, we gave 234 acres up by the Baccus and Bingham highway. This, along with the Ready mix contract on Wasatch Boulevard (32 acres of gravel), top soil, and other gifts in excess of \$80,000 was given for Lamanite missionary service. We gave 120 acres at Hurricane, Utah, and 40 acres west of Lehi, Utah, to BYU. We gave BYU \$66,000 for scholarships for our grandchildren.

In 1968, we gave 40 acres in Utah County and 16 acres at 6200 South 5600 West to Mark and a larger share to Gene Jr. and Sholly. Later, we gave our home at 1348 Wilson Avenue in Salt Lake City to Ann and the cabin in Summit Park to Ann and Christine. Gene Jr.'s bowling alley was sold, and he bought the Bawden property. We

also bought the Jenkins property because the option had lapsed. Ann, Chris, Mark, and Gene, and Sholly put their land and homes into GEE for a percentage. Later we were able to divide \$100,000 each year and give \$200,000 to the Church for missionary work.

With our missionary fund, we have gone ahead selling land and keeping missionaries in the field until over 600 have been called and supported since 1973. Then it was changed over from the First Council of Seventy to Brother Blodgett, the Church Controller. Those Indians, Maoris, or others who can't support themselves, can use the funds. Over a million dollars' worth of land and stocks is in this fund. It's possibly the largest private fund of its kind in the Church.

On June 11, 1974 we registered GEE, a limited partnership, in Utah and in Arizona in February of 1983. It is to be the G. Eugene and Dora H. England Family Missionary Fund with \$3,750,000 in assets (eventually more than \$10,000,000 was given to the Church)

From December of 1979 to June of 1981, we supported a total of 1,013 missionaries. We should have at least that many more if the Church would use all of the funds. The interest from the Fund should help support hundreds of missionaries each year. Only the interest is to be used for this purpose, and the principal is never to be touched.

Our desire is that this partnership should continue with the family, and that each married couple form their own partnership for themselves and children. If you do this and continue the England Missionary Fund with the Church, you will prosper financially and be able to help your children with missions, educations, and homes. (Upon the death of G. Eugene England in 1996, GEE assets were divided between his posterity and the Church, and the partnership was dissolved. (The Church has handled all the finances for the G. Eugene and Dora H. England Family Missionary Fund ever since)

When I returned from England, President McDonald called me back to be a sealer in the Salt Lake Temple. President McKay gave him a letter stating that I already had the sealing authority. It seems that this authority is something like that of a bishop or a patriarch—once it is received, it isn't taken from you except by sin or excommunication. I really enjoyed getting back into the temple. I learn so much about the Laws of the gospel, sacrifice, consecration, and have the opportunity to teach these laws and the meaning of the Oath and Covenant of the Priesthood to the young couples I marry and to the older couples that I seal.

On our return from England, I was called as a host at the Visitor's Center in Salt Lake City. Bill Bradshaw and I worked up the Person to Person Book of Mormon Program. In 1969, Sister Arlene Crawley came to the Visitor's Center. She was a Primary teacher in Kaysville, Utah. She asked Brother William Bradshaw if he could give her some help in teaching her eight and nine year olds in Primary about the Book of Mormon. A few months later, she returned and brought 13 copies of the Book of Mormon with pictures of the children pasted on the fly leaf of each book. The children's names and addresses were printed or written by each child. Some made comments about the book to a friend who would receive it. One little boy's comments

were: "I know this book is true because my father told me so." The books were paperback and cost 50 cents each. Sister Crowley had contacted each child's parents for consent. She kept in contact with us for a year or two and prepared a beautiful poster on green velvet. President McKay's picture was in the left hand upper corner. It was inscribed: "Every Member a Missionary by Sending a Book of Mormon on a Mission."

William (Bill) and I worked as hosts downstairs. We each had a desk and an area in which we worked with visitors. Bill and I became excited about Sister Crowley's ideas and looked for ways to promote the program. We placed the books with interested people. We would tell them about the Book of Mormon. If they were really interested and promised to read it, we would ask them if two clean, young men or women could come as missionaries to their door and answer any questions that they had about the Church. With this promise made and an agreement to write a note of thanks to the donor of the book, we would give it to them. We would have their names and addresses and would contact the mission president where they resided and tell him about our contact and their promise to receive the missionaries.

Bill was a superb missionary and a diligent, hard worker. He had a way that convinced his contacts if they were interested. He gave one of the books to a family from Holland. They and their little girl knew English. He said to the family, "Here is a book that your daughter can see the picture of the girl who is giving the book. She promised to be your pen-pal in America." He told the parents about the Book of Mormon and advised them to read it with their daughter. They agreed to do so and also to accept the missionaries. About a year later, Sister Crowley reported that the family was baptized. The girl who gave the book had corresponded with her pen-pal, who was now a Mormon, and was saving her money to go on a mission to Holland. I said, "Bill, this program is too valuable for just you and me to sponsor. We must work with the Missionary Committee and ask for a Church-wide program." Our sales pitch was to use President McKay's request that every member be a missionary by sending out copies of the Book of Mormon to the world.

Bill said that he didn't even know a General Authority. The Lord has been good to me; I knew all of them, and several very personally: President McKay; President Brown; and President Tanner, who played golf with me and was on the Genealogical and Priesthood Committee Executive Board with me; President Kimball, who soon became Chairman of the Missionary Committee; S. Dilworth Young, Senior President of the Seventy; Bruce R. McConkie, who toured our mission; Elder Tuttle; etc. And so I started with the Seventies. Then, I went to the Missionary Committee, etc. We were not opposed; so we worked with individual missionaries, wards and stakes, and with willing mission presidents. Dora and I furnished many books and got several of the hosts and guides at the temple to donate books with their pictures and testimonies. Bill got bishops to let him give sacrament meetings to explain the program, and read letters from converts from the program. One mission president wrote that 27% of their converts came from the program.

All the while, we were improving the missionary approach. We made up report cards for the missionaries to return to the donors. We addressed a return envelope for

the recipient of the book to write to the donor—with paper in the envelope and stamp attached. The stamps soon became too much cost, and we stopped that. We were soon sending out thousands of books. Dora and I paid for some 13,000 books that we printed in Argentina and sent our pictures to be placed in them.

We got pledges from people we knew in Salt Lake City for donations of a few dollars to \$25,000 a year from one businessman. Most of this was Bill's effort, but Dora and I and GEE Investments Ltd. furnished about 30,000 copies. We furnished books to widows and shut-ins who had time to correspond but no money to buy books.

I felt, that as it developed and proved successful, it should become a Church program. I finally collected some of the best convert letters and letters from enthusiastic mission presidents, took Sister Crowley's poster, and started working at the top. We had worked with the Seventies and the Missionary Committee with no results. So I started again with the First Presidency. After four years and three presidents, President Kimball put it to work Church-wide as the Family to Family Book of Mormon Program in 1975. By 1981 the books were selling for \$1.50 each.

By late 1984 the program was being directed by two missionary couples, who reported they handled about 15,000 gift copies each month provided by members from all over the Church. A sample letter received lately from a missionary in Chile reported 36 baptisms from 17 of these personalized copies.

In 1973 we had built a cabin in Summit Park--my last big work project. The children loved the place, and we enjoyed it when we could. However, the only activity there was hiking and we got tired of cleaning up after others had stayed there and we sold it and gave a percentage in GEE to Ann and Christine.

In 1973, we visited a friend, Flash Nielsen, and his wife in Sun City, Arizona. We liked the city and rented for two weeks a couple of times and for three months another time. Then, we bought a lot at 10625 Emerald Point and had a 1,600 square foot home built on View Point Lake. We landscaped and made the home beautiful. One year, we received an award; and our home and landscaping were featured in the newspaper. In 1982, we purchased a larger 2,600 square foot home across the street for \$238,500 cash. We put a new roof on it, took out the lawns, and put a skylight in the kitchen. We spent 12 winters in Sun City, Arizona.

In 1974, Gene Jr. moved back to Utah from Northfield, Minnesota; and we helped him with a home in Kaysville, Utah. Gene and family wanted to build up on the Weber River. We bought them a lot when we and sold the cabin at Summit Park in 1976. We helped them build the new cabin on the Weber. There was no GEE interest. Dora said, "You just give us the keys to the place, so we can go up when we please"—which was very seldom. Now (1977), Gene has been accepted at the "Y", so there was another move. He built a beautiful, old-fashioned home on a nice lot northwest of the Missionary Training Center. There is an apartment in the basement for us to use if we need it. It cost us over \$30,000.

In the fall of 1974, before we went to Sun City, Spencer Hooper (an ex-missionary from England) came to our home and wanted me to purchase Navsat Systems stock. I had 6,000 shares that I had purchased as security on a loan to Mr. Jones, a friend of Richard Bigler's. It was selling at \$5 or \$6 a share. After the penny-

stock crash that caused us a lot of losses, the companies who were to finance Navsat went broke. But Snellen Johnson, president of the company, wouldn't give up. The company was developing a ship guidance system from satellites as airplanes are guided. Spencer Hooper was the main promoter and money raiser for the company. I said "I can buy the stock on the market for 30 cents per share." He answered, "But it won't help the company if you purchase free trading stock. You can make us a loan at 30 cents per share security, and we will guarantee you double your money back in 60 days, or you can keep the stock. Well, I'm still keeping the stock, and Snellen Johnson is still finishing the job.

I had given the company three Mark IV's; have guaranteed loans at banks; have bought more stock; been investigated by the SEC; let Spencer Hooper live in our Rose Crest home--rent free; have loaned him money to pay for the adoption of his two children; and finally, given him a loan secured by his stepfather Thomas L. Hiben, stake president in Albany New York. Spencer has lied to me, but made the excuse that the information came from higher-up. Snellen Johnson has not given up although he has had several severe reverses, including the SEC investigation. He is supposed to have three satellites in orbit above the Indian, Pacific, and Atlantic Oceans. German investors are now supposed to have completely financed the company, and the stock is supposed to be free trading by April 1978.

I hoped all of this was true, and our missionary funding was assured for many years to come. I had a note from their parent company in excess of \$484,000 at 20% interest and notes from others who have helped through the years. GEE had about 400,000 shares of stock. Bishop Newell Brown, Sterling Sill, Tom Fyans, and other of the Brethren had faith in the project and in Snellen Johnson getting it done. I called Sterling Sill once when they needed \$50,000, and he advised me to let them have it. At the last, they needed \$36,000 to finish all contracts. Sterling Sill called me to his office, got Sid Harmon on the phone, and we had a three-way conversation with the German partners. Sterling said, "Let's each put up \$12,000." I don't know what Sid and he agreed, but I said that I couldn't do it. Sterling said, "Gene, I'll give you a six month note. You borrow \$12,000 and I'll guarantee the loan from you." This I did. Navsat went down the tube. I had to pay the guarantee loan off at the bank. Tom Fyans was out of the company, and Sterling Sill gave the \$12,000 to Bishop Brown.

Snellen Johnson and Spencer Hooper called for help to pick up some notes from Commercial Security Bank. The notes were signed by people like Lorin Pace, Howard Gritton, etc., so I said I'd purchase them. The manager of the bank at Murray got all the notes together, but one, and I got the written statement from him that I would receive them. After two years, they have never been paid. I had International Enterprises Company sign the notes as the money was borrowed from them. Promises to pay and bad checks were given. This year, 1979, is the limit. I will start collections. Snell said it will all be made up to me this summer.

We lost our money. Sterling got Snellen's home (about \$700,000). Legal action in California got Snellen 25 years and Spencer 8 years penitentiary time. I had helped Spencer Grow adopt two children and had sealed them in the temple. I let him live in

one of our homes for three years with no rent, and signed a note with him for \$25,000. I was involved with Navsat for over ten years (now 1985).

This was my worst loss. I had 200,000 in stock which was to be repurchased by Snellen Johnson. I gave the stock to the Church and Snellen promise to pay \$200,000 for it. I have \$100,000 in gift write-off and stock and loan write-off of \$485,000 at a cost of \$300,000. I can write off \$342,500 against taxes, so that is about even.

Then, I was involved with International Trade and Investment Corporation. Alan Jensen, who had airplanes and buildings based at the Provo airport got Dan Southwick, Jay Downs, and Barry Osborn into a deal with Pat Brian as their attorney. Pat had served a good mission with us in Minnesota. He went to Alaska and became a lawyer there. He recently returned to Utah and joined a noted law firm with offices in the Bountiful Towers Building.

Alan and the three partners came to us at our home in Salt Lake City and spent an hour or so explaining their program which, among other things besides the Provo Air operation, was purchasing fines (the enriched gold agnate) from miners at cash prices of 80% of its refined value. Their cost to get the gold to the refinery and prepare it for market was less than 10%. If we would loan them money to expand, they would pay us 3% a month.

After a few meetings, Dora and I loaned them some \$300,000. The interest came due each month on time, and we let them have another \$100,000. At 3%, that was \$21,000 a month. After several months they had an offer to purchase two mines 50 miles out of Winnemucca, Nevada. Because of this purchase they needed \$1,100,000.

Dr. Tom Robinson was interested in trading his Draper property, which we held jointly, for gold and silver. I had now purchased all of Tom's rights in Corner Canyon, but he held interest in the 120 acres on the south. Tom had not finished paying us what he owed on the land, but thought he'd trade for a share of one of the mines. We flew out to the mine on one of the company planes. We saw them working the gold and what was being recovered. They offered Tom 15% interest in the mine for his land. We talked to Pat, their attorney, and he said that he was gathering the papers and title to the mine. He said that everything was okay. Tom went ahead, and Pat worked out the deal for him. The boys paid me what Tom still owed me on the land and took the west half of the property.

They now needed \$1,100,000 and got me to cosign with them for a loan on the land. For this, we were to get 10% of the mine. So with the loan and the land, I was feeling secure because we had an option for \$35,000 per acre on the land (60 acres=\$2,100,000). I figured that if we had to pay off the note, we'd be okay. When they got the \$1,000,000, we got \$100,000 back on the \$400,000 loan and continued to get \$9,000 per month interest. I guess all together we got around \$100,000 in interest.

The boys didn't put up the right equipment on the mine and wasted a lot of money. They got into financial trouble. I went to the man who they were buying the mine from, and he said, "If you'll give me \$155,000, I'll run the mine and make it pay all of the bills." I agreed to put up the \$155,000 with a warranty deed to the 60 acres

of land and assignment of their interest in the mine put in escrow for three months. If the \$155,000 wasn't paid back to me, then I would record the deeds.

I got control of the mine and the 60 acres. The land paid off the \$1,100,000. And I found it was not a patented claim. I gave Tom half interest in the mine, and he recorded it. As I had assignment of the whole mine, he thought I took advantage him because he lost his land. The land sold at \$1,200 per acre (\$72,000). With my \$300,000 plus \$155,000 with our \$1,000 interest earned as a write-off on capital gains, our loss wasn't that great. Pat Brian never did what he said he would do about Tom and our interest. He never told us the mines were under lease agreement and not solid contracts. He was called as a mission president, so I have never cornered him on his lack of professional work. We did get another \$51,000 interest on the loan and on a ranch the boys were buying in southeast Utah.

I got Barry, Dan, and Jay to make pledges to our missionary work to make up for the money we lost. Dan and Jay wrote about \$10,000,000 in life insurance and are supposed to pay the premiums on it. The policies are to belong to our missionaries.

I will be 70 years old next week (1974), so time is of the essence. Our next project is in Bolivia. Brother Austin Haws and President Keith Roberts, past president of the Bolivian Mission, and others hope to put together a pilot project for education, health, and material development to help these people become real Latter-day Saints in the true sense of the word and to show the Church that these poor people of the Latin American countries can be real assets to the Church and Kingdom of God. The promise is theirs, but we must help them.

If all of us who have promised to help on this project come through with our promises, we will surely succeed. Thirteen hundred acres of land have been purchased and clearing has begun. Rainfall is 30 inches annually. Everything will grow. A whole community will have to be planned and built then moved en-mass from 1,300 feet at La Paz down to the jungle homes. I have helped purchase a bus for the nurses and medical doctor and have promised \$20,000 to help the Church build a \$50,000 school at La Paz. (The Church didn't come through on this) I will need to renovate my Sun City home now spring is near, and then I should be free to go all out on the Bolivia project.

By 1978 Bolivia is still in question. The government failed, there was rebellion, war, etc. I went down to La Paz, but we didn't get any good project going. By 1983, I think Bolivia, as far as the land is concerned, looks like a failure. The country is unsettled politically. Our \$3,200 to get the deed to the land will be wasted.

I purchased 5% interest in a North Eden, 500 acre ranch east of and adjoining Bear Lake for \$2,800 and some stock. Later, I paid another \$1,100. Then, I sold my share of the property for \$50,000 with a promise that I could fish on the reservoir for the rest of my life. I did for 2½ years, and then they shut me out.

The last time Gene Jr. and I went fishing there was August 2, 1976. Andrew Hansen, a real estate agent, took his jeep. We picked up Gene in Kaysville. His son Mark was ill and didn't go with us. We had a great day fishing. I caught a 16 pound rainbow trout on my special fly. Andy kept asking if he could have the fly. I didn't commit.

On the way home, he turned up the road through Logan Canyon instead of toward Evanston, Wyoming. He said he used to live there and wanted to go that way. About 22 miles up the canyon from Logan, at 6:10 pm; he was looking up the canyon to the left, and I was looking the other way. Gene Jr. was sleep in the back seat. I felt the jeep turn to the left and looked up to see if Andy was passing another car. He had pulled over the medium about four feet and a Vega, about 40 feet away, was coming toward us. I yelled and ducked under the dash. The door came open, and I hit the blacktop. As I ducked, I saw glass fly, so I suppose my head hit the dash. My right eye was banged hard. I thought I had lost it. I put my hand to it and forced the lid open. What a relief! I had a shiner as big as my fist, but the eye was intact. My right eye tooth was gone, and my jaw was broken on the left lower side and two teeth there were gone. A woman came and gathered up my teeth and tried to give them to me. I was so badly hurt that I couldn't move. I had to be dragged into the barrow pit, so that traffic could move. Gas was leaking from the boat motor and was running down the road. I was covered with gas and blacktop. I kept asking about Junior. Andy wasn't hurt nor was the passenger on the right side of the Vega. He had his doctor friend were from Austria and were driving from Los Angeles to New York to see the country on their way home from vacation. The doctor had a fractured leg which was put in a cast at the Logan Hospital, and they went on their way the next day.

Each time I asked Andy about Junior, he'd say "He's okay." I wondered why he did not come to me. He did in about 20 minutes. He had been knocked unconscious, but Andy didn't let me know. Junior didn't act like he was hurt much although his mouth was bleeding where his teeth had cut it inside. I asked him to give me a blessing, which he did. At the Logan hospital, Junior (Gene Jr.) asked for an elder to help administer to me and one of the intern's anointed and Junior, blessed me. He talked to and reasoned with the Lord as though He was present. The whole terrible experience seems to me to be worth hearing my son plead with the Lord to spare my life. He felt that if the Lord didn't sanction it and bless me that I would surely die en route to Salt Lake City. In the Salt Lake LDS Hospital, they discovered that Gene Jr. had a lacerated mouth, five broken ribs, and a collapsed lung.

Both cars were totaled. The patrolman said that he didn't see how anyone could have survived the collision. I seemed to be the only one hurt very badly. The ambulance came, and I was x-rayed at the Logan Hospital. Besides my facial injuries, the x-ray showed a crushed and leaking aorta, eight cracked and broken ribs, and a crushed spleen. The doctors didn't tell me my condition, just that I had to have an operation, and that it would have to be done in Salt Lake as no one there could do it there. They asked who my surgeon was, and I said, "Dr. Russell Nelson." They called him; and he said, "I'll meet him out at the emergency entrance with my nurse."

Dr. Nelson, his nurse, and Dora were there at the emergency entrance. Dr. Nelson looked at me--the tar-stained clothing, the mess I was in--and said, "My mission president, you surely don't look like a mission president." His nurse asked me if I was allergic to anything. The way she asked struck me funny. As near dead as I was, I said, "Yes, to head-on collisions." She didn't seem to think me funny but probably out of my mind, so I said, "No. You can give me anything." Dr. Nelson put me out and checked

my aorta. The leaking had stopped, but it was badly bruised. He said that no operation was necessary but watched me closely for a couple of days.

Ray Broadbent was my plastic surgeon. I was worked on until 2:00 am before they finished and gave me a shot to put me to sleep. I was in intensive care for 13 days. For two weeks, I didn't go to sleep without a shot. Then as it wore off, I was awake and in pain because of the crushed rib cage. Finally, Dr. Broadbent put me out and wired my jaw in place. I went home and sat in a chair for rest or walked the floor. It was two months before I could sleep in my bed. All my food was prepared, so I could suck it through a straw. My teeth and jaws were wired together, so I talked with my mouth shut the whole two months until my jaw was mended. The doctor pulled the wire from around my jaw, and I got infection and was sick and in pain for another week. I lost about 20 pounds. It was over a year before my blood pressure came back to near normal.

Andy's insurance took care of my injuries, except for my teeth. They took a year and a half to get repaired; but I can only open my mouth about one inch, and eating is a chore. My face and chin lacerations healed without much scarring, so I am ever grateful for Junior's blessing and the Lord's granting his petition.

Dora went fishing with me two times. She caught the most fish, but she can't see any fun in it. She golfed a few times and helped me with a big buck that I shot below the cabin at Summit Park, but she didn't care for my sports. I got bored with shopping. So we aren't very compatible in these areas. Yet, we don't have any trouble over our likes and dislikes. She takes my sports in stride; and when I shop with her, I get a chair and either read or sleep until she wants my opinion on something.

Dora had a heart attack in January of 1978. She was in the hospital in Sun City for ten days. She has had to be careful but is getting along okay. I went through a terrible experience seeing her suffer. So many things go through the mind, and one feels so helpless. I turned to the Lord and gave her a blessing. Now comes back to mind Grant Redford, who had left the mission field without a testimony of the gospel and claimed that man was a coward and weakling to claim to have one. He was at college in Logan, and we were painting under the foreman on the girl's dorms. I asked him what he would do when he got in a situation where he was completely helpless and had no course but his own self and was without hope? He couldn't answer me. He didn't want to be excommunicated from the Church. He wanted all the benefits he could get from his association but didn't want to give of himself--only as it benefitted him. He was learning drama and was using the MIA for an extra help on his way. He later helped with the Zion's Canyon Pageant and plays. I don't know what finally became of him and Harold Lawrence, who I followed as seminary principal at Downey. Harold was much like him. He didn't believe in the divinity of the Savior. My what an empty life where the hope in Christ is not! These people seem to be good human beings and do much to help their fellowman. Sterling Mc Murrin and O. C. Tanner and those like them are brilliant but far from intelligent. They have knowledge without wisdom or understanding.

The Lord has been very good to us in health and prosperity and in choice children and grandchildren. We have had the privilege of many choice experiences in

Church assignments and are grateful for our leaders whom we love and sustain. We are grateful for a choice land and the choicest place to live in it.

In 1978, when I was purchasing a home in Sun City and had to borrow \$325,000 from my banker, Reed Wood, he was perturbed with me. As it was November and Dora and I were leaving for our new home in Arizona, I told him I would see him at Christmas and square everything up. I came home and borrowed \$325,000 from the Church on the Vaughn Barker property at 12% interest. I paid the bank and made land payments, sold 174 acres for \$865,000 on time, and went back to Arizona. After the first of the year, I called my bank and borrowed the money to pay off the Church. Dr. Tom Robinson called and said he had a tax-free trade if I'd release 48 acres of the Draper property. Then, I could purchase it from the Brambel Company. He was trading it for \$1,170,400. I wanted the property. So I called my bank, and they said that \$325,000 was my limit. So I called Wayne Hentze at Zion's First National Bank and worked out a loan. I sent money to Gordon Dick at Security Title Company, and he worked out the deal. So we now have 96 acres of our own (GEE Investments) and half of 115 acres still with Dr. Robinson.

When Kenneth White wanted land for a gravel pit, I sold him what was left of the Abe Barker 80 acres in section 18. He wanted another 40 acres. I went to Vaughn Barker who had the 150 acres to the east and made a deal to purchase it for \$1,500 per acre. So I closed both deals the same day, giving White 40 acres of the Vaughn Barker property. I hadn't sold any land for several years and really didn't make any money from White on the old property, but made \$20,000 on the 40 acres as I sold it to him for \$2,000 per acre. Dora felt I had sold to White at less than I should, but I pointed out that I couldn't purchase Vaughn's ground without a sale, and I had sold White 104 acres and had 110 left which I could hold for a better market. We sold 25% to J. G. Investments for \$5,000 per acre, gave the Church a three-acre building site, and sold the remainder to Spencer Blake for \$7,500 per acre. He also took an option on the 97 acres by the Girl's Home to the west for \$892,975. The contract, to close January 2, 1979, is for \$8,260 per acre at 9% interest.

After some wheeling and dealing and settling out of court with Bruce Holmes, Glen Saxton, and American Development Company that had optioned Corner Canyon for \$35,000 per acre which fell through, we traded for 96 acres up by the Kennecott Railroad tracks and the remainder of the land--138 acres. In 1984 each partner in GEE gave 30 acres of land to the missionary fund (\$279,000 and 31 acres to the Presiding Bishopric to be credited for tithing over the next five years). We sold 30 acres for \$325,000 and have 30 acres left which is to be given to the missionaries in 1985 or 1986. A \$40,000 distribution was given to each partner in 1984.

The Lord has abundantly blessed me although my life has been one of hard work and planning. My losses to people I have trusted would run into a great sum. But I have been able to put together assets of over \$9,000,000, over \$3,000,000 of which has gone to our Lamanite Missionary Foundation. Values of property, contracts, and loans which belong to GEE Investments Ltd. are over \$5,500,000. Dora and I have assets of over \$600,000 as of January 1978. Because James L. Knight and Ed Clyde didn't manage our Kearns properties right while we were in England, and Leo Van

Ziverden failed on the Al Despain contract at 8400 Wasatch Blvd. property, we lost about \$1,000,000. I was purchasing 100 acres at \$2,400 per acre, and it sold last year for \$12,000 per acre.

We received a great reward from Richard Southwick's being so greedy. We sold him 10 acres and informed him about the 31 acres Gene Jr. had given to the Church. We gave him an option on our entire holdings in Kearns for \$2,500,000. He failed the first and came back for two more options. I loaned him \$16,000 to buy Ivan Ridd's property because it was in the center of the land he was to buy from us. He didn't close the contract but used my \$16,000 plus a \$10,000 note for a lawsuit. On April 3, 1978, he is to give us \$12,000 plus interest to settle. We have spent \$3,000 for legal fees to date. We have given six plus acres to the Church for a ball park and three chapel sites. The balance of the land has been sold for \$4,000,000. If Southwick had covered his checks with the profits he made from the sale of the 43 acres and the 40 acres, he would have profited by about \$2,000,000. He used the profits from the sale of the land to purchase mining property which to date hasn't seemed to do him any good.

I have made some foolish investments on penny stocks, etc. It is true that I have lost more than \$1,000,000. But with the loss clause on the tax returns and some wise moves against said losses, the total loss would be much less than half of that amount. I have been very gullible to the good Saints because many of their "come-ons" were to make a profit for the missionary fund. My mistakes have been that I moved too fast to take seeming good risks. When I have taken time to think them through and pray about investments, I have had little trouble.

Kay Stoker and Paul Gambles were dead loses. I bought the Barry Osborn home for \$175,000. He is supposed to repurchase it in the spring of 1985 for \$400,000. He has made rent payments of \$58,000. If he doesn't buy it, it will go to the missionary fund.

The Lord has answered our prayers in regards to the Blake land contract. We finally settled out of court. He has to pay all costs—court, attorneys and taxes, back interest of 12% instead of 9%. I got a check for \$184,400. There were 45 more missionaries

As the Lord gave it to us, we tried to return a portion to Him. Jim Knight owed us \$6,000. It went to the missionary fund. Howard Jensen's \$18,000 went to the fund. The amounts today (1984) would be over \$300,000--the average of 100 missionaries per year for 14 years. We hope to continue like amounts in land and gifts for several more years.

We have sold or optioned all of the Kearns property and are keeping the Draper property (In 1982, 120 acres at Corner Canyon were given to the Church. This area, at the mouth of Corner Canyon, is where the stake center sits that is next to where, in March 2009, the 129th LDS temple was dedicated). My friend, Howard Nelson, called to see if I could help him sell the Church some of his products (panels for buildings and for class rooms, etc.). I made the sad mistake of going to see his plant. He offered to sell me half interest for \$74,000. I had that amount coming from the sale of the business building at 201 East 350 South which was foreclosed on by the bank. I asked

about the business, and he said that that much money would put them out of debt. They had at least 75 cabins to build and could build some homes. He took me around the Salt Lake area and showed me what was being done. He said, "I'm interested in your missionary program, and I will donate 25% of my profits from Modular and my import business to it. I guess this is where I fell for his line.

His partner, Gene Stevens, came into the program. He said, "I own half interest in this company, and I won't agree to sell more than one-third to anyone." With the assurance that \$50,000 would be put the company on a sound financial basis, I agreed to one-third for \$50,000. I believed Howard because I had been with him in the bowling alley at Kearns for 10 years. I was to be a stockholder only and not be bothered about details of the business. Within a few months, I found that the \$50,000 was about one-fourth of what they needed. When Richard Southwick, who was supposed to purchase our property at Kearns, heard about the plant, he offered to buy my interest in Modular for \$70,000. He was to bail out the company and make things go. He backed out after all the agreements were made.

Gene and Howard had some property on Rose Crest Circle in Salt Lake City and some on Bear Lake in Idaho. They talked me into paying them cash for one-third interest in these properties. I found out later that these properties were owned by Modular. They two-timed me. They built two inferior homes on Rose Crest. I bought one to bail out the company for \$60,000. Howard sold the other one to a friend of his. The home I purchased started to slide down the hill, and for three years, I haven't been able to get Gene to get it back in shape to sell. The best offer I had on it was \$30,000.

I signed a note at the bank for \$40,000 to help fiancé some class rooms for Granite School District. It was to be paid back on completion of the buildings. Gene used the money for other buildings. The note is now up to \$50,000. Last week, \$15,000 was paid from the Carriage Match settlement. Gene is about to get \$12,000 from the Crest Motel for the note. He has promised \$20,000 more from four eightplex units he is to build at South Jordan. Howard's home is worth \$20,000 more than my mortgage, so we will see \$75,000 on the note. That will help on my taxes on the Kearns and Rose Park stores. I financed two buildings on this property and sold them to Keith Bigler, making a profit of \$20,000.

Gene showed me some property that he wanted to purchase seven miles southwest of Afton, Wyoming. The 328 acres would make excellent recreational property. He said that his father would retire in the spring, and he would stay on the property. Gene would bring in the electricity, put in the culinary water system, build the mountain homes, etc. We agreed that I would buy the property, and when he had developed and sold enough home sites to pay me back without interest that we would own the balance 50/50. He never kept one agreement, and we gave the property to the Church for our Lamanite missionary program.

Gene sat in my office at my home and told Dora that all he had wanted from me was fatherly advice, and that if it took him all of his life, he would see that I got my money back. He and Howard came to the Visitor's Center on Temple Square, where I was on duty, with an agreement for Howard to leave the company. He and Gene were

not agreeing on anything, and I knew nothing about the business—no report, no accounting, no profit or loss statements. Gene said, “If you’ll sign this agreement with me, I’ll be able to manage the company and make it pay.” I was on duty and didn’t have time to read it or give it any consideration. They insisted that I sign it, so I did.

But Howard was signed on some notes to the United Bank and Valley Bank as well as to me. The United Bank had a second mortgage on his home, and I hold a third mortgage. I also had a third mortgage on Gene Steven’s home and two notes on their limited partnership. By the time I sell the Bear Lake property and take the note losses, I will be almost square with them. Gene had built almost 100 homes and claimed he had lost money. Howard had tried to sell the business but hadn’t been able to. I got Spencer Blake to pay off United and Valley Banks on Howard’s notes and took over the SBA loan. If the note at Walker Bank gets paid, I have taken a loss on the stock (Modular 50,000) and to GEE Investments Ltd .I’m sure I could sue Gene Stevens for fraud and mismanagement.

Being a host at the Visitor’s Center, a sealer in the temple (for 23 years), yard work, business, and recreation kept me occupied. Our stake president, Douglas Smith, asked me to be Stake Sunday School Superintendent. I told him that I had served in that capacity in the Portneuf Stake, and that there were young men in the stake who needed the experience, and I wanted to continue in the jobs that I had. Later the bishop wanted me to be YMMIA President, and I decline again. I have been very happy in the temple and helping Brother Bradshaw with the Book of Mormon Program.

My brother, Rex, and Dora’s niece, Lois Willis, called for help on homes and farms. It is a very poor venture to help relatives. You can give them a few hundred, but many thousands make a very bad situation because you expect contracts to be honored. They seem never to be with relatives.

I married Anna Christine (Chris) Barker and Kevin George Heaps in the Salt Lake Temple on June 26, 1980.

In Sun City, I played golf every day. I became very good and had several holes-in-one. In 1981, I got a trophy for making a hole-in-one in Salt Lake City at the Willow Creek Golf Course.

June 1981—I spent time in the yard (planting garden and spraying fruit trees; mowing and watering lawn; later, picking raspberries and strawberries and canning peaches); playing golf almost daily; picking night crawlers out of the garden and fishing at Scofield and Strawberry Reservoirs with friends and grandchildren. Monthly bills to Lynn Carlson, accountant, were \$500 for financial services and advice. I spent time trying to get financial affairs at Twin Falls Saving and Loan in order for Isabel. Twin Falls Savings and Loan illegally kept \$4,000 interest that belonged to Isabel. We would have had to sue to get it back.

I took some nice fish to President and Sister N. Eldon Tanner. I talked to him about a letter from President Kimball requesting that I write down how sealers should teach covenants in the temple. I don’t believe he wrote it because that is confidential information. President Tanner agreed and said he would talk to the President. President Kimball is feeble, and Arthur Haycock is trying to protect him.

Rent from the Rose Park store was \$40,000 (\$4,000 per month).

I got Snellen Johnson's sculpture molds for our Church Missionary Fund. In three to nine years they should bring \$600,000 to \$1,000,000. In September I gave five of the molds to BYU for their art collection. They should be worth \$16,000 in five years.

In June, we attended a Fiftieth Reunion in Logan for Dora's graduating class from the Agricultural College (Now USU).

We were putting together \$100,000 for grandchildren's home loans.

In July, Gene Jr. visited Chard, Somerset, England, and found the gravesite of William England. We can now move forward in finding our ancestors.

August 29, 1981, we visited with Minnesota friends: Haws, Matsons, and Sister Caine at Knapps for dinner. Earlier in the spring, we had attended a Minnesota Reunion. There were very few that we knew anymore.

On September 12th, I met President Kimball as he was entering the temple through the tunnel. He held my hand with a strong grip and kissed me like my son does. I commented to him about our missionary work. He embraced me and kissed me again.

I bought Gene Jr. a Renault. It was delivered from Houston, Texas.

On September 7, 1981, I went fishing with David Barker and David Merrill at Schofield Reservoir. We came home with 24 fish.

On September 10th, I bought bonds for Gene's girls for \$187,000.

I went fishing on Strawberry Reservoir with Sid Harmon. We were fogged-in until 11:00 am. We caught our limit of fish, but the big ones were not biting. Sid was completely lost in the fog on the lake for three hours. I took over the boat and said, "Sid, This is the way it will be when people die. If they don't know what to expect, they will be in a fog, and someone will have to give them directions." I said, "I'm not lost, but you are." When the sun came out, I pointed to our landmark and said, "You see, we are where we're supposed to be. Now next time you bear your testimony, you can point out the lesson of today."

On October 1st, Dora and I attended the President's Club at BYU. President Jeffrey Holland spoke about rating quality students at BYU, the "Y's" standing as an institution, and its final aim: to make good Latter-day Saints, who are honorable, honest, able to provide for their families, and help the Church and their communities.

On October 17th, I went deer hunting with Duane and kids on the ranch in hills at Downey.

October 23rd was Dora's birthday. She went to lunch with Jean Crandall and Evelyn Robinson. Ann came with an orchid and a German chocolate cake. I gave Dora five pounds of Fernwood chocolate turtles.

October 26th was Ruby's 80th birthday. We gave her an orchid. She got a new oven. Dinner was at Georgia's. It was good to be with family again. All are doing well. Rex and his improvement is giving us joy.

Isabel is here for two weeks until we go to Sun City.

On October 30, 1981, I had a nice meeting with President Gordon B. Hinkley. He said that I was right about too much materialism among Church members and little understanding and dedication to latter-day works of the Lord. We had a pleasant visit.

He said that President Spencer W. Kimball is much improved, and he is alert and keen of mind.

November 1, 1981, we went to Provo to the “Y” for the Eleventh Stake Conference. Gene Jr. was set apart as a high councilman. Elder Bruce R. McConkie was the visiting authority in the morning session. Elder Robert L. Backman was there in the afternoon.

On November 6, 1981, Gene Jr. visited with Elder James E. Faust about helping with Food for Poland—milk powder for the infants, etc. I don’t have the means to help much at this time. (In the fall of 1984, Gene Jr. said that Food for Poland has succeeded: the government is to give 1,000,000 pounds of powdered milk at the cost of 5 cents per pound; there is representation from Poland to be at BYU; and the government of Poland will allow missionaries into the country. Four have already been called.) The Lord takes care of those who trust Him and ask for good things to happen.

Dora didn’t feel well and began having severe angina and chest pains in July. She couldn’t go out or do much anymore. On September 14th, she went into the Salt Lake Clinic for tests for five hours. On November 3rd, she went to the hospital overnight for tests.

On November 10th, we took Issy to Mrs. Teeples and Dora to the hospital. Gene Jr. and I gave her a priesthood blessing. The Lord gave us the assurance of welfare and care under Dr. Russell Nelson’s operating skills. The operation was on November 11th at 7:30 am. Ann came to be with me. We didn’t see the doctor until 12:30 pm. When Dora had been in the recovery room for about an hour, Dr. Nelson came in and drew a picture of what he had done--a quadruple heart bypass. There had been very little blood getting to the heart. She could have had heart failure at any moment. Yet, she felt good except for angina pains before the operation. We saw her a few minutes later, and all seemed to be well. I took Ann to lunch, and she went home. She will return tomorrow. I went back later, and Dora was not fully awake but breathing on her own. Sholly and Kathy came to visit later. The Lord blessed us greatly, and we had an excellent, faithful doctor. All will be well.

On November 21st, I took a radio to the hospital, so Dora and I could listen to the BYU Utah football game. On November 22nd, Dora was able to come home. November 26th was Thanksgiving Day. Our family were all here. At Gene Jr.’s suggestion, we had all fasted and had a special prayer of thanks for Dora’s health and the bounties of life. Ann prepared a delicious dinner for us. We are so very proud of our family and their good lives, beautiful countenances, and great faith. May our Heavenly Father always bless and keep them.

Shirley Jones Thomas had us and her folks to dinner before Dora’s surgery. She brought food in for me while Dora was in the hospital.

I have been reading the Journal of Discourses. It’s too bad that we aren’t talked to in our day, as the early Saints were, concerning the Kingdom of God and our loyalty to it. The Saints today need some real down-to-earth talking to as Brigham Young gave to the pioneers. We don’t begin to practice dedication or consecration.

December 8th, Ann called. Christine is in the hospital. She had a 7 pound 1 ounce baby boy (David Kevin Heaps). All went well. Hah! We are great-grandparents.

I put up the painting (depicting one of the scriptures concerning Jesus's birth: Matt. 2:11) and Christmas lights out front. The whole circle is lit up, and it is beautiful. It's been a warm winter, and I have played golf often.

December 13th, the Polish government locked out the Solidarity Union and arrested the leaders. The world is in turmoil.

I made English toffee candy, and took it to friends. It turned out really good.

December 23rd, President Regan warned Russian leaders to stop their aggression against people. The American and Japanese ambassadors have sought asylum in the US. December 25th, all of our children were here including our new great-grandson. It was the best Christmas ever. All are dedicated and loyal to the Church and family. We had great food and fellowship in love. All were congenial. Dora and I are the most blessed of anyone of our acquaintance. We are so blessed, and we all know from whom our blessings come. May the Great God of All continue to so bless us and our posterity! December 27th, Dora ran a fever of 107 degrees. I administered to her and gave her a blessing. The fever was a gone by morning. I took her to the hospital for a check-up. Dr. Nelson said everything was okay, and that she could now, do anything she felt like doing. She has had very little pain, and she has healed well and quickly.

January 3, 1982. It snowed, and I had planned to go to Logan on the bus for Chris and Kevin's baby's blessing, but Duane drove down to get us. Kevin gave his son a beautiful blessing. We had a buffet luncheon at Chris and Kevin's home with about 30 people. We came home Monday with Kevin. Then there was a blizzard, and schools and roads were closed.

January 5th. Food for Poland was being shipped out. Gene was on TV loading goods for Poland. He said that he has guarantees that the Catholic Church would get the goods to the right people.

We left for Sun City on January 11th. We stopped in Boulder City, Nevada. We got up early on the 12th and arrived at noon, did shopping for groceries, unpacked, washed the car, vacuumed, etc. I did yard work, painted the outside of house, played golf, etc. We spoke in church. I caught cat fish in the lake on a chicken gizzard, and we ate them for dinner. We picked grapefruit (5 cents a pound) and oranges (10 cents a pound). I sun bathed until I am as dark as an Indian. Dora is suffering from arthritis but seems better in Sun City.

Jennifer England left for the Mission Training Center on January 9, 1982.

Dora is looking for homes again. She is in love with the one across the street. It is 2,600 square feet and is selling for \$279,000. We were looking for some nearer Mesa, Arizona, so we could be closer to the temple, but prices are out of sight.

On February 26th, Gene Jr. was voted Outstanding Teacher in the Honors Program at BYU and received an award. He is proving to be the choice spirit our Heavenly father sent in answer to my petition and covenant that I made if such would grace our home and care. Ann also came in the like manner. Dora has been a proper mother and loves the Lord as she should. We are continually grateful for God's blessings to us and ours.

On March 11, 1982, I got a very praising letter from Gene Jr. and a beautiful birthday card and letter from Ann. I will be 78 years old on the 12th. I am so grateful to the Lord for sending these two choice souls to us. They have really never given us much concern and have matured into able servants of the Lord by service to their friends and acquaintances. They both have stayed close to the Lord and taught their children quite properly. We, therefore, have a great posterity of wonderful Latter-day Saints. They bring us much joy and make us proud because of their good lives.

I am so grateful for my heritage—a good religious mother and an honest, hard-working father. I had a great heritage, but poor in material substance. I marvel at the blessings God has bestowed upon us—our glorious family. My hope and aspiration is that the Lord will let me live to finish the work I have planned for our posterity and the missionary program of the Church-- three or four years could do it. But things usually take longer than planned. If my plans work, as I have hoped and prayed they will, Dora and I can provide education, missions, and housing for at least our great-grandchildren. They are supposed to keep our missionary work going throughout their lives. It would be wonderful if it could go on until the Savior comes. If the children learn to manage and live as they should, I'm sure it will.

I have lived to see the Church mature from our one room, log cabin meeting houses with poor leadership to the day of many temples, excellent programs, proper organizations--with quorums, and ordinations and assignments to carry us to the Lord's coming. Yet, we seem to be, as always, many kinds in the gospel net. Local leadership is somewhat weak and inefficient. Dedication and consecration on the part of those, who have made covenants in the temple, are trials for the membership. Much is lacking in knowledge of doctrine and real understanding. There is much lacking and too much "self". The lusts of the material pleasures and things of the world blind us to the true purposes of life as God's covenant people. I am grateful for the great missionary program and for our little part in it; the Book of Mormon Program; children on missions, etc.; also, for the dedication of the General Authorities and their families.

I plan to give \$100,000 to the grandchildren for home purchases with a note to be written off as a yearly gift. The grandchildren are to put \$6,000 per year into the family missionary fund from their GEE distributions. (This eventually became a \$125,000 distribution to each grandchild)

Our missionary program takes a lot of planning and a great amount of money. Yet, it has always been that the more we do, the more the Lord provides greater opportunity. Stewardship for the Lord's talents is not understood by very many Latter-day Saints. In order to understand a principle of the gospel, it must be lived--applied in our lives. My great concern is to be able to teach our posterity. It is my hope that it can be done in our meetings with the family. This we will try to do through GEE Investments.

I got a special dispensation to marry Cynthia Diane Barker and David Owen Merrill on July 30, 1982 in the Logan Temple.

I had prostate surgery in September of 1982. We celebrated our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary in October. We had dinner at the Lion House with the family. Elder David B. Haight came to represent the Brethren and congratulated us.

On June 4, 1983, I performed the marriage for Katherine England and Paul E. Nelson in the Salt Lake Temple. A reception was held at the England home at 1775 Andrus Lane in Provo. Jordan Eugene was born to them December 13, 1984.

Christine gave us a second great-grandson on February 27, 1984. He is Ryan Albert Heaps. She called us from the hospital. She is quite the lady, and what joy each of our family brings to us.

I married Josephine England to Michael H. Hansen August 22, 1984.

December 12, 1984—I just read Jack Anderson's article about the financial condition of the country .He gives logical reasons why we are in trouble (dishonesty and greed in high place; the failure of the Supreme Court to stop all the terrible law suits high and low; people suing people everywhere on any trumped-up reasons). We see attorneys on television advertising for people to sue companies, etc. There are all the government bureaus, where those who administer them take the gravy and little gets to the people in need. Our tax money is wasted. There is Pentagon graft, and government contracts are frauded. Jack is asking everyone to write or call their representatives in Washington. He says the President is empowered without the help of Congress or the Supreme Court.

I remember when I was a student at the AC doing janitor work for 25 cents an hour. One day, I thumbed a ride with the head of the Utah State Liquor Commission while on my way to Downey to help J. L. on the farm. I had listened to Franklin D. Roosevelt in his campaign. He promised to cut-out government bureaus and balance the budget. We owed less than \$20 billion. He promised it would get paid. I asked this commissioner how the President was going to keep that promise because he was making all kinds of bureaus—AAA, WPA, NYA, etc.? He said, "We have it all planned. I was at the Hotel Utah with FDR and the Democratic Committee before it was certain that FDR would be President. We met and planned to deflate the dollar and pay it off at 10% of its value. We are about there on inflation. The dollar is worth about 20 cents today." But look at the national debt. If the dollar was worth 1 cent, we couldn't pay it off. I am concerned about my grandchildren's homes having any value in the future.

In March of 1985, Gene Jr. called me from London for help for a young man, who had been in Italy with his wife and two children studying sculpturing. He was now in London and was doing some sculpturing for the mission president and for the Visitor's Center. He had no money, and his visa was running out. Mark was helping him with the language (Portuguese). They were from a place, where Mark filled his mission. I guess the sculptor had made a friend with a Mr. Hughes Griffis in Italy. Hughes, a philanthropist from America, had a tax free foundation. He said he'd get the young man, Mauro Tossobon, a scholarship if he could in the U.S. and help him on the way back to Brazil. Well, this won't work because a tax-free foundation cannot make gifts to individuals. No college would get involved. After several transatlantic calls, and some here, I worked out their problem.

(1985) I'm writing this while sitting on the patio of our Sun City home, north by the lake, and have my fishing pole and bate in the lake. I just caught a big catfish and have dressed it out for dinner.

I have been thinking about the near fatal accidents in my life: the rattlesnake I stepped on in the lavas when I was 11 years old; my pony, Jet, kicked with both hind feet, grazing my cheek and nicking my collar bone; swimming in the American Falls Canal and hardly making it to shore before going over the falls; the wishbone steering gear of our Model T Ford painting truck coming off as I came out of the Robin Gap west of Arimo, Idaho, and almost going off a steep grade; painting a roof on a barn in Chesterfield, Idaho, when the 18 foot scaffold almost went over backwards; hitching a log chain to a Cutler packer on the ranch that was frozen down to the ground with my D4 tractor giving it a power pull, jerking the packer loose, and the tongue coming all the way over and just grazing my arm and bending the tractor seat I was sitting on; an air-pocket dropping, side slipping and dropping while on an air plane over Black Canyon in Arizona; on an airplane in a terrible storm coming from Cheyenne, Wyoming, that nearly tore the plane apart; the horse coming out of a blind lane in 1958 near Joseph, Utah, that totaled our new Cadillac; on the boat turning over in Yellowstone Lake; and on August 2, 1976, 22 miles up Logan Canyon with Andrew Hansen driving his light jeep over the medium and hitting a Vega head on, and I was in intensive care for 13 days; and on our way home to Salt Lake City in April of 1985, near Flagstaff, Arizona, I was distracted by something that fell off the dash and onto the floor. While coming down a steep hill, I hit the guard rail. Dora was badly bruised and the Lincoln Mark IV was totaled.

Dora doesn't say much about her feelings, but she talks a lot about the Holy Ghost and the importance of His influence in our lives and the decisions we make. She insisted on me having a physical examination in June of 1987. I said, "I'll wait until September when I usually have one" I felt well. She got a new doctor, George Van Komen, and made an appointment. He found me in good physical condition, but I had a bulge in my aorta just above my stomach. He made an appointment, and I was put through some vigorous tests. I had an aneurism and was operated on July 22, 1987. The bishop and Gene Jr. administered and gave me a priesthood blessing in the hospital the night before my operation. I was on the operating table for five hours and had six pints of blood. When Dr. Collins released me from the hospital, I asked him how long I would have lived had he not operated. He said, "About six weeks." Now, I am doing sealings at the St. George Temple and feeling first rate.

On June 7, 1986, I performed the marriage for Rebecca England and Jordan Kimball, President Spencer W. Kimball's grandson. President Kimball had passed away, but Sister Camilla Kimball was in attendance.

In 1986 we purchased a home in St. George, Utah, and moved in on January 7, 1987. Dora has been the one who has influenced the good moves and most of the good investments that we made. She gave 20 acres of land south of Kearns High school to the Utah Girl's Home, which would be valued today at \$400,000. They built two beautiful homes for girls on it and plan for more.

On October 1, 1987, I performed the marriage for George Mark England and Karin Anderson in the Salt Lake Temple.

On January 16, 1989, my sister, Ruby Emeline England Henderson, passed away. Beth and Elbert Steele came from Manila, Philippines. Eugene Jr. spoke. Everyone spoke well of her. Eugene Jr. received a letter of condolence from BYU President Jeffrey R. Holland. He had thought the England, who died was Eugene Jr.'s mother.

Jennifer England married Mark J. Asplund March 24, 1990, in the Salt Lake Temple.

My brother, Miles Sumner England, passed away August 11, 1990.

On March 2, 1990, I was called as a veil worker in the Salt Lake Temple and was released on April 24, 1992. On February 12, 1992, I was released as a sealer in the Salt Lake Temple after having served for 23 years.

My sister, Oriole Ellen England Lowe, passed away July 19, 1993.

Comments by Ann Christine England Barker:

In June of 1991 Eugene Sr. was suffering from the advanced stages of Alzheimer's and the responsibility of overseeing the assets in GEE was terribly worrisome to him. He pledged all of the remaining assets in GEE to the Church. GEE was a limited partnership, and he couldn't legally do that. Many of those assets were given before the pledge had to be aborted. The limited partners, however, allowed those gifts to remain with the Church.

His last business agreement was the culmination of a land contract with Ellis Ivory. Ivory had taken the best parts of the land and sold them and taken the topsoil off another section and dug out a huge hole for the gravel. Then he told Eugene that he wouldn't honor the rest of the contract. When Eugene threatened to sue him, Ivory said, "Go ahead. I'll just put all of my assets in my wife's name, and you can't touch them." After meeting with Ivory and his wife, Eugene walked the floor for days in anger and hurt. He finally became quite ill.

Since the land was part of the pledge to the Church, Ann worked with several Church attorneys for four months. Their attitude was that: "Ellis Ivory wouldn't do anything like that." Finally, there was another, higher offer for the land; Ivory decided to pay the last \$250,000 and take the remaining land.

Dad's sister, Georgia England Elcock, passed away December 7, 1997, and his brother, Rex Hatch England, died July 3, 1999.

Ninetieth Birthday Party

A ninetieth birthday party was held for G. Eugene England Sr. on March 12, 1994, at the Bluebird Restaurant in Logan, Utah.

Those present were: Eugene Jr., Charlotte, Mark, and Jennifer England; Josephine and Mike Hansen; Ann, Duane, and Deborah Barker; Chris and Kevin Heaps; Rex England, and Georgia Elcock; Ilene England (Mike's wife) and her son Michael and his wife Linda England. Friends: Sid and Ree Pocock and Burton and Emma Scott from Salt Lake City; Gwen and Austin Haws (Professor of Agriculture from the University of Minnesota, now at Utah State University, who Eugene Sr. worked with on the Church's efforts in agriculture in Bolivia); Zelda Eliason (a friend when he attended Utah State Agricultural College in the 1930's); Kenneth and Luetta Baugh (missionaries from England in the 1960's); Earl and Thora Mecham (currently neighbors and home teachers in Smithfield, Utah)

Josephine England Hansen:

I have something to present to Grandpa. One thing that I can remember hearing from the time I can remember being around Grandpa is that I belong to him. And everyone else who is a descendant from him or marries a descendant from him belongs to him. After a while I started saying, "Well, what about the family of my husband?" "Oh, no, you don't belong to them. You still belong to me."

I made a list of all his "belongings"—all his descendants. This is to help illustrate the ones that you can go ahead and say belong to you, but a reminder that each of us has our own names and our own place. And just in case, the other thing that he'd always tell us is: "Remember who you are." This is just in case we don't remember who we are. This will remind you of that. And it's got you and Grandma and Dad and Mom, Ann and Duane, their kids here, and then your great-grandchildren here. I wanted to present this to you because I know that this seems to be the most important thing to you: your family and your descendants. And to go from these two people here to all of these people here is a quite an accomplishment. (She presented a large calligraphied poster listing children and grandchildren's birth and marriage dates and great-grandchildren's birth dates to him)

Austin and Gwen Haws:

Encounters of the first kind, when he was mission president in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and surrounding areas:

He never met a speed cop he didn't like.

Known as a swearing elder of the J. Golden Kimball type, as learned in his agricultural background for verbal emphasis.

Snappy comeback to social worker who said of the three children President was preparing for adoption in a Utah family: She said, "Oh, no, we'll have to study each of

these children and prospective families to see where each fits best!” President England, “Isn’t it strange that God sent all these children to the same family?”

After Mission: The Lord had blessed him financially because he knew President England believed in the Law of Consecration and would use his financial resources for righteous purposes:

He established a worldwide Book of Mormon Project long before some others thought of it.

He and Dora established a missionary support program large enough to support several missions all by themselves.

He financed a survey of a colonization project in Bolivia—he was born with foresight 20 years ahead of his time—presented the project to Ezra Taft Benson.

He sacrificed himself regularly to provide food for his family by fishing near Bear Lake and Strawberry Reservoirs and hunting deer—he could out-walk men 30 years younger than he.

Before and after his calling as a mission president, he served the LDS Church in many important positions, including being Temple President in England.

His wife, children, and other descendants are number one in his life—he has provided for their temporal and spiritual well-being. As long-time constant friends, the Englands have contributed richly to our lives. We love and respect them now and in the eternities.

Conversation around the table as we ate:

Gene Jr.: Rex, will you tell us a little bit about what it was like growing up with my dad?

Rex: The whole truth and nothing but the truth:

After he got out of high school, and he went into business with Dad, painting. Dad would go around and sell the paint to the farmers, and then he would say, “If you want somebody to put this on for you, I have a crew,” and Gene would come follow him with a crew and do the painting. I always remember him talking with Mother and talking about his strong desire to have a college education. And he’d tell her, “I have so much money and am getting so much more and so much more.” I don’t know what it got up to—two or three thousand dollars or so. So my dad went down to the stake president (Hyde), and he said, “My son has money saved to go on a mission, and he’s ready to go.” They didn’t send too many people at that time. Maybe we had two out of the whole stake. So he got this mission call, which kind of derailed his college. Of course, you know that he worked at the railroad and didn’t go to high school his last two years. So he was older when he graduated from high school--in his twenties. By

the time he got home from his mission is the time when kids would be graduated from college.

Then he went to college, late. When he got back, he still went to school and got that done. One story I remember: I said to him one day, "You had a good wage when you were on the railroad, right?" He said, "I can work for them until I was old and retired and everything." But," he said, "I said one day, 'This isn't the work for me. I want an education, and I want to do something other than just get by and work like this and be around rough-type people all the time.'" It was his burning desire to do that, and he did it. There are very few people that would come back to school. So I respected him for that.

One thing I got a little bit upset with him over right after he came back from his mission: as kids we used to take our ponies and go out and meet the sheepherders as they came in to put their sheep on the railroad to go and be sheared. There would be a lamb or two born during this time. I was out one time we were helping herd these sheep, and the sheepherder gave me this little lamb. Miles and I fed it with a bottle and nipple and everything, and it got tame. We called it Nanny. It was a pet. We'd call it and it would come just like a dog. Gene came home from his mission. It was during the depression. I came home from school, and there was the hide of Nanny hanging up in the clothes line, and we had mutton for a while. I didn't know whether to cry or not. But I was hungry, so I didn't cry too much. He said, "We can't have an animal like that around here and starve to death."

The minute it started to get warm a little bit, then he really liked to fish. Before fishing season was open--that was the best time. He would get a willow and put a little line on it and a hook and some worms and go down to the little creek in Max Comb's farm that ran into the Marsh Creek. He'd come home with a nice sized brook trout and water cress. Mother would make hot bread. I can still taste those fish and the water-cress and the hot bread.

Gene Jr.: What a great meal! You were eating better than the people in New York City.

Rex: Absolutely! I had a fellow tell me one time, that was selling insurance out of Burley, Idaho, "You people out here in the west don't know what a Depression is."

Gene Jr.: You didn't have any money?

Rex: We didn't have any money. No.

Gene Jr.: Georgia, what do you remember about Dad? How old were you when he came home to go to school?

Georgia: I graduated from high school while he was on his mission, and he sent me the prettiest cards from the Southern States. Oh, I was so thrilled with that. When I was born, he came and said, "What did you have?" And they said, "A little girl." And he said, "Aw shucks, I wanted a little brother."

Gene Jr.: He had to wait for Rex.

Georgia: Yes, he was the only boy. He had to wait a long time. But he loved me after that. He really did, and he always has. He's been a good brother. He remembers lots of things about me—like chasing mice when I was scrubbing the floor.

Gene Jr.: The story he told me once was about being chased out of the kitchen by Ruby with a fork that she threw at him and it stuck right in the door jamb and whanged.

Georgia: He had a bad time with us during those years when he was going to high school.

Gene Jr.: I bet it was hard. He used to tell me about being in the back seat of the car that Ruby was courting in, too. I guess that didn't do him any good with her. In fact, once he said, "hide back there" and then went the whole drive and parked.

Rex: Wasn't the buddy, Sam?

Georgia: No, it was Bob Henderson, I think.

Rex: Gene couldn't think up something like that, but Sam did.

Georgia: You know Mother's brothers were there quite a little bit with Sam and helped work. They had a tent out in back that they sleep in because we didn't have a very big house. Do you remember that?

Rex: I didn't remember Grandma (Hatch) that well, like you and Gene and Oriel and Ruby, because when we moved from the farm, I was two or three years old. She used to come down and visit us-- Grandma did. But I didn't remember like they have.

Gene Jr.: What was your impression of your grandmother? What kind of woman was she?

Georgia: She was, so far as I can remember, a stately woman and very tall. She had beautiful brown eyes. She had a beautiful voice and sang beautifully. In fact the years she was sick and couldn't go to choir, no one sat in her seat; they kept it empty for Grandma.

Gene Jr.: Rex, what was your worst memory of my dad while you were growing up? I'd say it was the lamb thing.

Rex: I remember when they had smallpox or chicken pox, really bad. The doctor came up and down to vaccinate. We had that pasture down the back of the house, you know. I saw the doctor coming there, and I guessed what for. I hid out there. Your dad took after me, and I started to run. He caught me, finally. But he said, "I never saw anyone run as fast in my life." Scarlet fever or any of those things-- they use to quarantine the whole house.

Gene Jr.: Was he mischievous or just practical jokes? Was he cruel?

Rex: No, as long as you liked the joke, it wasn't cruel.

Gene Jr.: What was the story about the paint truck that got wrecked coming down out of the gap area there, near Robin.

Rex: They'd load that Model T with ladders and paint. They were coming down, and they'd take it out of gear and let it coast. They were coasting, and the steering wheel came off. I don't remember what happened other than that. I guess it didn't kill them because they're still here.

Gene Jr.: Dad remembers a lot of paint being spilled and ladders being broken and the truck going over.

Rex: That's the same Model T that your dad and Al Baldwin went down the hill in.

Gene Jr.: Backwards?

Rex: No. Forwards. They went right down that hill and through the fence, and the sagebrush stopped them--the hill behind the house in Arimo. Then they ran and hid in the garage. We couldn't find them.

Georgia: Grandma thought they'd been killed.

Rex: Yeah, and gone to heaven. They were not there.

Georgia: There weren't any bodies.

After a time to eat some gave little speeches:

Gene Jr.: We were enjoying reminiscing about my father at the table with Rex, his brother, and others of us were talking about Dad and trying to remember the good things. We could remember lots of interesting and strange and mischievous things he had done when he was young and some, where he's played some tricks on us.

I thought I'd share a couple of good memories of my father, of which I have many. I think most of you know him as a very successful farmer and business-man. I don't need to talk about those things. I remember how impressed I was with him as a young man, as a boy; and it became apparent to me that he was using what he learned in college in very practical ways to improve his farming and to do it better than those around him. His neighbors laughed at him, often because of his techniques because they weren't part of the old traditional way of farming as they used them. Within in few years, they weren't laughing because his crops were getting a lot better than theirs. That impressed me a lot. Then, when during my teenage years, he began to get involved in business; I assumed, because I was going to college and had to go to college to learn how to do things in my field, that he wouldn't do very well in his business affairs because he'd never studied business. He had a little success, but I thought it was just accidental.

I remember, one day I went with him to Smithfield to meet with some businessmen, who were trying to arrange for a Frostop franchise; and he let me go with him. I again kind of thinking, "Well, these guys will probably take advantage of him." I remember sitting in that meeting for about an hour and

watching him operate and suddenly realizing that he knew a lot more about business than they did or than I did. It came to him naturally. I was really quite impressed with his natural skills in dealing with other people and working out business arrangements in a way that could be mutually beneficial to all parties. I never saw him take advantage of anyone. I was always impressed with his honesty, and his basic rule, which he often said to me: "Any contract or relationship or business arrangement should be one, where both benefit. If that's not the case, you shouldn't be a part of it."

I really want to talk about something else, which is more important to me, and that is the spiritual influence he has had on my life. Generally, my father has not been showy about his spirituality. He's not what you call a great spiritual athlete: one who talks often about spiritual experiences. But my earliest and most profound spiritual experience was with him. Through my life, it's been a constant the way he has taken for granted the truth of the gospel, not made a big thing of it often, but simply lived it with complete confidence that has impressed me. I remember, for instance, again when I was a college student and struggling to think through how to live and what was important in life, one day, coming into his office at our home in Salt Lake and seeing him kneeling by his desk, fervently praying to the Lord. I just realized that that was the way he lived and that that was a good way to live.

When I was eight years old, I had an experience with him as we went into the wheat fields, as we did often in the spring to see how the crop was coming. This particular morning, he asked me to kneel and pray with him as he prayed over the crops and consecrated them. I had the first experience of my life feeling the presence of the Savior.

Gene Jr. read "My Kinsman." (see funeral talk by G. Eugene Jr.)

Gene Jr.: Now, Charlotte will tell you what it's really like be around my father.
Charlotte: When Dad told me that I no longer belonged to my family and nobody else's and that I was his, I knew something wasn't quite right about it. It took me a long time to realize that, and I finally told him, "No, I don't think I belong to you." I think, over the years, he finally maybe decided: "That's okay if she doesn't belong." I think I gave him too much trouble when I finally came to my senses. It's always been a challenge. We have probably locked horns many times over issues that, in the long run, don't matter an awfully lot. I'm glad that I had the ability to do that and that he was someone who still had enough spunk and conviction in himself to fight it. It's been a most interesting up and down relationship with me and Dad, but it's been a good one. I'm just glad that such a good thing came from that and I got to know him. So it was worth all that.

Michael England: Let me represent us for a moment. For those of you, who may not know me, my name is Michael England. My father's name was Miles and is Eugene's youngest brother. This is my mother Ilene and my wife Linda.

We're from Pocatello and we drove down to be with Gene today for a little while and we're glad that we did. We appreciate the association with each one of you. I never think of my Uncle Gene but what I think of independence and success. Those words seem to be synonymous with his name. We've always been proud to mention that he is an uncle and a relative of ours. We're glad for that. My father, who passed away about three and a half years ago, always talked of his brother, Gene, in glowing terms. He was young enough to have been a son to his brother, and in many ways, he looked to him as almost a father. But he always had wished, and he expressed this to me many times, that he had been close to Uncle Gene. He felt liked he could have known him a little better, and that they could have been a little closer. I think there was some regret that there had not been a little bit more closeness there. I really don't have too much more to say other than that we're just proud to be associated with you folks and glad to be here with you today.

Gene Jr.: By the way, you have just listened to Bishop England.

Dora Rose Hartvigsen England: I would like to pay tribute to my husband and to my daughter and her husband who take such good care of us. I want you to know what he did with all this success and what he did with all this money he made; and he made a lot. The Church has one small fortune for missionary work, and we have given our children and grandchildren another small fortune for homes. And the girls write to me and say, "If it hadn't been for what you've given us, I'd probably have to go out and work and couldn't stay home with my children." So that makes us feel good that we've helped them out. Some of them have bought homes with their money and some have just put it on interest. We've told them that the interest is all they can use--that they must keep the capital. He's a very good husband and father and has been all these years--62 years. I'm not tired of him, yet. He comes in every night, kisses me good night, and tells me he loves me. Now see if any of you can keep that up.

Eugene Sr., who had Alzheimers, got up and began giving his history. Here are some excerpts that were not included in the previous history:

My dad's mother died when he was nine months old, and he never knew her. His dad remarried. My dad's father went on a mission to England when Dad was a boy. I guess he must have been about 12 or 13 years old. While he was gone, Dad took care of the little truck garden, store, and coal yard in Plain City, Utah. He was about 15 years old when his father got home. When his dad got off the train, he said "I'll remember how you've done things and help you out someday." But his dad didn't do it. He didn't keep his promise. Dad was supposed to go on a mission, and Grandmother Hatch told my father that they would take care of Mother and my sister and me, and he could go on a mission if his father would supply the funds for him. But his father wouldn't do it. So Dad never got a mission. If he'd have got that mission, he'd have been a different man entirely I'm sure, than he was.

Dora and I have had a good life. I've had a wonderful companion--very religious, very wonderful to serve within the Church. She's accomplished great and

good things in her life. She's been the power that's helped us accomplish what we've done. We've done a few things in a little while. I retired when I was 47 years old. The Lord has been using me ever since--some place or another. We've got a good education out of it.

Ann was still a young lady when I was mission president out in Minnesota. Summer vacation came up, and I paired her up with a lady missionary who didn't have a companion. Ann was seventeen years old. Dr. Albin Matson, who was the head to the National War Memorial Blood Bank and Research Center, was my counselor in the mission field. He was a tremendous, wonderful, wonderful, man. He was a big man--250 pounds. When Ann bore her testimony before going to BYU to school, this great big man sat there on the stand and cried like a baby. That's her.

Thank you for coming. It's been a tremendous day. Some of our good friends are here, and we love you all. We have a wonderful family, and I'm grateful for them. Thank you all. We appreciate you.

MY THOUGHTS

George Eugene England Sr.

Maturity makes a real Latter-day Saint. It also makes the Church what the scriptures say it should be as an organization. We are born helpless creatures, to be nursed and cared for, trained in all the ways of good parent's upbringing: loved and nurtured, taught and disciplined--reading, praying, teaching by living in truth and right and wrong, etc. Schooling in the Church teaches beliefs in a loving Heavenly Father--one to pray to, to depend on for answers and inspiration, and to trust. It teaches one: to take maturing responsibility: to learn to work, to study, and to learn; to love Primary, the Sunday School, Sacrament Meetings, the Articles of Faith, Primary graduation; to understand baptism at eight years with meaning and the reason for it; the Savior's death and resurrection; the meaning and purpose of the Sacrament; and grow in the responsibility and dependability of assignments with loving praise and rewards from parents and teachers; the meaning of the earth's creation-- to learn that God has power to create (organize), and that all man can do is discover the laws and elements that exist and use them to his advantage and benefit; to know that we are of the elements of the earth (physically) and will go back to it when we die. We are completely subject to God's eternal laws--physical and spiritual. I know that every grain of sand has its purpose, and that man never creates but discovers. From all he has discovered, we live in an enlightened and a dangerous world.

Latter-day Saint parents should understand their role in God's plan for his children. Solomon gave proper council when he said that knowledge was the principal thing. Out of knowledge should come wisdom, but in all our getting--study and pray and practice--we should come to understanding. Children should be taught that light and knowledge come from God's great source. The Gift of the Holy Ghost is the source of light and truth. We should seek his influence in every decision we make in life's experience--the control of appetite, passion, thought, speech, etc., and particularly the study of the scriptures. A child matures by physical and mental and spiritual growth. The First Principles must be understood in all their phases.

We are most concerned with the spirituality of our children. Bring up a child in the way he should go; and when he matures, he will not depart therefrom. The Lord, said, "Cleave unto me, and I will cleave unto you (by the power of the Holy Ghost)." Life eternal, which we seek and for which purpose we exist, comes from knowledge of God and Christ. If we resist the evil one, he leaves us alone. Yes, Paul teaches parents that they are to provide for their own—dual command—physical needs and spiritual needs.

The Lord promises us that if we obey his commandments, the abundance of the earth will be ours. The scriptures teach us of God and Christ. If we learn to know them, we have the promise of eternal lives. To know them is to respond to the promptings of the Holy Ghost. We mature as we advance in years, accepting the responsibilities as they come through worthiness. The responsibility of wife and husband, each understanding their particular role in the marriage relationship to each other and to their children, learn what it means to have joy in their posterity. In the study of the scriptures, we learn that man and woman are one in the sight of God. He created man in His own image—male and female--and called their name Adam. Throughout the scriptures, God does not separate them. They are equal in His sight. Man is the head of the wife as Christ is the head of the Church. The wife must understand that there is only one head to any organization. And the man must understand that God has instructed him that he is to preside in righteousness. Otherwise, the wife is not bound to acknowledge his presidency. I know of situations, where the husband has not had the character or ability to lead; and the wife has assumed the leadership and saved the home, finances, children, and the husband. All things must be kept within the bounds the Lord has set—work, play, discipline of children, mutual love and respect for each member of the family, personal cleanliness, appetites, passion, etc. We are to love and sustain our spiritual leaders and support and sustain the Church as directed by our Prophet and the General Authorities. We must realize that these leaders are selected from the membership of the Church. They are people just like us with the same human make up. When the Lord and we love and sustain them, the mantle of their office falls on them. If they are true to their callings, they become great leaders in their own right, and the counsel they give us is good and true. It is true that some seek office and are proud in their calling, and they may say and do things that we feel are not approved by the Spirit of the Holy Ghost. We must always be charitable and pray for them.

The temple ceremony is a great teacher. We learn that without special blessings (ordinances) there is no promise of eternal lives. The covenants we make in the temple teach us, if obeyed, how to know and become like God. The final covenant we make in the temple ceremony (consecration), if obeyed, will open vast areas of understanding of all the gospel principles and bless us and our posterity with all that is necessary to make our lives rich with the substance of the earth both spiritual and material--knowledge upon knowledge, truth upon truth. Light, God's light, which is His glory (intelligence), the light of Christ that lighteth everyone who comes into the world, this is intellect and can become very brilliant through study. But God's glory circumscribes all this and adds to the intelligence that is altogether spiritual and

which leads one to come to know God by obedience to His spiritual laws and go on to eternal lives. So a person can be brilliant and have great knowledge and not be intelligent enough to obey God's spiritual laws. I think an intelligent person, after making the covenants in the temple, would strive to obey them--including the covenant of consecration. All blessings from God come from obedience to that law upon which they are predicated.

Depression is caused by dishonest dealings of brothers in the Church. But with Church experience in offices of responsibility, study, and expanding knowledge of God the Father and His son Jesus Christ, the clouds begin to lift and light comes; deep hurts can be conquered, and life is very good.

In my old age, I have time to contemplate and think of my life experiences—some bad, some good. Above all I appreciate our time on this planet: our freedom in this choice land; the gospel; our heritage from good parentage; to come to know the deep meaning of God's counsel given by the prophets and His Son; what it means to be responsible for one's posterity—spiritually as well as materially; and to be a steward of God's gifts to us. Our posterity gives us reason for our existence

Our blessings are beyond our ability to appreciate. The time of depressing doubts are diminished. We have come to know God through faith and prayer that comes by asking through His beloved son Jesus Christ. Through it all, we have been able to do a little part in helping to build His Kingdom.

George Eugene England Funeral and Obituary

GEORGE EUGENE ENGLAND, SR.

BORN: March 12, 1904 - Moreland, Idaho
DIED: April 21, 1996 - Logan, Utah

Son of George William England and
Martha Jane Hatch England
Husband of Dora Rose Hartvigsen England
(Deceased, January 4, 1995)

FUNERAL SERVICES

Saturday, April 27, 1996 - 12 Noon
Larkin Mortuary Chapel
260 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah

PALLBEARERS

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Karin Anderson England | Rebecca England |
| George Mark England | Jordan Kimball |
| David Barker | Christine Barker Heaps |
| Katherine England | Kevin Heaps |
| Paul Nelson | Cynthia Barker Merrill |
| Josephine England Hansen | David Merrill |
| Michael Hansen | Deborah Banks |
| Jane England | Bruce Banks |
| Jennifer England | Camille Barker |
| Mark Asplund | |

INTERMENT

Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park
3401 South Highland Drive

FUNERAL DIRECTORS—LARKIN MORTUARY

Conducting . . . Bishop Dennis Despain
Family Prayer . . . Ann E. Barker

Prelude & Postlude Music . . . Joan Barnett
Invocation . . . Duane A. Barker
Remarks . . . Mark England
Remarks . . . Jordan Kimball
Remarks . . . Katherine England
Vocal Solo . . . Cynthia Merrill
"How Great Thou Art"
accompanied by Deborah Banks, flute
and Chris Heaps, piano

Speaker . . . G. Eugene England, Jr.
Images . . . Anne E. Barker
Musical Selection . . . Charlotte England, violin
Mark Asplund, cello
accompanied by Joan Barnett

Speaker . . . David Sam
Speaker . . . Elder Russell M. Nelson
Vocal Solo . . . Cynthia Merrill
"I Know That My Redeemer Lives"
accompanied by Chris Heaps

Benediction . . . Rex England

Grave Dedication . . . G. Eugene England, Jr.

While the organ prelude was being played, Elder Russell M. Nelson looked at the program, where the granddaughters were listed as pallbearers, and informed Bishop Despain that there are no women pallbearers in the Church. (My question is: Is pallbearing a priesthood function?)

Obituary: read by Bishop Dennis Despain:

George Eugene England, 92, passed away April 21, 1996, in Logan, Utah. He was born March 12, 1904, in Moreland, Idaho, to George William England and Martha Jane Hatch England. He married Dora Rose Hartvigsen, October 5, 1932, in the Logan LDS Temple.

As a young man, he served a mission to the Southern States and later served a stake mission. During a full life of Church service, he was Sunday School Superintendent, Counselor in the Downey Idaho Ward Bishopric, Salt Lake City Hillside Stake High Councilor, President of the North Central States Mission (1954-1957), Counselor in the Salt Lake Temple Presidency, and President of the London Temple (1964-1966). He served on the Church Genealogical Committee and was a sealer in the Salt lake Temple for 23 years.

While serving as a guide at the Salt lake temple Visitor's Center in the early 1970's, he helped develop, with William Bradshaw, the Family to Family Book of Mormon Project by which LDS Church members sent millions of copies, with personal testimonies included, to be given by missionaries to people around the world.

He attended school in Moreland and graduated from Arimo High School. He was a graduate of USU (AC) with honors in Phi Kappa Phi and Alpha

Zeta. He taught school in Downey, Idaho, where he was also the Seminary Principal.

From early in his life, he felt a special responsibility to help the gospel be preached to native peoples of North and South America and Polynesia. To this end he and his wife Dora gave generously of their resources throughout their lives together.

He was a farmer, a teacher, a golfer, and a businessman. He is survived by one son, G. Eugene England Jr. (wife Charlotte), Provo, Utah; and one daughter, Ann Christine Barker (husband Duane), Smithfield, Utah, in whose loving care he spent the last 4½ years of his life.

Also surviving are eleven grandchildren: Katherine England (husband Paul Nelson), Josephine Hansen (husband Michael), George Mark England (wife Karin), Christine "Chris" Heaps (husband Kevin), Jennifer England (husband Mark Asplund), Cynthia Merrill (husband David), Camille Barker, Rebecca England (husband Jordan Kimball), Jane England, David Barker, Deborah Banks (husband Bruce); 20 great-grandchildren. Also surviving is one brother, Rex England; and one sister, Mrs. John R. Elcock (Georgia).

He was preceded in death by his beloved wife: Dora Rose Hartvigsen England; two sisters: Mrs. Eral Henderson (Ruby), and Mrs. James Lowe (Oriole); and one brother: Miles Sumner England.

Bishop Dennis Despain will conduct funeral services to be held at the Larkin Mortuary, 260 East South Temple, Salt Lake City, on Saturday, April 27, 1996, at 12:00 noon. There will be a viewing one hour preceding the services. Burial will be at Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park, 3401 Highland Drive.

Jordan Kimball:

I'm Jordan Kimball, and I married Eugene England's granddaughter, Rebecca. He gave me a wonderful gift even before we got married, and that was his including me in his circle. And after we got married, I was included in his family--that's something I'll tell you about. I consider him Grandpa England, and that's how we talk about him. I wanted to take a few minutes to talk about the things that I admired about him. One of the things I admired about him was that he aged gracefully. I loved it that he sunbathed in his back yard into his old age, even if it scandalized a granddaughter or two. I loved it that he stayed physically active. And there were quite a few times when we went over after he had been doing morning calisthenics.

One of those things he did to keep active was golfing. He golfed for year and years. In the last couple of years, in the spring of the year, near his 90 and 91st birthdays, we got together as grandsons and grandsons-in-law to his son--and went up to Logan, and went for a golf date with him. This last year, we weren't even sure it was going to happen because it was snowing that morning.

But when we got up there, the sun was shining over the golf course, and it had burnt off the light snow that had been there. It was amazing and wonderful to go inside with him as a group of men. Where we signed in, he was bragging to the people about all his grandsons, and he was hugging us all. And then we went out onto the golf course, and he actually golfed six of the nine holes and did better than some of his grandsons.

During medical school, Becky and I lived in the same neighborhood as Grandma and Grandpa England. They had a good-sized yard that he carefully tended. He had a lawn that he was particularly pleased with that he had sown mixed with clover. That made it kind of hard to mow, especially since he insisted on doing it with a push mower. He did that for years. And only in the last two or three years, before they left that home, did he allow some of his grandsons to help out. I'm one that helped out, and it was a real big job, as I can tell you—as you can imagine pushing a push mower over a really large lawn. I remember those times particularly well because that was often a Saturday morning. Afterwards, I would go inside on their back patio, sit in the shade, and Grandma England would bring out food. And Grandma and Grandpa and I would sit out there. Sometimes Becky would come over, and we would have some long conversations over some lemonade. And that was one of the other things that really amazed me: was his deep understanding and love of the gospel, and his passion for sharing that with those that he cared about, including me. He had an amazing way of engaging in conversation--engaging me and his other grandchildren. Not just lecturing or telling us what he believed, but drawing out of us what we understood and then talking with us about his understanding and what was important to him.

One of those times I thought was most funny was after he had married us. He actually was able to marry all but the last of his grandchildren that were most recently married. When he married Becky and I it was a long ceremony in which he was trying to explain to us the importance of marriage in that sacred setting. The thing that I thought was funny is that he had many times explained to us his understanding of the patriarchal order and how his granddaughters or women would join up with their husband's family and be linked to them. And yet as I was married to his family, I was joined into his fold, and he claimed all of the grandsons for his patriarchal group.

One of the endearing things that I'll remember always is that on departing he would always say, "I love you." When he said, "Goodbye", he would give me a hug and a kiss. And then he would say something which I'll remember, and that is: "Remember who you are." I know when Becky, growing up, thought that was kind of enigmatic, and she wondered if she was an England or what? Then later on, now she really appreciates some of the enigma left in that question--the suggestion that he loves us and that our Father in Heaven loves us, and to remember that and that we can be heirs to the kingdom of God which is one of the most important things to him-- family and the kingdom of God.

Those are the things I'll remember and share with my daughter as she grows up.

George Mark England:

I'm his grandson, and I have part of his name—George—and I'm proud of that. When my grandparents on my mother's side came to live with us in the last years of their lives, it was an opportunity to get to know them, but it came with a price. We also got to know their weaknesses. This was especially difficult for a young man, such as myself, who is not very good with other people's weaknesses. I'm grateful that my grandfather lived as long as he did, so I could get to know him better. This was made possible only because of the generous care provided by Ann and her family. I am sure this must have been difficult for them at times because he was sometimes a difficult person.

Grandpa liked to fish. It made him truly happy. He always knew the best places to fish or the best bait to use, or at least thought he did. He loved golf, I don't know why. He was an honest and generous land developer-in a business full of temptations to exploit and to deceive others. He liked hats. He was a happy man, and he was affectionate. He loved the temple covenants and blessings that gave us hope beyond the veil. He was frugal even when he could afford not to be. He went out of his way to find the cheapest gas, buy milk with coupons, and use a lawnmower long past its time. I admire that virtue of his. Maybe he was a closet environmentalist. Or maybe that is a trait all people have, who have started out in humble beginnings and lived through the Depression.

He lived the American Dream of providing for yourself and posterity. He set up a trust fund that has sent, and continues to send, thousands of young men and women on missions. He paid for my education and mission along with all of his grandchildren. He was generous. His generosity gave me choices I wouldn't otherwise have had.

He often didn't agree with or understand my choices, except for the person I married. Every time I visited with him and Grandma, they would ask me if I was taking any business classes just in case I had changed my major in art in the last few months. We disagreed on politics, hair length, money, yard work, pruning, and sometimes religion; but he never placed conditions on our relationship, especially when it came to financial aid.

He always said, "Remember who you are." This constant reminder made me think that I should be someone I and he could be proud of, and that I had a particular purpose in life. And like my own parents, he let me figure out who I am in my own way. After 37 years, I'm still not sure who I am, but I am surprised and humbled to think of who I am as a result of his influence on my life.

Grandpa lived an honorable, generous life, through an incredible century. Something has gone with him, and I'm not sure what it is. I will miss

him. I wish I was more articulate about what I want to say here today. I guess having a father and wife who are both English teachers doesn't help.

Sheryl Wheeler, a musician, wrote a song for her father on his 75th birthday that made me think of both my grandfather and my father that I would like to read. I was hoping my wife could sing this song. She has a very good voice, but she can't hold the guitar right now.

75 SEPTEMBERS

In the year of the yellow cab
Shadow of the great world war,
The third kid Grandmom had
Came into this world
On a rolling farm in Maryland
When Wilson was the president
As summer blew her goodbye through the trees.
A child of changing times
Growing up between the wars.
Fords rolled off the lines
And bars all closed their doors.
And I imagine you back then
With a snap-brim hat and a farmer's tan,
Where horses drew their wagons through the fields.
Were the fields all gold and fawn?
Was the spring house dark and cool?
Did the rooster crow at dawn
When they got you up for school?
And would you tell me once again
The tales of Granddad's hired men
And how they drove the old dirt road to town?
Now the fields are all four lanes
And the moon's not just a name
And are you amazed at how things changed
Or how they stay the same.
And do you sit here on this porch
And wonder how the time flies by
Or does it seem to barely creep along
With 75 Septembers come and gone?

My father also wrote a poem about his father and his grasp on that which is beyond the veil. Grandfather had great spiritual and material wealth that he used to spread the gospel of Christ that he fervently loved and believed. It was like he always understood what money was ultimately supposed to be used for. I hope he will continue to reach across the veil back to us and guide and comfort us as we still struggle to earn the great heritage he has given us. I say this in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Katherine England Nelson:

When I was eight, my mother tried to civilize me through music; my father tried to civilize me through literature; and my grandfather tried to civilize me through fishing. Through music, I felt the power of God. In church we would sing, "Master the tempest is raging, the billows are tossing high. The sky is o'er shadowed with blackness, no shelter or help is nigh. Carest thou not that we perish? How can't thou lie asleep when each moment so madly is threatened a grave in the angry deep?" I was afraid of God. Through Literature, I learned the power of nature. And as we read in *Moby Dick*, "And the ship is consumed of the ocean, and now sucking circles seized the lone boat itself; and its crew spinning round and round in one vortex carried the ship out of sight." As a child and granddaughter to my grandfather, I was sentenced to summer days trapped in a small row boat, from five in the morning until five at night, on Deer Creek and Strawberry Reservoirs. One such day, we were surprised by a furious thunder storm in the middle of the lake. I was reminded of the hymn, "The sky was over shadowed with darkness; the billows tossed us high." And I recall that as huge hailstones came over us and we drifted further out into the lake--as our motor had flooded--that maybe Jesus was asleep and cared not that we perish, and I feared him. I watched as our ship was tossed to and fro, and envisioned being sucked into the cavern deep as in *Moby Dick*; and I feared nature. But that day, I sat cold and sunburned and frightened; and watched my grandfather calmly, almost cheerfully, bring us safely to shore. Through Grandpa, I learned to respect, not fear, God or nature. And that, and many such learning experiences, formed what is now the strong and concrete confidence and sureness that I will talk about later.

My grandfather was man of some very concentrated talents. Some of you have known him as a financial wizard. Some may have known him as a great leader in the Church—a mission president, a temple president, a temple sealer, etc. But as a child, the neatest thing I remember about Grandpa was that part of his left, middle finger was missing. I used to stare at that for hours. Cami just told me she remembers Grandpa was always trying to touch you with that finger that was missing.

I was also fascinated with the family folklore that Grandpa was part Native American--confirmed by a purchase of an Indian portrait book last year with his familiar features appearing in almost all of the pictures. I remember as a child, I had to sit through horrible, boring hours of endless golf tournaments on TV. My sister has now taken up golfing-- kind of a reactionary thing I guess-- and having to sit through Lawrence Welk's shows on Sunday night instead of the Disney show.

But most of all as a child, I remember being confused by his admonition to remember who I was. What did that mean? As a teenager, I was fascinated again by his finger. But this time, not the one that was missing, but his right, middle finger that he unconsciously pointed at me when he was trying to make a point or make a statement. It was hard to pay attention to him with the finger waving in my face. Finally, I got up enough guts to tell him that was considered, by many, to be an obscene sign; and that he ought to use his

pointer finger for a while. It must be genetic because my seven year old daughter does the same thing when she is pointing at anything.

Also as a teenager, I became aware of the art of discussion. I would lay awake in the basement for hours listening to my parents and grandparents, with raised voices that would continue for some time and would eventually end in laughter and in quiet conversation only to be repeated again and again. I learned that you can disagree with someone and discuss it, even loudly, then make peace still disagreeing; but still respecting and loving the other. I remember realizing that although my grandfather was a victim of his generation and somewhat bigoted, making comments now and then about other races, that he had also learned to rise above his generational indoctrination and spent a lot of his resources building schools in Latin (American) countries and financing many Latin (American) men and women missionaries—as well as me and other grandchildren. As a teenager, I still could not figure out what he meant when he said, “Remember who you are.”

Now as an adult, I lost interest in his fingers and worried more about his driving. It was probably the only time in my life when I will be grateful for the invention of those huge, gas-guzzling Cadillacs--for had either of my grandparents driven anything less, they surely would have perished in one of their many close calls with others. Despite the fact that my grandfather unknowingly pointed his middle finger constantly, I don't think he knew what it meant when others did it to him.

As an adult I learned the importance of quality. Grandpa only owned two suits, but they were the best suits you could buy. As an adult, I recognize one of the best gifts my grandfather gave me: Here was an older man completely opposite--critically, theologically, culturally, socially--from me as possible; yet, we loved each other in a kind of polarized, sick way. He made fun of my--in his eyes--frivolous and “save the world” passionate innocence; and I was intolerant of his patriarchal, conservative, “know-it-all attitude”. But we came to rejoice in our differences. How do I know this? Because Grandpa, the last few years, began to laugh at me in a very kind way. We would be arguing, then he would just pause; he would smile, and then laughed grandly--like he was very proud of me. But best of all as an adult, I finally figured out what “Remember who you are” meant. I'm 40 and finely figured out who I am. I am my own person, formed by the love and encouragement of many; and as much as I hate to admit it, a lot by my grandfather. I was influenced by his generosity, his strength, his dedication to religion, and his sense of belonging to a family.

Now as an adult, I stand thigh deep in the Bitterroot River in Montana. Thick water pulls and tries to draw me under. I have graduated to the purer form of fly fishing. And as it was fishing with my grandfather, it is still me and God and nature. As I execute a long luxurious cast and feel the tautness in the line as it reaches its full extension, hesitates, and drops gently to the water; I remember my terror of youth and my fear of the forces. But now I can say that

nature is my companion, and God is my friend. And I am at peace. And I have come full circle with my grandfather as I have learned who I am.

George Eugene England Jr.:

I'm grateful for many blessings today. I'm grateful especially for Charlotte: for her unconditional healing love in my life; for her delightful and stimulating, sometimes very challenging, companionship; for the music she (on violin) and Mark (Asplund on cello) will play for my father; and for the music of hope that she blesses me with. I'm grateful for all of you who came today to mourn with us as we mourn, to comfort us in this time when we need much comfort. Thank you for sharing our grief and also for sharing your hope in the resurrection. I'm grateful to Elder Nelson, who was a medical student in Minneapolis when Dad was mission president there, for coming to honor my father and to bear to us his special witness as an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ concerning eternal life; to David Sam, United States District Court Judge here in Salt Lake, for coming to share his constant love and appreciation to Dad, who he served with as a young elder called into Dad's mission presidency 40 years ago. I'm grateful to Mark and Jordan and Katherine, Christine and Cyndi and Debi, and Duane and Rex, all with whom I am pleased to share the bonds of family. Thank you for loving my father and giving your gifts to him today. Thanks to Joanne Barnet, our dear, gentle, bishop's wife, for coming to help with the music.

And Ann, thank you for your unselfish love and care for Dad and Mom. Thank you for giving up your desire to continue with your education and teach, and for redoing your home with their furniture to create a familiar, beautiful, and safe place for them to spend their last years; for spending many, full days and nights by their bedsides in their last weeks of life making them comfortable; reassuring them by looking into their faces; and being there holding their hands when they died. Mother Teresa of Calcutta believed the most important work, in a life of caring for the poorest of the poor, was to take them into her shelters there in their last days and hours and make sure that they died; as she said, "In the sight of a loving face." Ann, you have performed that sacred office for your parents. And I believe with all of my heart that the Lord is telling you in your heart now, and will in person someday, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

I was not there when Dad died. But I arrived soon after, and felt great peace as I sat with his body awhile; held him and caressed his head and hands; and kissed him one last time. I was able to spend some nights with him, before that, during those final days. Two weeks ago, we arrived back from California to a call from Ann that he seemed to be dying, and we rushed to Logan. He was near death with pneumonia, with very low blood oxygen, and was still disoriented. But when he saw me enter the room, he brightened with recognition, and said, "That's my son." I spent that night with him, often holding him upright to ease his coughing, rubbing his lower back, where he pointed, and seemed to be hurting in his legs and his arms. Once he said to me, something all his grandchildren and you will recognize, "Remember who you

are.” And once later he said, “You’re a good man.” Dad, I especially need to know who I am right now in my life. I’ll remember I’m your son, and that I’m a good man.”

As I sat with Dad and held him, I thought about his amazing life, and how much of it I’ve been able to share: working on the farm many hours each day from the time I was seven until I was eighteen; taking long trips together; and hunting and fishing, with him talking constantly, telling stories, discussing the gospel, and politics. I looked at his body: with a right foot with a missing toe, where a horse stepped on him; with a left hand with most of one finger missing and another bent over from an accident while he was making furniture with power tools there at the old Utah State Agricultural College in Logan, where he was working his way through school just after I was born, in the depths of the depression. Mark has made a cast of that hand as some of the symbols of Dad’s life: wheat, fishing tackle that many of you saw in the foyer with the pictures. As I kissed Dad’s cheeks, I could feel the gaps, where some of his teeth were lost in an accident that nearly killed us both as we returned from a fishing trip driving down Logan Canyon in 1976. When they rushed us down to the old Logan Hospital, the x-rays showed a bruise on his aorta, and the doctors ordered him sent to Salt Lake by ambulance, hoping he could be treated there before it burst. I asked an orderly to help--assuming that every person in Logan was a Mormon--to help me give him blessing. I pled with the Lord for time for Dad to finish his five year plan to see his investments transferred into the Church’s Missionary Fund. And when we got to Salt Lake, Elder Nelson, then Doctor Nelson, now Elder Nelson, was standing by and found no bruise on Dad’s aorta. Dad has lived twenty years since then. And each five years, until this year, he has asked with a wry grin for a five year extension on that blessing. During the long night two weeks ago, I thought of the little scars, where a kicking mule’s hooves with iron shoes that would have killed him, instead just grazed each side of his head; the huge scar on his chest from the operation on an aneurism on his main artery that was discovered just in time. I looked on the scar on his lip that changes the whole balance and whole contour of his face. I thought what a miracle the body is: its remarkable complexity and energy. My father’s body has done so much and endured so much; its edges literally worn away by life. He liked to recount eleven times he should have died and didn’t. He believed the Lord had preserved him for further service.

And I thought what a marvel: that this body will be renewed and rise in the resurrection to a fullness of joy. What a marvel: that the Prophet Joseph Smith was given to understand that our bodies are good, not evil; that heaven is not a mere mystical vision, or a purely spiritual existence, but a physical place with real bodies and vibrant physical life --the kind my father lived. During that night and two nights later, when Christine and I stayed with him; and he could feel a coughing spell coming on, he would say, “Lift me up. Lift me up.” And I would lift him up to a sitting position and hold him while he coughed. And I would rub his back, and cradle his head, and kiss his cheeks,

and tell him how much I loved him and what a good father he has been. I thought of how many times he did those very things for me, sixty-two years ago just a few blocks away from that hospital on Third North in Logan; when he would come home to a little apartment from a day of classes and work and a night of study, lift me up from where I was crying with colic, and carry me through the streets for hours, rubbing my back and kissing me and soothing me. Once, during one of those long nights as I held him close, he simply said, "Goodbye."

When my grief was worst last Monday, when it was becoming a literal physical pain in my chest and my heart--I needed somehow to keep going with my duties at school--I asked a dear friend at BYU to give me a blessing. And speaking of Dad he used the terms: "Robust and generous," which seems to me exactly right. Dad lived almost all of the remarkable twentieth century from four years from its start to four years from its end, from horse and buggy to jets. He was one of the last American homesteaders: as a boy cutting sagebrush by hand and breaking new soil in Arbon Valley and southern Idaho; as a young man he learned the latest wheat farming technology at the college, the old AC in Logan, where Elder John A. Widstoe had introduced first rate agricultural studies. Dad learned how to plow his stubble under rather than to burn it, for long-term rather than short-term fertility--which made hard work for both of us in tilling the fields, and left them looking much less pretty than our neighbors. But gradually we began to produce really great yields of wheat. He ranged over the country finding the latest hybrid, rust-resistant, beardless, high-yielding strains; bought a few sacks to grow seed, and within two years had enough for all his land. I remember well his robustness, his fearlessness and ingenuity and drive to do good work, to work with fierce integrity in his constant efforts to teach me those values.

But while Dad was a first-rate dirt farmer, as he sometimes called himself, he yearned towards the life of the mind and the spirit. He taught seminary in the slow winter months--one of his students is here and greeted me--and took time off even in the summer during harvest to attend Church Education Seminars at Aspen Grove. Just a few years ago when I was collecting Lowell Bennion's essays from the scholarly journal which Institute and Seminary students started in 1938, called *Weekday Religion*, I came across a review Dad had written of a new book of biblical criticism by a protestant theologian.

In 1944 already thinking of his children's educational opportunities, he moved us here to Salt Lake to live with his Sister, Ruby--remember Beth and Ann?--just for the winter months, so he could enroll at the U of U and check out the quality and the faith of the faculty there. Ann and I have been blessed, blessed and sometimes burdened, by his determination to encourage and help us be the scholars and teachers he yearned to be, but felt he was not free to be because of his responsibilities the Great Depression force upon him.

But he has blessed Ann and me most by his faith. Early in life, he had two remarkable dreams in which the Savior appeared with a face gentle and

full of grace--one time holding my mother, whom he had just begun to court, holding her hand out to him. These had the power of visions for him and transformed his life, motivating him to constant study of the gospel and of how to apply the gospel to practical problems and human needs. These visions also gradually moved him and my mother to an amazing generosity. He felt directly called by the Savior to a literal commitment to the Covenant of Consecration, so that he retired from farming at age forty-seven; and my folks spent the rest of their lives in Church service and in creating wealth to be used to support missionaries. Dad greatly expanded the wealth he had gained from those bounteous wheat crops through his genius for real estate development and investment, which came as a complete surprise to us all, especially Dad, who insisted that his ability was a pure gift of grace from God to be used only to do good--which he did. He believed that a good Christian does not enter into ANY contract or arrangement unless both parties are happy and benefit, and he believed that a good Christian should not die owning anything--and he did both those things. Dad's visions are a sacred and precious legacy to us in the family. They nourished a matter-of-fact, down-to-earth, robust spirituality in my father focused in the Lord Jesus Christ.

And that legacy nourished my own early and crucial spiritual experiences, both of which I shared with my father. One morning in June, just before I was eight, we were checking the quality of a new crop when he suddenly asked me to kneel, right in the wheat, and then blessed the crop--dedicated it completely to the Lord. I felt the personal presence and approval of the Savior, so strongly and directly, that that feeling has never left me and has become a touchstone for all I experience in life. I gauge the value and the truth of all things by its consistency with that feeling. I had that feeling again, five years later, when Elder Harold B. Lee spoke and gave us a prophetic blessing at a stake conference here in Salt Lake, where my father was sustained as a new high council member. So I knew, and continue to know, that Elder Lee and the other apostles are true witnesses of the Lord Jesus Christ. And now I must stop, so that we can hear that witness from Elder Nelson.

But let me first read you a poem I wrote for my father about that earlier experience with him. I gave it to him but never read it aloud for him. And we who teach poetry believe that you really don't GET a poem unless you get it aloud. So let me read it for him now. I begin with a little epigraph: as I studied Brigham Young's life and writings, I came across a remarkable statement much like the famous one by William Wordsworth which talks of us coming into this life trailing clouds of glory from some spiritual existence before. Brigham Young talks about attracting those clouds of glory to us as we leave this life: "If we live in our holy religion and let the spirit reign, it will not become dull and stupid; but as the body approaches dissolution the spirit takes a firmer hold on that enduring substance behind the veil."

My Kinsman

My father's flesh appears the same,
Brown clay so burned by summers
In the wheat that still the hat line shows
Lighter into the failing hair.
But more than half the third finger
On the left is gone, the fourth clipped
From the same saw, and crooked just right
To hook the twine for tying sacks.
And on the right, two toes removed
(Years later) against the constant pain
From being crushed by the big roan
As she stepped and turned to leave the stall.
A wedge of bone, plowed from the skull
When the derrick fork pinned him to the stack.
The muscles slack, the teeth reduced--
The body's edges worn away.
The tabernacle shrinks and sinks
Toward the earth, and still the face
confronts the east. The hands steer the wheel
As they did that morning I was eight.
We drove from town just as the sun
squinted down Left Fork into our eyes.
We stopped the truck and crossed the swale
To the highest ridge on the lower field--
The stalks still green, the heads just formed,
Beards now turning silver-tan,
Still and moist in the windless dawn,
Closing calmly as we walked the rows.
Plucking random heads, we counted and chewed
The milky kernels. And then he knelt,
Still grasping the wheat, in fierce repose.
I stood and watched his face. He said:
"Thou art the Prince who holds my heart
And gives my body power to make.
The fruit is thine: this wheat, this boy:
Protect the yield that we may live!"
And fear thrilled me on that hushed ground
So that I grew beyond the wheat
And watched my father take his hold
On what endures behind the veil.

My father's generous mind and robust spirit have now gone behind the veil. I believe that spirit will be reunited with his robust, perfected body in resurrection. I know it is hard for some to believe, perhaps some who are here today. If so, please listen carefully to my testimony. When I sat awhile in peace with Dad's body last Sunday night, holding his still warm hand, I thought of Emily Dickenson, perhaps our greatest, and most religious American poet, who sat up many nights with dying people and observed death carefully. She writes about the change when the spirit leaves, the absolute boundary—closing--that we cannot cross; and the hope she nevertheless continued to nurture as she said, "Like a feathered thing." She writes about what I felt Sunday night: how after the business and distractions of life and trying to preserve life as we did, "Death comes; an awful leisure is our faith to regulate."

Death poses a challenge to our faith, a dire challenge, because all the evidence we rely on: our senses, our past experiences, even common sense perhaps; all these indicate it is an end even when we have grown up in simple confidence that we will see our loved ones again, touch them, talk to them. Many of us may feel like the father whose son was afflicted with an evil spirit, and Jesus coming to help, said to him, "If thou can't believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." And straightway the father of the child cried out, and with tears said, "Lord, I believe. Help thou mine unbelief." Jesus didn't rebuke the man but had compassion and indeed helped his unbelief. He cured the son, and later told His disciples that the key to His success was fasting and prayer. Jesus well understood, even then I believe, what He later revealed to Joseph Smith in the Doctrine and Covenants: "To some it is given by the Holy Ghost to know that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and that He was crucified for the sins of the world. To others it is given to believe on their words that they also might have eternal life if they continue faithful." Jesus understood that we are all different, with different gifts and different kinds of faith, and wanted to help us all and us to help each other have faith. Knowing how hard belief could be in this world, where we cannot see some very important things directly, He promised He would not leave us comfortless. He has provided that comfort throughout history through the experiences and testimonies of many, prophets and men and women and even children, who have been able to cross that boundary between life and death or between this material world and the spiritual one. Those witnesses are legion. A few have even come back, briefly, from the dead to comfort us or caught some glimpse of that world and returned to tell us.

But the most comforting witness, I believe, is the direct life-changing contact with spiritual realms, with the Savior, in those spiritual realms that my father and I and many others have experienced. Why us and not everyone? I don't know. But I believe it is a pure gift, not something we deserved and that others didn't, and certainly not something that makes us superior in any way. The scripture says some have the gift to know directly through the Holy Ghost and all others--all others--have the gift to believe their words. Both are then

equally blessed with eternal life. The responsibility of those with the gift to know is to bear witness, which my father did in word and deed, with all of his soul, and all of his life. The responsibilities of the others, perhaps some of you, is to believe on their words and continue faithful.

God does not simply give us all direct, irrefutable evidence I believe, because to live in this universe we must learn to develop active faith--a process of trusting and testing and proving. We need, apparently in order to survive in the realms of godhood, to learn how to have a living, dynamic relationship with those who have gone before and their testimony of how things are. Moroni asks us, before we ask to know the truth of the *Book of Mormon* that we, "Remember how merciful the Lord has been unto the children of men from Adam to the present." That is to all of our fathers and mothers, and to, "Ponder that in our hearts." My father knew, through the power of the Holy Ghost, that Christ lives; that Christ died for him, and will raise him to eternal life in the resurrection. And I do, too. I ask you, if you do not know for yourselves, to believe on our words; not to accept blindly against the evidence, but to live in a dynamic relationship to your hope, to your trust in Him; to fast and pray; and study the record of God's mercies, especially the *Book of Mormon*; so that you can find peace here and eternal life. King Benjamin, speaking of the *Plates of Nephi*--the *Book of Mormon* record to that point--pled with his sons to remember that those sayings of their fathers were true, "And we can know of their surety because we have them before our eyes." You granddaughters and grandsons, and great-granddaughters and grandsons have my father's words and life before your eyes. I know of their surety, and I know you can, too. I witness that I have had intimations from behind the veil, from across the boundary between our world and the eternal world, where God and Christ and now, Grandpa and Grandma England live. These intimations are more real than this physical body and material world. And by them, I know the resurrection will be real, and Christ will greet us there with a face, gentle and full of grace. I ask you to believe on my words in the name of Jesus Christ Amen

Ann E. Barker:

IMAGES

I'd like to take a moment and publicly thank Duane and my kids for their sacrifices and their patience these past 4½ years. I want to thank Brother Val Hoth, who is here today. He is a young man. He was my dad's friend while he lived with me. He was my dad's fishing and golfing buddy. Dad loved you, Val. Thank you, David Cunningham and Annette Hilton from Rocky Mountain Home Care; home teachers, Earl and Thora Mecham; R. T. and Chris Clark, who are here today; Ron McBride and the Aaronic Priesthood young men who were our home teachers these past few years; the Aaronic Priesthood Leaders and young men who brought the sacrament in to my folks the past two years. And

above all, I want to thank the Lord, for walking by my side, for strengthening me, for lifting and carrying my burden from time to time.

My thoughts today are especially for my children and grandchildren and for Eugene's, some of whom only knew Dad in the later years. These are the images I see when I think of my dad:

My first image is of Arimo, Idaho, and the gardens of my grandmother, England. She loved flowers. I love flowers, and so did Dad.

As a small girl in Downey, Idaho, I spent many happy hours swinging in a fifteen foot high swing, playing on a teeter totter, and in a sand box that my dad built.

I remember standing on a neighbor's porch and watching my Dad plow in the fields to the east. It was raining and the neighbor boy was taunting me, "The lightning will hit your dad." I remember the terrible fear. And I felt that fear when Gene and Dad would cavort on the rim of the Grand Canyon and when Dad would drive too fast because he had to just pass the car ahead of him.

There are images of trust as I sat wrapped in a blanket on my dad's lap, listening to the radio during blackouts in World War II, watching that little light on the radio because I was so afraid of the dark; and as he held me by my ankles and lowered me into a floor furnace flue to rescue a baby rabbit that had fallen through the grating.

There are mages of comfort as he held my head when I was sick with fever or vomiting with the flu, and as he carried me about when I had one of my many sprained ankles.

I see images of patience as Dad lay on a braided rag rug under a tree and explained to me why I shouldn't repeat the words I had heard the big boys yelling at each other on the street corner.

There are mages of faith as he placed comforting hands on my head to bless me. One of those blessings was given the night that I miscarried a twin, and I begged the Lord to not take my baby--and Cyndi is here today to share her beautiful voice with you. It was a miracle I shared with my dad.

To hear Dad pray was to hear someone speak to God. He prayed over his crops and his harvests and his home and his family. In these last few years, he said, "I'm not good for anything else except to pray for you." And he spent many hours on his knees praying for his family. Who will pray for us now? Another image of great faith was when he said that when his time came, he would not go to a nursing home, but he would just die. And that's what he did.

There are special images of giving: a white coat I wanted so badly; a Llardo doll just to please me; a BYU scholarship to a friend of mine; \$20 slipped to me time and again when things were a little tough at the beginning of our marriage. Among one of his last acts of giving was a \$10 bill handed over the seat of the car to me to help pay for lunch on our way home from Oregon three weeks ago. And then he said about one of the little nurse's aide who had

served him so kindly. “She did two days’ work in one helping me today. You find her and give her \$30.” I’m still looking for her. I’m going to find her.

There are images of joy. Dad performed the sealing ordinances for seven of his grandchildren as he performed their marriages in the temple. He had deep understanding of the temple covenants and ordinances of the temple.

Dad was promised, in his patriarchal blessing, that he would KNOW that Jesus was the Christ, and that Joseph Smith was a prophet. He received that sure knowledge—and I believe on his words.

For the past year, he has had visits from beyond the veil: his parents; my mother; his aunt, Theodocia; and his brother, Miles. They have come to give him comfort. Mom came about a month before he became ill and told him that things were prepared. His mother’s name was the last that he spoke. These visits were very real to him. And I believe on his words.

I had an LDS Institute of Religion teacher, Brother Rhett James, who said, “You never really know your father until you have read the books he has read.” When I was struggling to gain a testimony and knowledge of the gospel, my dad always gave me references to look up in order to find answers to my questions. I have read the books my father read.

I FEEL images of appreciation. For the past few months, at the end of each day, Dad would thank me for the day, for the good food, for my loving care and kindness, and say, “I love you.” Among his last words were those of appreciation to sweet and caring hands who tenderly turned his dying body and tucked pillows around him.

And there are images of courage. At 92, it was not too late to bear a fervent testimony-and to change a life. A young man, David Cunningham, came in for several months to bathe Dad, wash his hair, rub his back, and play a really fun game of checker with him. He came several times a week. David was not LDS, and I could hear Dad in there saying, “Don’t you love your wife enough to want to be with her forever?” This young man joined the Church at Christmas time. And he came to see Dad the first week he was in the hospital when he still knew people. And he told Dad how much he loved him. It’s never too late to do the Lord’s work.

Several years ago, my father hurt me deeply, and I lost my trust in him. And I avoided his company for several years. But I had been taught the Christ-like principles of turning the other cheek, and returning good for evil, and of service. And through those principles I was able to forgive. And as the cause of his behavior has become known, I was able to understand “WHY” (Alzheimer’s), and in the last weeks of his life to easily return the “I love you”, too.

“Remember who you are” was a favorite admonition of Dad’s to his children and grandchildren. YOU are the children of your Father in Heaven, who loves you and wants you to be happy. You are the earthly posterity of G. Eugene and Dora H. England. Yours’ is a royal heritage. Be loyal to the royal within you!

One of Dad's favorite scriptures was from the *Doctrine and Covenants* Section 58. It advises us to always be anxiously engaged in a good cause, of our own free will and choice, and to not wait to be commanded. Help make the world a better place by following the example of Mom and Dad who dedicated their lives to doing good.

These are the images I see when I think of my father.

I'm grateful for the privilege I had to care for my parents and for the rare privilege of being there when they passed through the veil. What a wonderful, peaceful, joyous experience!

Dad, for most of my life, you have given me your special kind of understanding, your constant support, your unconditional love. You have been a wonderful father—someone I love very much and I always will. I say these things in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen

United States District Court Judge, The Honorable David Sam:

Thank you for that beautiful music, for the wonderful messages. We are deeply humbled, honored to be here with you. I want you to know, Ann and Gene and the family, that I will ever be grateful that I was one of your father's missionaries that he was my beloved mission president. We came to know you, Ann, especially. Ann was in the mission home when some of us had the privilege of being there, and I want Ann to know that I know of the deep affection that we missionaries had for you. You represented what young womanhood meant to us and what we admired, loved, in young womanhood. And Gene, we heard so much about you. I know your mother and father were so proud of you and your accomplishments, your scholarship, and all that you did to honor these wonderful parents.

My comments will be brief. I would just like to reflect as one of the individuals privileged to be a part of the missionary family between 1954 and 1957. And I hope what I state is a reflection not only of what my wife and I feel but also of the great missionaries, some of whom I've have been privileged to see and are present in this special meeting to honor this great and noble servant of our Heavenly Father.

I arrived in the mission field the greenest of the green, the weakest of the weak. I was a recent convert to the Church. And when I was taken into President England's office--Elder Lunt, who is here, was among that group as well--I will never forget the impression of enthusiasm. How dynamic, how captivating that great mission president was and is. I remember him telling me that he was somewhat intrigued by my name, David Sam--SAM. And he said when he got my papers he reviewed them and wondered whether I was a Lamanite convert or whether I was a Jewish convert. And he said he was about to try to assign me to one of the areas, where some of the tribes of the Lamanites were or maybe to an area, where some Jewish people were. Well, I shared with him some of my background, telling him I was neither, that I was

the son of humble immigrant parents from Romania. And he assigned me to a wonderful senior companion in Minneapolis—Elder Keith Perkins.

I want to just share now a few things about his personality as I came to know him. From that beginning he taught me that through forgetting myself, the Spirit of the Lord would come and aid me. I told him that I had never stood before congregations before. I didn't know how to address a group of people. And he told me to forget self, to give of myself unselfishly, and the Spirit of the Lord would assist me. And I remember lamenting about being the most homesick of all missionaries that ever went out into the field and lamenting about my circumstances. From those beginnings came experiences beyond any expectations: being privileged to serve among the Lamanites; with Jewish rabbis in synagogues; becoming acquainted with a great Indian chief of the Chippawa tribe in southern Canada, and being invited with my companion to sit with him in one of their powwows. And I'll tell you, they dressed up and put on a display for us two Mormon missionaries because he said he knew that we were the true servants of our Heavenly Father, and that someday, we would see great miracles among the Lamanite tribes for they knew that the *Book of Mormon* was their sacred record. And I'll tell you, when this great chief--when they put on this big powwow for us--we didn't know whether we were going to be boiled in a big pot afterwards or not, but it was something to behold for just my companion and I.

On a little lighter side, about his dynamic personality. I know he sat on the Council of Churches in Minneapolis, and his personality was such that it didn't offend. He would tell these ministers and priests and rabbis what beautiful churches they had, and how we needed better facilities. And what a wonderful thing it would be if we could have their congregation come to know the truth, so we could use their buildings for our purposes. And from that which may seem to offend, these wonderful minister would call, these priests would call and ask for two Mormon missionaries to come and speak to their youth, tell them of our feelings for our work. And often when they would introduce us they would say, "Now you look at these two young missionaries, observe them, pay attention to them because they live like we would like our youth to be and to live." How that warmed our hearts.

I remember also on another occasion when we were in a hurry going from one meeting to another, as was often the case with President England He had a heavy schedule—an itinerary. And I'm glad to hear about this speeding thing. I didn't know whether I should tell this. I was sitting in the back seat, and he said, "Elder Sam, now, you watch for any highway patrolman that might be along the way." I was doing my best. It was getting towards dusk, and all of a sudden, I saw this red light flashing in the back of my head and window; and he said, "Elder Sam, what have you been doing back there?"

What a dynamic personality. I'll tell you! It just touched and affected people. He taught me that the blessings of heaven come through obedience. I appreciate Ann's comments about those great prayers. How many times I knelt

with him in the Mission President's Office and heard those great communications from servant to Father, and I was touched. I know that on one occasion--regarding obedience and sacrifice. When I was serving up in Superior, Wisconsin, we were having quite a trial regarding our being accepted in that area; and we were receiving phone calls that were very threatening to us, in fact, they were life threatening. And I remember calling the mission home and telling President England, "I think you'd better move us out of here. We're in danger. People don't like us, and we're receiving these threatening calls." And I remember him saying, "Elder Sam, your work there is not finished. You must complete your mission and work there. The Lord will bless you." And I remember shortly after that--and it's one of my favorite Halloween stories--it was on Halloween Day, and we were tracting without much success and we came to this home and we were invited in. And through that invitation, a mother and daughter were baptized.

Some of us missionaries in the North Central States, we may have felt we weren't very successful because we maybe baptized one or two or three or maybe didn't baptize any. But you know, I've lived long enough to see the years come and go. That young girl moved to Provo. She married a returned missionary. She bore seven children. Five of the seven have gone on missions--to Taiwan, to New Zealand, to Peru, to the ends of the earth. And she and her husband have served a mission now. Can we count the blessings that come from one solitary baptism? Yes. He taught, "Great shall be your joy if you bring but one soul into the kingdom of our Heavenly Father."

After the mission. . . and I want to cut this short. I love this great Elder Nelson. I want him to know that we came also to love him. We heard about his pioneer work with something that had never been launched into with the fervor and the knowledge and the dedication that he launched into it, and that was open heart surgery. We heard of him and knew of him and felt his spirit and loved him as one of our own.

But I want you to know that after the mission, the years came and went, we've had a wonderful experience President England and I and my family. President and Sister England stayed and graced in our hearts, graced our home by staying overnight with us in little Duchene, where I was beginning my practice of the law. .And how warm we felt of his love and Sister England's love.

And I remember 10½ years ago, my phone ringing in my home in Springville, and him saying, "Elder Sam." And with that voice--always knew when it was President England with that great enthusiasm--he said, "You would never guess who visited me today." I said, "No". And he said, "Two, young, wonderful FBI agents. And guess who we were talking about? We were talking about you." And this is the process that I was going through--a confirmation process--for the position, the professional position, that I now hold. And he said, "Do you know what I did Elder Sam? I gave those two FBI agents your ticket to the celestial kingdom." I said, "President England, how grateful I am

to you for that wonderful gesture. You know and I know that I need all of the help that I can get, but why didn't you give that ticket to me because I'm the one that's going to need it to get into the kingdom?" But anyway, we shared a couple of thoughts; and my, what a wonderful, gracious man!

Now, in closing, maybe one little thing that I pulled out of my missionary notebook—that I jotted it down as a missionary--and I say this to you, this great family, this great posterity, the impact that you've had on countless lives. And I represent the weakest of the weak of the missionaries. And I want you to know. . . And my, how they distinguished themselves in all fields: in education, in law, in medicine, education, art, the sciences, and other fields--these great missionaries that have served under this great beloved president. And I close with this:

CROSSING PATHS WITH YOU

When the evening shadows are falling
At the closing of the day
And I am just sitting around
Passing the time away.
There's a thought that's going to cheer me
When I'm feeling kind of blue
Just a little prayer of gratitude
For crossing paths with you.
So I'm giving you this message
Just because I want to say
That I'm glad God arranged it
So that I might pass your way.
Just to see you and to know you
Made my sky a shade more blue
And I'm just a bit more happy
Since crossing paths with you.

President England, members of the family, I shall always be grateful that I was one of his missionaries, and that he was my beloved mission president. In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

Elder Russell M. Nelson:

Gene and Charlotte, Ann and Duane, children and companions, and grandchildren, I bring to you the love and the greeting of the Brethren. The First Presidency prepared a letter that they asked me to read to the family and to those assembled.

To the family of G. Eugene England

Dear friends,

We express our love and condolences to you at the death of your father and our friend George Eugene England Sr. We shall appreciate your

expressing our sympathy to other members of the family. Your father was an honorable and just man who loved the good things in life. He gave generously and unselfishly of his time and means to his family and fellowmen. We appreciate his significant assistance in the Church which included service as a missionary, bishop's counselor, high councilor, mission president, temple president, and sealer. We also appreciate his meaningful service as a member of the Church Genealogical Committee and as a champion of the *Book of Mormon*. Brother England has now taken the next step in his eternal progression and returned home to our Father in Heaven. There he is reunited with your mother and other loved ones who preceded him in death and will await a reunion with those he left behind. We pray that your knowledge of the gospel plan will be a source of peace and of comfort at this sensitive time.

With love and kind regards, sincerely yours,

Gordon B. Hinkley

Thomas S. Monson

James E. Faust

The First Presidency

As I have had the great blessing of being here today, and of seeing Eugene and Charlotte and Ann and Duane, hearing from them, seeing these 11 children of theirs, and their seven companions and 21 of their children, and hopefully more to come, I realize that today the baton is passed. Ann said, "To whom shall we look?" I asked myself that same question, "With Dad gone, to whom does this family look now for that beacon of strength that we all saw in Brother England that great guiding light that helped so many of us through difficult times in life?" To whom do we look? To you, Gene. You provide now for this family the spiritual power, and that sensitive judgment that will supersede any of your academic accomplishments. For this family will look to you for that spiritual strength. To whom will they look for that matriarchal manner and that marvelous demeanor of your dear mother, Dora? They will look to you, Ann. No one else can equal what you can give. So together, even though you live in different communities and are not physically close, spiritually you've got to be one in bringing this family where it needs to be.

Reflecting back on an experience I had with President England--Brother Sam mentioned those early day in Minnesota. Shortly after President England came to Minnesota, there was a defamatory article published in the paper about the Church, filled with inaccuracies and inadequate information. President England called me because he knew that I was on the surgical staff at the University of Minnesota, and we were enjoying a wave of very favorable publicity. This was at the onset of open heart surgery which came in 1954 and early 1955. He said, "Would you be able to help us?" I said, "I'll be glad to try." I knew the publisher of the Minneapolis Star and Tribune, John Coles, and I said, "Let's you and I go together." And we went down to meet with Mr. Coles

and explained the standard of journalism that we expected from their very superior papers and how this article was not worthy of their masthead. To which Mr. Coles replied, with a very apologetic manner, and he said, “We will correct the error that we have made.” On the way home from that meeting, President England said to me, “You really love this Church don’t you, Brother Nelson?” And I said, “President England, I would lie down and die for this Church.” I’ll never forget his reply, “Brother Nelson, that isn’t good enough. That’s too easy. You’ve got to stay alive and work for this Church.” Now a few years later, I’m trying to do what President England taught me to do.

At a time like this, one really needs the Lord Jesus Christ because the peace and comfort that we feel here today is all brought about by the gift of His life and His atonement which makes the reality of the resurrection secure in our minds. Perhaps no quotation from the Lord is quite as appropriate as this one: “My peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto you, not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your hearts be troubled, neither let them be afraid.” The Savior also said something that I think President England could say to you, members of the family, “In my father’s house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go to prepare a place for you, I will return again and receive you unto myself that, where I am there ye may be also.”

Now I tried to think of a couple of scriptures that President England might ask me to give as though they were from his mouth. And I’ve thought of a couple:

Colossians: “Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ. As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him. Rooted and built up in Him, and established in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving.”

Now I know some of the great-grandchildren of President England are wondering, “What is Great-grandfather doing?” Here’s what he is doing:

D&C 138:57: “The faithful elders of this dispensation, when they depart from mortal life, continue their labors in the preaching of the gospel of repentance and redemption, through the sacrifice of the only begotten son of God.”

And so, your grandfather, great-grandfather is doing just exactly what the Lord wants him to do—serving as a missionary among those spirits who are hungering and thirsting. As for those on this sphere, who came under his very significant influence, now in closing, I might quote just one other scripture that

I think Brother England would like said to this wonderful group of beloved members of his family:

III John: 4: "I had no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

Now to assist you in this regard, and out of my deep respect for my beloved friend and his companion Dora, I invoke an apostolic blessing upon this family: "That when the baton is now passed to you to provide the leadership, that you will do what God wants you to do and prepare for that baton of spiritual leadership to be passed at the end of your life to those, who will follow, to the end that there will be no empty chairs when those sealing ordinances are invoked in your behalf; that there will be every member of the family reunited in those eternities that lie ahead. And I so bless you as I leave my testimony with you that God lives and Jesus is the Christ. This is His Church, restored to help us to prepare to return to our Father in Heaven, there to be linked with families, generation without end, and with no one missing." And I do this humbly and in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

DORA ROSE HARTVIGSEN ENGLAND



Dora Rose Hartvigsen England, Downey Idaho 1943/44

Jacob L. Hartvigsen

By Dora Rose Hartvigsen England

My father Jacob (Larsen) Hartvigsen was born September 27, 1872, in Hyrum, Cache, Utah. His parents Niels Jacob Hartvigsen and Emelia Skanchy joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints in Norway in the 1860's. His father was the one of the first three, north of the Arctic Circle, to join the Church. They had to chop a hole in the ice for the baptism. His father was born October 8, 1839, at Dale, Kvaefjord, Tromso, Norway. His mother was born July 26, 1832, in Trondheim, S. Tromso, Norway. His father died January 14, 1904, in Hyrum, Utah. His mother died shortly after Jacob's birth, September 27, 1872. Jacob's twin Esau, born September 26th, died October 30, 1872.

His father and mother became acquainted on the ship coming from Norway to America in the spring of 1864. The voyage took 11 weeks. They fell in love and were married either by the ship's captain or in Chicago, Illinois. They gave their funds to others traveling west and settled in Chicago to work until they could go on the Utah. His father had carpenter's and cobbler's tools. He set up a cobbler shop and worked there until 1868 when he drove an ox team to Hyrum, Utah, and purchased a farm.

A little girl, Amelia, was born January 2, 1869, and a son, Niels Jacob Junior, was born in April 26, 1870. After the death of his mother and twin brother Esau, neighbors, Josephine Peterson Larsen and Lars K. Larsen, took Jacob to raise as their own son. Josephine and Jacob's mother had been very good friends. Josephine had lost a baby boy eight or ten days earlier. Starting to nurse a baby after that long caused her severe pain and discomfort. Jacob was never formally adopted because of the friendship she had for Jacob's mother, and he had been born in the covenant. When he was two years old, his father married again and wanted him back. Mother Larsen couldn't give him up and asked their bishop to intercede for her.

During his childhood he didn't know any other parents and was called Jacob Larsen. He was raised with their children as a brother. Father Larsen was very fond of him and took him along when driving a team of horses and sawing wood in Blacksmith Fork Canyon. At the age of nine, on November 9, 1880, he was baptized by Christopher Wings and confirmed. He was ordained an elder by Lars K. Larsen January 3, 1894.

At the age of seven, he started school in the little rock schoolhouse with Ingval G. Thorreson as the teacher. Oluf Rose was in the same class. Jacob's schooling in Hyrum continued until he was 16 years old. One year he didn't attend school. Because of not having enough to do to keep busy, he got into bad company and began playing cards in the store. The loser bought the crackers and smoked salmon for lunch. His foster parents worried about him. The next year they encouraged him to go to the Presbyterian Mission School. There he had a wonderful teacher, Anna Nobles, who gave him encouragement and a desire for a higher education. He won a Bible in a contest in mental arithmetic.

In 1893, Mother Larsen convinced him that he should go to Brigham Young College in Logan, Cache, Utah. He lived and bached with Alvin Allen from Hyrum, whose mother furnished a food basket one week, and Jacob's mother furnished one

the next. In 1894, his roommate was Charles A. Jensen of Hyrum. In 1895, he lived alone and finished school that spring in 1896 with a Normal School Certificate. This wonderful Church school planted a love of the gospel in his heart. Teachers such as Josiah H. Paul, Douglas M. Todd, and Ephraim G. Gowen were the most wonderful men he had ever known.

On December 17, 1896, he married Wilhelmina Albertine Rose from Hyrum, a neighbor girl, whom he had known all of his life. He fell in love with her at her father's dairy when she was a dairy maid and he a cowboy. No record was ever found of his earlier baptism. Since everyone was baptized before going to the temple for marriage, he was baptized on December 14, 1896, by Andrew A. Allen and confirmed by Ole H. Rose. Jacob and Wilhelmina were married in the Logan LDS temple. They lived about a block from the Ole Rose home in Hyrum.

That winter of 1896/97, he taught school in Hyrum District under Principal C. F. Olson. His school room was a little, one-room, log cabin in Blacksmith Fork Hollow. He rode his brother, Lorenzo's, horse over and back each day. His salary that first year was \$25 per month. He went to summer school at the Logan Agricultural College and Brigham Young College and taught school the next year at Mount Sterling District as principal over two small schools. His salary was \$35 per month. The next summer, he went on the thresher with his brother, Niels. He had planned to teach school the next winter but didn't pass the exam. He spent the winter logging in Blacksmith Fork Canyon.

A baby girl, Leona Emelia, was born in Hyrum on April 4, 1898. That summer, he went to Marsh Valley near Downey, Bannock, Idaho, with his brother, Niels, to file on a homestead (160 acres). That winter, he received a call to go on a mission. He agreed to go, but the Church advised him to wait until he made final proof on the homestead. During the summer of 1899, he moved his family to the homestead and lived in a tent on Cherry Creek. The family returned to Hyrum for the winter. The next year, he built a one-room house on the hill above the creek. He borrowed cows to milk from the wealthy ranchers of Woodland and sold butter and eggs in Downey for groceries and blacksmith bills, etc. A daughter, Cora Ann, was born in Hyrum on April 24, 1903.

In 1906, he wrote to the Church leaders and told them that he was now ready to go on that mission. He had saved and prepared for the mission for seven years. He was sent to the Swedish Mission. Heber J. Grant was the European Mission President. He met Jacob and 27 other homesick missionaries at Liverpool, England. President Grant's remedy for homesickness was: "Work, work, work." Nine missionaries were assigned to Scandinavia. When President N. J. Christensen interviewed each of them in Copenhagen, Denmark, and found out that Jacob's family were Norwegian and that he could speak some of the language, he was sent to Norway. In Oslo, he found his foster father Lars K. Larsen, who was serving his second mission. Lars was happy and proud to introduce Jacob to his brother and sister and friends as his son.

His first field of labor was in Trondheim Conference, where his mother's people, the Skanchys, lived. Sister Anna Widstoe, mother of Apostle John A. Widstoe, was also serving a mission there and was a good friend to him in Trondheim. She knew

his mother was a Skanchy and a sister of her great, good friend, Anthon L. Skanchy. She asked him to baptize a couple, who were her friends.

In November, he was sent to a companion, Niels Jensen, on the island of Vardo around the Northern Cape, about 200 miles east of Homerfest in the Arctic Circle. From about the 20th of November until the middles of January, there was no daylight. The day the sun first came up out of the ocean in the south, the guns of the fort were fired in celebration. There he contracted a severe case of bronchitis and had weak bronchial tubes that later became bronchial asthma.

Wilhelmina, Leona, and Cora went to the homestead in the summer to cook for Jacob's half-brother, Adolph, who worked the farm while Jacob was away. Wilhelmina and the girls lived in Hyrum with her folks in the winters. Wilhelmina received one-third of the crop each year and had saved \$2,000 when Jacob returned in 1908. He bought 80 acres from Peter Christensen with that money. From that time on, he grew wheat to buy more land, to grow more wheat to buy more land, until he had 1,100 acres.

In the fall of 1908, he was called to the Woodland Ward Bishopric with Henry H. Wakley as bishop and William Phillips as first counselor. Orson F. Whitney ordained him as a high priest and set him apart as second counselor. The next year on June 19, 1909, he was ordained bishop by Elder John Henry Smith of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. Another daughter, Dora Rose, was born October 23, 1909 on the homestead in Woodland, Bannock, Idaho.

He built a home in Downey and moved there in 1912. Another daughter, Ruby Isabel was born August 13, 1914. He stayed on as bishop of the Woodland Ward for four years. Soon after he was released as bishop, he was called to fill the position of superintendent of the Downey Ward Sunday School. He was also first counselor in the stake high priest presidency and the class leader in the Downey Ward group. He taught classes in the Mutual Improvement Association and was active in ward drama. In 1919, he was called by President George F. Hyde to be the clerk in the Portneuf Stake Presidency organization. He served in that capacity for 22 years. In the spring of 1941, he was released along with the presidency and called as a high council member in the new organization.

In 1944, he was called on a six month mission to the North Western States in Portland, Oregon. This was during World War II when missionaries were scarce. He labored alone without a companion. This rather spoiled his mission because he didn't like being alone.

About the years of 1934-36, he was a member of the county committee of the Agriculture Adjustment Association (AAA). He worked in Pocatello. His son-in-law, Eugene England, came from school in Logan in the summer to run the farm on a one-fourth sharecrop basis. Later, Eugene began buying one-half of the farm. He and Jacob worked together until 1942 when Eugene bought the rest of it.

When Jacob returned from his mission, he had been released from the high council and was asked to work on the Genealogical Committee. That same year, he was called to officiate in the Logan Temple. He spent the first winter in Logan, Utah, alone in a little home at 345 North 400 East. The next year, he sold the home in

Downey, and Wilhelmina and Isabel moved to Logan. Temple work gave Jacob greater love for his fellowmen. Studying the book, *Jesus the Christ*, by James E. Talmadge taught him to love the Savior. His missionary work along with prayer, study, work, and the Holy Ghost gave him a firm testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ and of the mission of Joseph Smith.

Cora Ann Hartvigsen Sturgill died January 19, 1952 in Twin Falls, Idaho. She had struggled with cancer for ten years. It began as breast cancer. She had radiation treatments yearly until the cancer metastasized and moved to her brain.

Wilhelmina died on April 28, 1953. Jacob married Mary Jensen in December of 1954. He started to have some angina pains, and in April of 1955, he had a heart attack. He died April 12, 1955 at the age of 82 and is buried in Hyrum, Utah.

MY MOTHER WILHELMINA ALBERTINE ROSE

By Dora Rose Hartvigsen England

Wilhelmina Albertine Rose was born in Hyrum, Utah, May 16, 1874 to Oluf (Ole) Hansen Rose. He was born August 10, 1834, in Vejle, Vejle, Denmark, and Ane Kerstine (Anna Christine) Jensen Rose, born February 26, 1852 in Everdrup. Hemmenstrup, Praesto, Denmark.

Ane Kerstine came to America with her mother Maren Larsen Jensen who is listed as a widow; brother, Hans Peder, age eleven; sister, Signe Emilie, age six; and brother Christian Frederick, age three, from Denmark when she was ten years of age. They sailed to America on the ship *Monarch of the Sea* and then traveled overland to Florence, Nebraska. On July 8, 1864, *Crossing the Plains Record* lists: Maren Jensen 44, Hans Peder 13, Ane C. 12 and Christina 6 (this should be Signe Emilie). They traveled with the William B. Preston Company, which consisted of 50 wagons, 400 people, and arrived at Great Salt Lake City, September 15, 1864. Christian Frederick died May 7, 1864 (probably aboard ship). Hans arrived in Salt Lake City with Maren, but no further record is found of him; nor is there any record of an older brother, Lars Rasmus Petersen, born May 17, 1848. A sister, Christine Sophia, was born May 24, 1854 but died young. She is not found on the 1860 Roholte Census.

US Census, Cache Co., 1870, Hyrum Record Lists: Anders Smith 46-bricklayer, Mary Smith 48, Sina 12, and Annie C. 18 married to Oluf 41—farmer. Anders and Maren had been married November 16, 1852 in Everdrup, Hemmenstrup, Praestok, Denmark. They had joined the Church in Fjedgaard, Roholte, Praesto, Denmark in 1853. Evidently, Anders came to Utah prior to the rest of his family--probably in 1863.

When Ane Kerstine was seventeen, she married Oluf Rose and was his second wife. They were married May 31, 1869 in the Salt Lake Temple. His first wife, Maren Eversen, didn't have any children. Ane had nine children: Oluf Wilford, born April 3, 1872, Wilhelmina Albertine, born May 16, 1874, Joseph Walter, born December 7, 1876, Ida Mary, born August 10, 1879, Lehi and Nephi—twins, born August 14, 1882, Lester Thomas, born May 22, 1884, Lavina Anna, born October 8, 1888, Willard Richard, born April 12, 1890, and Orval Vernon, born September 1, 1892. Nephi died at six years of age, October 15, 1888.

Oluf Rose served in the bishopric for 21 years. When Wilhelmina (Vil) was in her late teens, he had a dairy farm in Blacksmith Fork Canyon, where 13 young girls were milkmaids. His son Oluf and Jacob Larsen (who later married Vil) were cowboys, who herded the cows. Vil and Martha (who later married Oluf) made the cheese from the milk. Vil also milked twenty-two cows each morning and evening

Her childhood years were spent in Hyrum, where she had little education--not going beyond the fifth grade--because she was needed at home to help her mother. She tells of washing clothes on a scrubbing board at nine years of age and of years of ironing boys' shirts with ruffles down the front. The children called their father's first wife, Auntie. She was good to them and helped in the home for many years.

Christmas and the Fourth of July were wonderful occasions. Guns started shooting off about four in the morning, and the city band played in the streets. They always came to the Rose home about 5:30 or 6:00 am for refreshments. Ebelskievers and hot coffee or chocolate were served.

Wilhelmina (Vil) had her first date with Jacob Larsen when she was about thirteen years old. He was a neighbor boy, who played with her brothers. She talked with him at the dairy, and she and Martha rode the boys' horses in the canyon. But she didn't start going out on dates with Jacob until he was a student at Brigham Young College in Logan. Vil was a fine seamstress and did some sewing for friends before and after her marriage. She also worked in Logan for Gronaman's and Ballard's and helped Sister Ballif, Logan Utah's stake president's wife, cook dinner for conference visitors--Apostles and the President of the Church, Joseph F. Smith.

She married Jacob L. Hartvigsen on December 17, 1896, in the Logan LDS Temple. On December 14th they were baptized again, which was the custom at that time. The first year or two was spent in Hyrum, at first renting, and then moving into her parents' home when they built a new one. Wilhelmina sewed for friends and neighbors, and her husband taught school in Blacksmith Fork Canyon for \$25 a month. On April 4, 1898, a daughter, Leona Emilia, was born. Jacob attended summer school at BYU and the Agricultural College in Logan. He was the principal of two small schools at Mount Sterling for \$35 a month.

In 1898, Jacob and his brother, Niels, went to Idaho and filed on a homestead at Cherry Creek, near Downey, Idaho. In 1899, Vil and baby daughter lived there in a tent in the summer and returned to Hyrum in the winter. The next year, Jacob built a one room home on the hill. They borrowed cows from the ranchers and sold butter and eggs for their groceries. Vil sewed and helped Lula Newton with her large family on the adjoining homestead. Vil was afraid of the ranchers from Woodland, who were very dark and rough men, and hid with her baby in the bushes along the creek when they came by on their horses. They later became friends.

A daughter, Cora Ann, was born April 24, 1904, in Hyrum. In 1906, Jacob was called to Norway on a mission. Adolph, a half-brother of her husband's, kept the farm during the two year mission. She spent the summers on the ranch and winters with her mother in Hyrum, where Leona went to school. Vil received one-third of the crop each year and had saved \$2,000 when her husband returned. With this money, they purchase 80 acres from a neighbor, Peter Christiansen.

On October 23, 1909, another daughter, Dora Rose, was born on the ranch at Cherry Creek (Woodland). Jacob was bishop of the Woodland Ward at this time, and they bundled up in the winter and drove the eight miles to the church on Sundays. Many good evenings of entertainment were enjoyed with neighbors in Cherry Creek. Besides brother Niels and his family; there were the Moses Christiansens; the Peter Christiansens; cousins: the Joakin Hartvigsens and the John Hartvigsens; the Jerry Christiansens; the Charles Webs; the Barnses; and others.

In 1912, Jacob moved his family to Downey, Idaho, and built a good sized home there, so the girls could attend school. Summers were spent on the ranch when the girls were old enough to go there to cook for their father and hired men. As years passed and farm machinery improved, this was only for a few weeks at a time. In the early days, thresher crews consisted of 12 to 20 men; and food was prepared for them at the home, where they were threshing. The women helped each other.

Vil was always a good neighbor and a hard worker. Her home was always clean, and her girls well dressed. One man, who came to her ranch home, where part of the floor was bare, scrubbed boards, said it was always clean enough to eat on. In Downey, she cleaned and calcimined each room of her house each year. She made soap, cured hams, and picked and canned fruit and vegetables from a large garden. She helped in the Church, always with dinners. She was the work director in Relief Society for many years and was in charge of the quilting. She was a block teacher. Because of her lack of education, she wouldn't try to teach or hold offices of leadership, but she always supported her husband in his Church positions and cared for the home when he traveled in his assignments with the high council and when he was the stake clerk.

On August 13, 1914, another daughter, Ruby Isabel, was born at Downey. This child appeared beautiful and normal; but in 1918, when the flu was so bad, she was ill. They thought that the fever must have impaired her brain because she didn't learn to talk plainly and couldn't learn in school. This condition, in later years, was a hardship and took much of the joy out of life. Vil traveled with Jacob and Isabel to New York, Washington, and California, seeking help. Many years later, Ann Christine England Barker's doctor diagnosed Isabel with hypo-thyroidism (cretinism). It is a thyroid condition that, if not corrected in early childhood, causes mental retardation.

One quality Vil portrayed very strictly, and of which her daughters testify, is that she didn't talk about people. They say they haven't ever heard her gossip or speak ill of anyone. In her husband's position as stake clerk for 22 years, she no doubt knew many confidences; but she never betrayed a word, even to her daughters. Her examples of thrift and honesty and integrity were planted and cultivated in her daughters from childhood on. She taught them to sew. Although she spoiled them by not having them do more of the housework when they were in school, they learned to cook and keep house. She encouraged them to get good educations, and when Dora Rose had gone two years to college and was engaged to a missionary, she insisted that she be permitted to go on and finish college even if she (Vil) had to furnish the money from her own family inheritance. She had a strong testimony of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Jacob served a six month mission in Portland, Oregon, in 1944. Shortly after he returned from his mission, he was called to officiate in the Logan temple. He spent the first winter there alone in a little home at 345 North 400 East. The next year, he sold the home in Downey, and Wilhelmina and Isabel moved to Logan. This move was very hard on Vil. It was hard to leave her friends of fifty years to go to a strange town to live, but she did so willingly, so that Jacob could serve as a temple officiator.

Comments by Dora Rose Hartvigsen England:

We would visit my folks in Logan quite often. We would help house clean for my mother, who was in her late 70's. One day in the early fall of 1952, we found Mother sitting on the couch with her leg elevated. I looked at it, where it showed infection, and talked to her about what the doctor had said. I decided that since it wouldn't heal, she probably had cancer. We took her and Isabel, my mentally retarded sister, home to Salt Lake City with us. A doctor at the clinic in Salt Lake said she had cancer and didn't recommend an operation. I assumed that it was no use. She stayed with us until March. She was getting thinner and weaker and holding fluid in the plural lining, which had to be drained off periodically.

She wanted to go to my sister, Leona's home, in Kimberly, Idaho. We made a bed on the back seat of the car and took her to Leona's on a sunny March day. Her appetite was poor and Leona, being a good cook, could tempt her. One day returning home from the doctor, who had drained the fluid, she became ill and went into a coma. I went to Kimberly to help care for her. She died in the coma in about a week. She had only lived a month there. The doctor said uric acid caused the cancer in vital organs. She died from complications of pancreatic cancer on April 28, 1953. She was 79 years old. She is buried in Hyrum, Utah.

My father lived alone in Logan, and Leona and I took turns caring for Isabel. He came to visit with us, and when he came home from a walk, he was dragging one foot. I took him to Dr. Richards, who said it was poor circulation.

In the spring of 1954, my husband, Eugene, was called as the mission president to the North Central States, and we moved to Minneapolis, Minnesota. My father married Mary Jensen in December of 1954. I think he started to have some angina pains, and in April of 1955, he had a heart attack. He died April 12, 1955 at the age of 82.

My parents both had strong testimonies of the gospel and taught us girls by good example and precept. They were hard working--the salt of the earth. They were honorable, honest, clean-living, true Latter-day Saints.

Photos of Dora taken during college years 1927 - 1931



DORA ROSE HARTVIGSEN ENGLAND

I was born of “goodly parents”, Jacob L. Hartvigsen and Wilhelmina Albertine Rose Hartvigsen, October 23, 1909, on the homestead in Woodland, Idaho, which is near Downey, Bannock, Idaho. I appreciate that they were good Latter-day Saints, and I feel that this fact has made me what I am today.

The earliest event that I can remember is the day Ruby Isabel was born: August 13, 1914. I was playing with my friend, Erma Norton, who lived in the next house west of ours in the small town of Downey in southern Idaho. My father came and carried me home and took me into the bedroom to see the baby girl with brown eyes and dark brown hair. It was so unusual for him to do this that I never forgot it although I was only five years old.

My next memory is going to school with Erma--just to visit. I wasn't six until October 23rd and couldn't start school in September. Somehow, the teacher, Miss Naylor, received permission to take a group of us into the first grade at the first of the year. Perhaps her first grade was small. I enjoyed school, and my mother has said a number of times that I'd come home and recite and act out all we'd done that day. Later, they passed us from second to fourth grade, and I remember struggling with the times tables.

Erma had excellent artistic ability in drawing and in molding clay. Her drawings of horses, I thought, were beautiful. Experiences with her created in me a beginning of love of art and beauty. We played dolls with Katie Olson, who had a number of beautiful dolls. I had one with a tin head, I was ashamed of. I received a pretty doll for Christmas at my Grandmother Rose's home in Hyrum; but the big boys, my uncles, bounced it off the cat; and it broke. I was five years old.

I recall my grandfather, Rose, was old-- 80 years old and ill at the time. He came tottering toward me to talk to me, but I was frightened by his white hair and beard and kind of glassy eyes, so I dropped a cup I was drying. He passed away the next summer, and I recall the hearse with four white horses.

Ida, my cousin, lived with Grandma Rose. Her mother died at her birth. She was just six months older than I. We had wonderful times playing in the big barns-- they had some hay in them, making hills and good bedding places. We played Indians and cowboys and acted out the movies we saw.

Erma and I made farms and towns in the moss under the tall sagebrush across the street from our home. We used the white fluffy pussy willow seed pods for sheep. Erma moved to Weston, Idaho, and I played with Clista Christiansen. We made doll houses in cardboard boxes with rugs and curtains and furniture. We sewed for small dolls and even had them swimming in a small irrigation ditch at the back of our pasture. This was possibly the beginning of my interest in home decorating. We made our own paper dolls. Erma could draw them beautifully, and we designed wonderful decorated dresses for them--a forerunner, no doubt, to my interest in clothes.

One can imagine how I felt wearing my sisters' hand-me-downs that were out of style and not pretty. Erma had beautiful black, patent leather shoes with beige tops and buttons. That probably helped create my inferior(ity) complex. Also my sisters

called me “Dumb Dora”. I got such good grades in school that I should have overcome it, but I never have.

As we grew older, we played baseball in the street with the Christiansen boys and girls. Half the town’s young kids got together under the street light to play “run sheepy run”. There would be about twenty of us. Two captains chose up sides. One group would go off into the town and hide while the other side waited for their captain to return. Then we’d go to find them with their captain calling signals to his group, so they could outmaneuver us and get into home base safe. No vandalism, just a good time.

Usually, we went to a movie Saturday nights before we were old enough to go to the dances in Hyde’s Hall. At 15 years old, we were a group of girls getting together Sunday afternoons to dance to records at (our) homes.

Ida, my cousin, came to live with us when Grandmother Rose died, 25, Oct 1923. So I had a twin and we dressed alike and went everywhere together. We palled with a pair of twins, Rae and Fae Spidell. Ida was nine months older but was held back a grade when she came to Idaho to school. She was a little spoiled by Grandmother, but she adapted easily, and we got along very well all through high school.

In 1918, I had the flu very badly. The doctor said I was more ill than anyone who lived. They rolled me in wool blankets wrung out from hot water. My father and a neighbor gave me a priesthood blessing, and I got well.

During high school, we didn’t date much. There were 15 of us girls and only one or two boys. A couple of boys I recall, who didn’t go to dances, and a few, who lived across the tracks, with whom we didn’t associate. The boys from Oxford, Malad, and Arimo, came to our school and town dances. We dated them our last year of high school. I had one boyfriend in Malad, Dave Evans, and one in Oxford, Bert Croshaw. Arimo boys I dated were Clifford Evans and Ed Evans. I met Eugene (England) when I was 16 (years old) when I was attending stake conference in Arimo—his home town. He had been in Pocatello and Montana painting for the railroad. Howard Henderson, son of our patriarch, introduced us; and Ida and Howard and Eugene and I walked out by the high school, sat on the grass, and got acquainted. I was wearing a white satin skirt, so I sat on Eugene’s handkerchief to keep off grass stains. That summer, Ida and I went on a “chickaree” with them.

I would see Eugene at dances and movies and basketball games during my senior year. He had returned home and was finishing high school although he was older than the rest of us. I wasn’t really that interested in anybody. I wasn’t really gawping or looking for him, but I was always conscious of him. When he would come into the movies house, I would just know he was there.

In high school, I was a good student—a conscientious, hard worker. My mother has told me since that she felt sorry for me because I worked so hard studying. I graduated second highest average—only a fraction of a per cent under Donald Hyde, who was valedictorian. Because my grades were over 90%, I didn’t have to take final exams.

There weren’t many activities in the school. I sang in girl’s glee and was a maid in one play. I’m sure I did badly, for I was so timid. I didn’t enjoy it at all. I had a big

cold sore come the day before the play presentation, which made me miserable. There was basketball and track.

Ida married Evan Croshaw after she graduated from high school. I was in college at Ricks (Rexburg, Idaho). She had a lovely baby boy. When he was about two years old, Ida had scarlet fever, and it settled in one lung. It was an abscess that could not be removed at that time. Doctors didn't have the miracle drugs we have now, and she died after being in hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah--about a year. It was like losing a sister.

At Rick's College, I was quite popular. I dated Seth Parkinson, star basketball player; Blair Rich, a doctor's son; and Keith Skelton. Others kept calling, but I turned them down. One was an older fellow about town, whom I felt was too old and experienced. Eugene came for Girl's Dance, and we corresponded and dated when I was at home. He was working to go on a mission.

Virgil Burrup was my roommate the first year, and we moved in with Pearl Hale the latter part of the year. Virgil's boyfriend was Milton Hartvigsen, my second cousin. He and Eugene came to see us from Downey a couple of times. At the Girl's Dance, I asked Maurine Romney, our school's president George Romney's daughter, if she would like to dance with Eugene. "If he is nice," she said. "He wouldn't be my boyfriend," I answered quickly, "if he weren't nice." She became a nun and deserted her family. She had died recently, I hear.

Virgil didn't attend Ricks the second year. She and Milton got married. The next summer, the four of us—Milton, Virgil, and Eugene and I, took a trip to Yellowstone Park. We had a tent in which Virgil and I slept on folding cots. At Old Faithful, we froze at night. Moisture formed on everything and became frost. Milton came and got in bed with Virgil. I guess they were freezing outside on the ground. I got up at dawn and went out to the car, where Eugene was snuggled down to get warm. Otherwise, it was an enjoyable trip. A bear came into camp and put his tongue into the empty jelly bottle on our table.

Pearl Hale and I lived in a little house, where we had to make our own fires, which wasn't very pleasant in the cold, Rexburg winter. It made me tough and used to hardship. We ate our meals next door at Oldham's. Donald Hyde and Percy Burrup from Downey boarded there also. The four of us enjoyed good fun playing rook.

I had theology from President George Romney, father of Marion G. Romney. I also studied with Hyrum Manwaring, so that I really felt that I knew somewhat about the principles of the gospel. There were some strict rules about going to dances off campus. We went once to Riverside and got "called on the carpet" in the president's office. Otherwise I was a good, studious student.

I graduated after the second year at Rick's. I made my dress of blue flowered chiffon and bought a floppy wide brimmed hat of braid and flowers. I was an "A" student in trigonometry but a "C" in chemistry. I'm sure I could have learned chemistry if I had had a good teacher. Pearl and I told our teacher so when, on graduation day, he asked us how it was that we could pull "A's" in trigonometry.

My last two years of college were at Utah State Agricultural College (AC). It was like an LDS school since there didn't seem to be any drinking or smoking even at

the fraternity parties, anyway, not at the ones I attended on campus. The first year, I boarded at the home of Brother and Sister W. W. Henderson's on Second East. He had been president of the LDS College until the Church closed it, and now he taught at the AC. My father graduated from the BYC, which was not much more than a high school in that day, but he taught the first year of their marriage. We girls, four of us, boarded there and would ride to school with Brother Henderson in an old Dodge with detachable curtains for cold weather. It was really an antique. Doris Farr from Arimo was my roommate. She was a real brain and would do calculus for recreation.

Eugene left for his mission to the Southern States in November of 1929. We were engaged that fall before I left for school. He gave me a beautiful diamond ring. It was hard for us to part for two years. Before he left, on October 9, 1929, we each had our patriarchal blessings. I went to Salt Lake City to say goodbye, and I cried all the way back to Logan on the train.

Stake Presidency
George T. Hyde, STAKE PRESIDENT
Royal Y. Hale, FIRST COUNSELOR
Orval E. Hendricks, SECOND COUNSELOR
Jacob I. Hartvigsen, CLERK & RECORDER

PORTNEUF STAKE

Offices: HYDE BLOCK
POST OFFICE BOX 110
PHONE 42

OF THE
THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER DAY SAINTS
Downey, Idaho

A Patriarchal Blessing given by Benjamin Williams Henderson Patriarch, upon the head of Dora Rose Hartvigsen, daughter to Jacob Hartvigsen and Willhelmena Rose Hartvigsen, born at Downey Idaho, October 23, 1909.

Sister Hartvigsen, in Authority of the Patriarchal Priesthood and in the name of Jesus Christ, my Master, I Lay my hands upon your head and bless you, and I bless you with the blessings of health and strength. I bless your intellect that you may see clearly the ways of the Lord, and the many things that the Lord will require at your hands. You are a daughter of Ephraim. The house of Israel is your home and the Gospel with all its blessings and responsibilities will weave into your life like the threads of a fine fabric. You will be a mother in Israel. You will have a home with the comforts of life. The Gospel of Jesus Christ will grow into your faith until you shall (k)now that the gospel is true. Your faith will grow until it will be hard for the Lord to refuse to grant the things you will ask of him. You will become mighty in prayers. The Lord will direct his servants to ask you to preside over your sisters, and he will give you wisdom and ability to do it with honor and credit to yourself and all concerned. You will have the privilege of bearing your testimony at home and abroad. You will meet men and women that have never heard of Joseph Smith or of the restoration of the Gospel and you will be the means in the hands of God of bringing many to the knowledge of truth. Your name will be known far and wide for your faith and testimony in the Gospel. Genealogical work will be your greatest joy, for you will have manifestations that your work is being accepted by our father in heaven and to the good and satisfaction of your kindred, who have passed on, and when you have finished your life's work the

Lord will take you him peacefully as though you had gone to sleep I promise you in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen.

(spelling errors as in original)

We were both very busy, but we wrote and stayed true to each other. I went with a few boys, who knew that I was engaged to a missionary. Junius Baird had a girl in Brigham City, Utah, so we were just good friends. He took me to some fraternity parties. We had fun at dancing parties above the Blue Bird Café. We walked home from downtown to the dorm on campus, where I lived the second year. John Looseli was also a nice friend. He was cousin to one of my roommates, Adrienne Looseli. He became a famous scientist, so did Dorcas Hammond with whom I went to a Girl's Dance. After 45 years, I found out that he became very famous. I bought a nice white flowered net dress for these formal parties. I had my picture taken in it for Eugene. His missionary companions said they were going home and "beat his time" with me. I also had a black-chiffon that Cynthia, my granddaughter, wears now (1981).

I attended church at the LDS Institute. There were very good speakers, who came for our meetings. It was at this time, with these speakers, that I first strongly felt the Holy Ghost testifying of the truthfulness of the gospel. A spirit was with me in those meetings that is hard to describe. Now, I know it was the spirit of the Holy Ghost.

The spring before graduation, we were all looking for jobs. Elmer Hartvigsen and I went to Thatcher, Idaho, to meet some of the school board members. We both got the jobs, but I had signed to teach in Kimberly, Idaho, before I heard from Thatcher. My two sisters lived in Kimberly, and my brother-in-law, Don Gibbs, who had been superintendent there, recommended me.

I graduated with honors of Phi Kappa Phi, the highest 10% of the class, and the Phi Upsilon Omicron--Honorary Home Economics Fraternity. I was a Home Economics major with Nutrition as major and Sewing as a minor. In Kimberly, I taught algebra--three classes--geometry, and sewing. The algebra and geometry were easy for me. I just had to keep ahead of the students. I had some very good ones, and I enjoyed it all but grading all those papers.

I helped direct a school play. I can't imagine how I had so much nerve and confidence to try to teach math and direct a play. I should surely have kept this daring and perhaps I'd have accomplished more in my life.

Eugene came home from his mission in February (1932). He'd been district president for 18 months. He worked hard that summer, so we could be married in the fall. The Depression was at its worst, and there just weren't any jobs. He decided to go to college, for we felt we'd just as well starve in college as without a job. I had saved \$750 of my school teaching wages--\$125 a month. Eugene made \$275 from painting the Bannock County Courthouse in Pocatello. We were married in the Logan LDS Temple October 5, 1932.

We purchased a bedroom suite for \$125 and a washer for \$59. The Kimberly Bank then closed, and the Logan Bank asked us for the money back. It was a cashier's

check Don had sent me for school bonds the district had issued instead of money. It was all we had in the world. It was a blow for newlyweds without a job.

Eugene painted houses for the bank on Saturdays until they said he had paid it back. Years later, we heard that the bank in Kimberly paid all the money back, so the Logan bank got our money again and with interest all those years. We asked the bank for it, but they said they didn't have records back that far.

We rented an upstairs apartment with a bath down the hall at the Astle Apartments—on the corner of 300 North and 100 East. We paid \$7.50 rent and 50 cents for lights. I wouldn't bathe in the tub others used, so we bathed in a tin tub I purchased for laundry. We had a tiny round stove and the bedroom set in one room and a cook stove, table, cupboard, and bench out from the sink with a curtain in front of it. My folks helped us with meat, fruit, butter, and cream all winter.

Our second year, Eugene had a job at school doing janitor work. He made about \$8.50 per week. Our budget was \$14-\$20 per month. Tuition was \$50, so we saved some, and he earned some painting for Wolf. George Eugene Jr. was born July 22, 1933. I was quite badly torn but healed fast and was around in 10-14 day. After his birth, I said, "Never again." Eugene's boss said we'd become millionaires overnight. We named him George Eugene Junior after his father, and his worth is far more than money to us. Ruby, Eugene's sister, came to care for us a few days. Mother was in the middle of cooking for men for grain harvest. I was a good jersey (cow) mother, and he grew so fast that by six months he weighed 22 pounds. He was a fussy baby, who hardly slept. He completely wore me out, so that Eugene had to take over after a hard day at school. Eugene wheeled him in our wicker buggy for hours to get him to sleep at night. Some weekends Eugene hitched a ride to Downey to help my father on the farm.

Eugene did well in school, even though, he had a full load of 20-21 hours a quarter and worked. I wrote some of his themes for English class. One or two were so good that the teacher read them to the class. Ha! Composition was my hardest subject. I read a lot of Dumas and Galsworthy and others that Eugene brought from the library. That first winter was lonely, so I read a lot. Eugene suffered a tragedy when he lost half a finger while using a planing machine in the college shop. He also had an infected wisdom tooth, which kept him walking the floor a couple of nights. He lost weight with these ailments and was thinner than he had ever been since a teenaged boy.

For recreation, we went to a couple dances at the LDS Institute, Friar's Club, and returned missionary parties, which were nice. We had friends in a few times and went to a movie once or twice. Our Church was across the street from the apartment, so we took turns going after Eugene Jr. was born. I went to MIA while Eugene studied. We didn't have an easy life, but never thought of complaining. We worked hard and lived simply, had good clothes, and adequate food.

Eugene started working for my father in the summers. He was to furnish all the labor for one-fourth of the crop. In Logan, we rented a three room home at about 300 South and 100 East. We purchased a coal stove and a chair and couch on Holland's fire sale. The pieces were Kroeler and the springs are still good (1981). It is in our

basement in Salt Lake City after 49 years. We had a cot in the kitchen, and Ross Murray stayed with us one winter.

Our neighbors there were Orval and Zelda Eliason, who had a couple of little boys. Zelda and I joined a bridge club, which met once or twice a month. Our husbands tended the babies while we were at club. Eugene had them all one night when Orval had to work. He had quite a circus changing diapers, etc. We still see or telephone the Eliasons in Logan.

In the summer we returned to Downey to work the farm, so we couldn't keep the house in Logan. Dad gave us a little home in Downey that he had received on bad debts and had rented to a large family, who about wrecked it. Door panels were kicked out and the foundation braces toppled. Eugene crawled under the floor in about an 18 inch space to jack up the floor and brace it evenly with large rocks. I held a leveler on the floor to tell him when it was right. We painted and papered and fixed it livable. Delila and Franklin Flint lived in part of it. Their little girl was Eugene Jr.'s age. Her name was Renee. The next winter we rented to Billiter, the music teacher at high school, while we were in Logan.

The next summer, we remodeled the house: put in a bathroom, closet, and took out a wall between two bedrooms to make a large living room with a front entrance on the south; built on a dinette and back entrance hall and wash room; ripped out casings; and fumigated for bed bugs. We had quite a nice home when the remodeling was finished. We put down new linoleum in the kitchen and purchased a nice rug for the living room. It was green, wool Gulistan, and it is still in use (1989) in our basement recreation room in Salt Lake City

Eugene graduated that year (1936) after second quarter with a BS in Agronomy and Alpha Zeta and Phi Kappa Phi honoraries. I had received the Phi Kappa Phi scholastic and Phi Epsilon Omicron home economics honorary, so when Eugene graduated, we felt good about each having honors.

He took over the work of Dad's dry farming that summer of 1936 and taught school in McCammon, Idaho, that next fall. Dad was getting on in years and worked for the AAA in Pocatello, Idaho, so he needed someone to run the farms. "Life is not a purse from which prayers can draw treasure. It is as the Greeks say, 'Truly the Great Games, where only courage and strength and faith can win the prize, and fortitude crown the victor.'" These attributes we surely needed and used for the next ten years.

1936-1937—Eugene Jr. was a cute little boy with blond wavy hair and blue eyes. He was very bright and active and could recite all the nursery rhymes. When he was four, he wanted me to read to him all the time. Cora made a sailor suit for her boy, Eugene Hart. It was a beauty. Eugene Jr. wore it in Logan when he was three.

Our rented a home in McCammon. It was a nice white bungalow with a 30 foot living room. It had a hardwood floor, and I felt our nine by twelve foot rug looked like handkerchief on it. Our few pieces of furniture were rather inadequate. We were in the south part of town, east of the highway, and about 2½ blocks from the school. There was a pond back of our house, where Eugene could shoot ducks—in season of course. He coached the MIA M-Men basketball team. It was an exciting time going to their games. The team was good, but lazy, and would kinda slop along until the last

minute when they were beaten. Then they'd pitch in and win the game--sometimes on overtime. The team went to All-Church finals in Salt Lake City and won the Consolation prize. They lost their first game but won all the rest.

Our next year was in Downey, Idaho, where Eugene taught the Farm Shop (Smith-Hughes program) one year. Then he taught seminary for three years. We planted a big lawn with trees and shrubs, flowers, and a vegetable garden. I did most of the gardening and mowing. Eugene built a large swing and teeter totter and a sand (box) pile. Our children and the neighbors surely enjoyed it.

Ann Christine was born the first year we were in Downey—September 19, 1938. She was a lovely blond with curls. We named her after my Grandmother Rose, Ane Christine. Ann was pretty and a lovely girl all her days. She was a very timid child--afraid of rain and thunder and dogs and horses. I had to look under the bed and close closet doors.

We surely enjoyed our children. I had a major operation to put my organs in place to help me have more children--but to no avail. Eugene Jr. was a very bright and active. He and his friend, Dee Christiansen, played Tarzan in the trees wearing only their shorts. A few weeks after he started school, he could read and has been an avid reader ever since. He was in school productions and knew everyone's parts. In Salt Lake City when he was in Junior high school, they used him in high school productions when they needed a child actor.

My mother and father lived only a block away, and they enjoyed the children. They tended them for us at times. I was asked to teach Relief Society before Ann was born. Mother promised to tend her while I taught. During those years, I served on the Primary Stake Board, which entailed meetings and traveling to visit wards and to attend monthly union meetings.

My second cousin, Elmer Hartvigsen, was called to the stake presidency, and Eugene was asked to be Mitchell Jones's counselor in the Downey Ward Bishopric along with Percy Burrup and later Milton Hyde. Mitchell and Emily Jones became our good friends. They came with their two children, Norman and Shirley, to get a gallon of milk two or three times a week. We had some good times together. Elmer Hartvigsen was principal of the grade school and Percy Burrup a teacher. They were both hometown boys with whom I had gone to college. Eugene taught at the high school. This school and bishopric group had some big dinners and good times together.

There were a couple of clubs that originated at this time. One was Faculty Women and one a literary club started by Emily Pratt, a former teacher of mine in the eighth grade (Emily Peters). I was a charter member and was librarian. I gave a book review, Kiss and Tell.

In 1945, we decided to move to Salt Lake City and still farm in Downey. We had planned to do this when we first moved to Downey. We had the farm we had purchased from my father paid for and could afford to purchase a home. Mitchell and Emily Jones also decided to move to Bountiful or Salt Lake City and continue to practice dentistry. We went together to find homes and found that we couldn't even purchase land in Bountiful. We went to the east bench in Salt Lake City and purchased homes just three blocks apart.

We thought we were in the same ward, but we weren't until we sold our home at 1509 Redondo Avenue after a couple years and moved into a duplex at 1589 South 1500 East, which we had purchased as an investment. We also purchased one on the same corner facing Bryan Avenue. We lived here a couple of years while we built a lovely, large home just a few blocks away at 1348 Wilson Avenue. It is on a hill overlooking the city and has a wonderful view of the mountains from our south windows and patio. We wanted the large, adequate home while our children were with us to enjoy it. Eugene was 16 years old and Ann was 11 years old in 1949 when we moved into our first new home that we had planned. Eugene and Ann used the home for parties and programs and dinners and had a good time. A large pool table in the basement was used by Eugene Jr. and his friends.

Eugene Sr. helped finish and painted the house on the inside. There is a large (16 foot by 24 foot) living room with 10 foot thermopane windows at each end and a lovely onyx fireplace in the center of the west wall. It opened into a large foyer from which two doors opened into a dining room with a curved (bay) end window. Eugene's office or library also opened into the foyer. There is a master bedroom with a large window and two closets and a bathroom. Two other bedrooms and a bath on the east end of the house open into a large, L-shaped family room and kitchen by the dining room. Windows and a glass door open on the south onto a large patio. The home is ranch style of light brownish gold brick. After 40 years, it is still a good style and convenient and well preserved. Hardwood floors and woodwork are luxuries for this day. We have and still do enjoy it and our children and grandchildren seem to also. The grandchildren don't want us to sell it. It is home to them for visits since babyhood. I hope one can inherit it and keep it in the family.

We enjoy our neighbors: Mitchell and Emily Jones, who came to Salt Lake with us and built a home next door on the west; Jean and Lew Crandall lived on the east side. Lew passed away about eight years ago, but he and Eugene went golfing, hunting, and fishing, and served on the high council together. Sherm and Evelyn Robinson built across the street. He was on the high council and our bishop at one time. Sherm has also passed away. Norman, Jones's son, died of leukemia. It is very sad for he was just a young man. He left a young wife and seven children—triplet boys and four girls. Emily and Mitchell have two of the boys. One got homesick and went home.

Each year, around the Fourth of July, four couples: Crandalls, Robinsons, Parkers, and us went to Yellowstone for fishing and sightseeing. We ladies drove around in the park while the men went fishing. We had one large cabin with bedrooms and a kitchen at West Yellowstone. One year, the men tipped their boat over while fishing on Yellowstone Lake. Eugene swam and pulled the boat to shore with Lew and C. H. clinging to it. Sherm swam in, and all were safe but very cold in the wet clothing.

We enjoyed our home and friends in Salt Lake City. Eugene Jr. and Ann did well in school and made friends. We traveled some with Crandalls and Robinsons to Canada twice and to the Church Historical Places and Pageant in Palmyra, New York. Our Ann and Louise Crandall were with us on the tour east. In Washington DC, Ann was shown

on TV playing with a big cat on the steps of the Supreme Court (when the verdict of treason came in for the Rosenbergs). We were surprised.

Eugene commuted to the farm in Downey during the summer months. We sold our home in Downey to Dale Criddle for \$6,000 and purchased a small, two-room house at the south end of town to use as a farm house. Eugene Jr. went with his father when school was out and learned to be a good helper. I sent food for them for the week. With the large machinery, they didn't have to go every week. Ann and I went for a few weeks during harvest. During the war, when it was impossible to hire help and Eugene Jr. was too young; I did some of the wheat hauling with the truck. We had our own elevator; and I'd drive up onto a ramp, so Eugene Jr. could shovel the wheat toward an opening at the back end of the truck, where it poured out into a big hole and machinery carried it to the bins. Later, he drove the truck and tractor to help his father. We had 1,100 acres of good dry farm land. One year, we had 30 bushels per acre at about \$3 per bushel. That got us out of debt.

Ann had her friend, La Rue Whitaker, in Downey, who lived across the street and with whom she had played since babyhood. Her mother, Ona, was my good friend and still is, but we don't see each other very often now. Eugene Jr. had his friends Denny. . . and Bert Wilson.

Shortly after we moved to Salt Lake City, that same winter, Eugene was invited to join the stake high council of a new stake formed from Sugarhouse Stake—Hillside Stake.

In the Salt Lake Hillside Stake, I served as counselor on the LDS Girl's Committee and became the chairman. Bishop Newmeyer asked me to be Relief Society President of Mountain View Ward, where we first lived, but President C. H. Parker insisted that I stay with the Stake LDS Girl's Program. Later, this organization became part of the MIA, and I was in charge of it on that board.

In 1951, Eugene rented the dry farm to John Criddle and sons. Eugene was secretary of Montana Western Oil and Gas Company at \$225 per month, which kept him busy.

My sister, Cora Ann Hartvigsen Sturgill, passed away January 19, 1952 after ten years of valiantly fighting cancer.

My mother Wilhelmina Albertine Rose Hartvigsen passed away April 28, 1953. That previous winter she had lived with us. Although she took care of herself, she gradually became thinner and weaker with cancer in the liver and pancreas area. In March, she wanted to go to be with Leona, my sister, awhile. We made a bed on the back seat, so she could rest and lounge as we drove to Kimberly on a nice sunny day. She only lived a month. Liquid filled up her pleural cavity and had to be drained off. It made her miserable, and her appetite wasn't good, but she didn't have pain.

One feels lonely, sort of all alone, when your mother is gone. She was 79 years old but very young and straight and tall in her body, and her mind was also very young. No one could say she was old in thoughts or words. Her eyes were hazel brown and her hair was dark brown with a little gray around her face. She had little education, but a fine outstanding character for honesty and right and a strong testimony of the gospel.

My father lived two years after Mother died. He married Mary Jensen, a widow he met at the temple, where he worked as an ordinance worker in Logan. He also had a wonderful testimony of the gospel. He said, the book, Jesus the Christ, taught him to love our Lord Jesus, and his mission taught him to love people and the gospel. He had a teaching certificate from the Logan Academy and taught school a year or two near Hyrum after he and mother were married. Leona was nine months old when they homesteaded in Marsh Valley near Downey, Idaho. He was not tall, about five feet five inches; but trim and strait and proud, and very quick and active in his movements; a goodly man, who helped those in need and always paid his tithing and debts. He went on a mission to Norway, was a bishop, Sunday School Superintendent, and served in the high priest presidency and as stake clerk for twenty one years. He worked for the AAA when Eugene took over his dry farm. He was called on a mission to the Northwest. Mother had the care of Isabel, who is retarded. When he returned he was called as an ordinance worker in the Logan Temple. They purchased a home and moved to Logan, where Dad served for ten years. Mother was unhappy about leaving her home and friends. She wasn't as outgoing as my father, and it was hard for her to live in a new ward among strangers.

On December 22, 1953, Eugene Jr. married Charlotte (Ann) Hawkins. She was going to stay with us while Eugene went on a mission, but we were called about the same time. In April 1954, Eugene Sr. was called to preside over the North Central State Mission in Minneapolis, Minnesota. Eugene and Charlotte then asked to go together into the mission field and were called to Samoa.

I was released as a Stake Missionary in the Hillside Stake on March 7, 1954. I had been serving with Eugene as my companion since 1953.

I had been quite nervous the previous winter and wondered about my thyroid, so I got the opinions of three doctors: Dr. Thomas Robinson, Paul Richards, as well as Dr. Burtis Robins, who advised me to have an operation. So on March 16th, I had a thyroidectomy (goiter removal). It wasn't bad at all. The doctor took the stitches out the next morning, and I went home the second day. I felt fine, but nerves gave me a bad time and still do at times.

Eugene's face turned white on February 2nd when he received that telephone call to come to President Stephen L. Richards's office the next morning. We both felt that it would be a mission call. The next week, I received a call from President Richards's secretary to come to his office with Eugene on Friday at 4:00 pm. President Richards asked if we would be willing to go as mission president for three or four years. I told him I felt timid and unprepared, but he said I looked intelligent and could learn. I made one request, saying that my Norwegian blood rebelled in a hot climate. He said not to worry, we wouldn't be going to a hot climate (hah), but didn't say, where we were to go. We began preparation but didn't know, where we were going until Eugene got his official call. We were set apart on April 16, 1954. I was set apart by President David O. McKay with President Stephen L. Richards as voice to labor in the North Central States Mission in Minneapolis, Minnesota.

The high council gave us a lovely dinner and party at the Temple Square Hotel on April 7th. They gave Eugene a fine leather brief case, which he uses on all his trips.

The first week in April was very busy with General Conference and special meetings with the General Boards for mission presidents and their wives. Meetings for Eugene in the temple with the First Presidency and Apostles were thrilling. There were meetings with President John B. Hawks, and with the building committee, etc. The General Board gave us a luncheon at the Lion House, and I attended the Primary Presidents' Banquet in the Hotel Utah, which was a very fine affair.

Our Sunday night study group had a most delicious dinner for us at the Crandalls'. The theme was carried out cleverly with boats and passports, etc. They gave us these (missionary) journals. Hawkins and Joneses had us to dinner. Ruby also had dinner for us. The Stake MIA Board gave me the book *Man, His Origin and Destiny* by Joseph Fielding Smith. The study group gave me *Tonic for Our Times* by Richard L. Evans instead of flowers when I had the operation. The Relief Society gave me a special invitation to their monthly luncheon, and they presented a group of small books. All of these lovely kindnesses we appreciated very much.

At our farewell testimonial, Apostle Harold B. Lee gave a wonderful address. Clara and Stewart McMaster sang, and Lucille McDonald played her violin. They were all the very best, and we appreciate them very much. There was a large crowd. Eugene's family, except Oriole, was there and Fern and Vernon and Bill and Helen from Downey. I was frightened but managed to say a few words and really felt blessed because I was able to do better than I expected to be able to do, not having had but very little previous experience. Ann and her father did very well. President Parker gave a few remarks, and Bishop Smith also was kind and sweet as usual. We didn't have an open house or anything of that kind because it was only three weeks since my operation. Eugene's family came to the house afterward.

Ann's school wouldn't give her her credits until May 21st, so because of this and my convalescing, we decided that Eugene should go ahead to tour the mission with President and Sister Oscar A. Kirkham and President and Sister Hawks. I would remain behind, rent the home, pack everything, and follow later.

The job was almost too much for me. So many things seemed to go wrong. Satan must have been doing his share to discourage me, but I was inspired and helped too by my Heavenly Father. I had prayed about the home and getting it rented to someone, who would take good care of it, when one morning, I saw the Koopmans on their lawn and was impressed to go over ask them if they would like to rent it. I thought theirs had been for sale for months but found it had only been listed a week. They came over and seemed quite thrilled and pleased to get it. At \$150 a month it was very cheap, but I felt they might take care of it. Mrs. Koopman was ill for about two weeks after that, and they didn't sign the lease until the morning I left, so I was plenty worried.

Eugene Jr. and Charlotte were scheduled to sail for Samoa on June 23rd, but the date was set up to June 11th, so we were rushed to get their things ready; and their farewell was changed to May 23rd. I was planning to leave May 21st, but decided to stay a couple days for the farewell. It was really wonderful. Marion D. Hanks gave a very fine address. Gary Maxwell also did himself proud that night. Gary Christensen and Mickey Duncan did beautifully in the prayers. The quartet sang, possibly their last

number together because Royden (Glade) had his farewell that same evening. Eugene and Charlotte were wonderful.

There was quite a crowd at the train station to see us off the next morning at 8:30 am: President and Sister Parker; Brother McMaster; Bishop and Sister Mac Smith; Sherm and Evelyn Robinson; the Batemans; and Lew, Jean, and Louise Crandall. Jean had been in bed for a few weeks because her heart was acting up. Mitchell and Emily Jones were very kind to us. They had us to dinner Sunday, and Ann and I stayed there that night. Eugene and Charlotte got here to take us to the station. Eugene Sr.'s father was there, and Jack and Georgia Elcock and family, and Rex and Marty England and boys.

We nearly missed the train saying goodbye to so many and not hearing the train announced. It was so hard to say goodbye to Eugene and Charlotte for so long. We traveled on the City of Los Angeles, Union Pacific Railroad. I cried all the way to Ogden and in the night when I couldn't sleep, but it was mostly my nerves and a mother's foolish heart. The train ride was a new experience for Ann and new for me in some ways. Our stateroom was comfortable but crowded, the food was delicious, and the lounge car was fun.

We arrived in Minneapolis, Minnesota, May 25th, about 6:30 pm. Eugene and Elders Tate and Brown met us and collected our trunks and bags. We paid about \$7 storage and over weight on trunks--too many books. Tears came into Ann's eyes at the station, but when she saw the mission home and her room, which Sister Daphne Russell, cook and general housekeeper, and Sisters Burton and Gardner had arranged, she was thrilled and has seemed happy ever since. Everyone has been so kind and sweet and wonderful to us.

We had dinner and went to the Cinerama with President Knapp and his wife, Francis. They have six children. Dr. and Sarah Mortenson came from Rochester, Minnesota, and we had a good time. They have six children--the oldest is nine years old. He is president of the branch and a fine surgeon at Mayo Clinic. There is a chapel and information center for our Church near Mayo Clinic. Brother Mitchell is there to play the organ and direct it for a while.

I found moths in the cedar closet in the third floor storeroom in the welfare clothing. It was quite a job clearing it out and sorting. I had to have the clothing sent out for fumigation and had spraying done here for moths, etc. The home runs smoothly, so I haven't changed the routine. I have helped Sister Russell with menus and shopping. When I first arrived in the mission field, I was concerned about Sister Russell--her comradery with the office staff. She seemed too familiar and casual. No misunderstanding--Sister Russell was greatly appreciated and really good at her job. She was lonely. She was fun and agreeable, and the missionaries enjoyed her. But too much rapport was going on. As new help came into the office, this changed. I was worried about this and all my duties at first. The home situation worked out.

Minneapolis is a beautiful city, and we enjoyed living in the large mission home at 2219 Pillsbury Ave. There were three floors plus a basement. It was on a street of other large, beautiful homes. But even then, the trend was to the suburbs. We had four missionaries living with us--two lady missionaries and two elders. One elder was

Eugene's counselor and the others were secretary, record keeper, and publisher of the mission newspaper or bulletin.

Brother and Sister Childs are here from Vale, Oregon, on a mission. He is Eugene's second counselor, and she is my second counselor. They are wonderful people and so much help to us. On May 30th, they, along with Dr. and Sister Matson (Eugene's and my first counselors), went with us to Rochester, Minnesota, to reorganize the branch. I did my first speaking in the mission field and was blessed by not being too frightened.

On June 6th, Eugene and I went to Fort Francis, Manitoba, Canada, to reorganize the branch. It was beautiful country all the way--Lake Mille Lacs, 200 square miles, and many small lakes. On June 13th, we went to Grand Forks, North Dakota. It was a beautiful drive--larger fields and open country. They have built a nice house chapel. It was my first district conference and missionary report meeting. A young man had been baptized whose father came and ordered him to stay off his land. He was putting his son off the farm for joining the Church. The young man and his wife are steadfast. He said in meeting that he was going to stay in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints because he knows it is the church of Jesus Christ. They are being tested and having to sacrifice, but according to Apostle Ezra Taft Benson, "Sacrifice brings rewards." I spoke for 17 minutes on "Righteousness in the heart." My! My! How could I?

On Monday, June 14th, I had an enjoyable lunch with Sister Cain, Relief Society District Aid, along with Francis Knapp and her mother at Dayton's fourth floor lunchroom.

Sister Chadwick of the Primary General Board came Tuesday and talked to the Primary for two days. She has been set apart as the Mission Primary President. I called in all of the Primary workers and lady missionaries in the district to hear her. She is friendly and warm and marvelous.

Thursday night, Brother and Sister Ostvig took us to Radio City Theatre to see the Marciano/Charles championship fight. We cheered for Charles, but he lost. He is the best boxer, but Brother Ostvig thought the fight was fixed--syndicate controlled.

On June 19th, we went to Sioux Fall, South Dakota, on President McKay's directive. It was a really interesting ride--large fields of corn, soybeans, flax, hay, and grain. There was so much rain the corn was standing in puddles. We left a Book of Mormon with a service station owner and some tracts with a farm woman. We had a fine conference with the people there.

On June 25th, we had ten new missionaries from the Salt Lake mission home. We had a wonderful report meeting. They are fine fellows. It will be interesting to watch their development. We had 20 for lunch and for dinner. It is one month since Ann and I arrived.

On June 27th, we were in Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, at district conference. We picked up Sister Chadwick at Grand Falls. It was a hard trip--500 miles, but beautiful. The English dialect is interesting. Eugene called Brother Evanson from the audience to speak. I said he trampled, where angels wouldn't dare to tread. He felt

impressed to call him. Brother Evanson wept but did fine. His wife, a non-member, was healed by missionaries when in an iron lung from having polio.

We had heard from Eugene and Charlotte from Honolulu, Hawaii. They were having a wonderful time. On June 28th, we got a letter from Suva, Fiji. They were waiting for a boat to go on to Samoa.

Ann is having a wonderful time. She has a date for a Church dance, Friday night with Bruce Whiting. She gave a 2½ minute talk in Sunday School. She is serving as Secretary in the Primary. She went to a luncheon at the Knapps and swimming party today at Lake Harriet.

On July 4th, we went to the Second Branch to church. They have decided to buy a lot with an old building on it over by the University of Minnesota. They will use it awhile, then tear it down and build a new chapel and institute. There are many doctors and interns at the hospital and the university in the branch. In the afternoon, we were invited to attend the Seventh Day Adventist Convention at Anoka, Minnesota. There were five guest ministers on a panel answering questions. The first question was: "Is it necessary to keep all the commandments?" The answer was: "No. We can't keep them all. Any way, we are saved by grace."

Sunday, July 11th, was district conference in Minneapolis. I spoke about "Three Little Words." Sister Cain said I used just the right psychology to win them over--as if I had thought of that or planned or used that much guile. Old ladies came up and said they knew everyone was going to love me--that made me feel good. That evening in a fireside, four doctors (Nelson, Jensen, Mortenson, and Jenkins) were on a panel answering questions. Dr. Russell Nelson and Dr. Mortenson concluded that God knows all truth, therefore, we should obey His commandments whether or not we understand or can prove (them) scientifically. It was wonderful to hear those great men bear such testimonies.

On July 18th, we went to Alexandria, Minnesota, and had a wonderful, large crowd for conference. Elders Rasmussen and Tyler came with us from Alexandria. Elder Tyler told the story that they were riding (hitchhiking) and the driver seemed a little intoxicated, and his arm was injured and useless. He said, "I'm, jimmied up (Jimmy Dupp)." Elder Rasmussen said, "I'm Elder Rasmussen. How are you?" It reminded me of Elder Allen at Winnipeg telling about asking what a barrister was and said, "What is a banister?"

On July 22nd, Eugene Jr.'s 21st birthday, we got a letter saying that they had arrived on July 3rd and were enjoying themselves in Samoa.

On July 23rd, we went with the Knapps and Childs to dinner at Charlie's, a nationally recognized restaurant, and to the Aqua Follies. It was a wonderful dinner and show—but expensive. The cost of the evening was \$30. We can't do that very often.

On Saturday, July 25th, we took Ann and drove to Duluth, Minnesota. It is a beautiful city stretching in a long line along Lake Superior for 30 miles—mining and shipping. They had a nice cottage chapel. We had a picnic with the members at a park. There was a skyline view of the lake and green islands and inlets across to Superior, Wisconsin. We met Osmond Flint from Downey. I don't believe I'd seen him

for 30 years. He was a famous foot racer in his day in college. Eugene gave the best talk I've heard him give. I did poorly. Elder Flake, whose parents have served as mission president and wife, said that his mother had a hard time and couldn't speak but was a fine speaker when she came home--there is hope for me.

The Wright's, who have been here in the mission home and served as our second counselors, left for Rochester.

The first Sunday in August, we went to Virginia Branch. We stayed with the Chadwick's and had a lovely picnic in the park. Ann swam in the lake, and Eugene played ball.

On August 8th, Sister Chadwick came, and we went to Pierre, South Dakota, for the groundbreaking services for a new chapel on a beautiful location near the state capitol. I told about a sister, who said that if the missionaries had returned to her home 25 years ago, she and all her family would have joined the Church. Now, only she is a member. President Moyle had told of his counselor, whose wife had told the elders very emphatically not to come back to her home. She was really angry because she was in bed with a new baby, her children unfed, clothes unwashed, and house uncleaned. The elders came back and cooked, cleaned, and washed for her. They came back another day to help with the new baby boy and drew water for her from the well.

We held a conference at Gettysburg, Minnesota, in a house chapel. The branch president was Wayne Anderson. We knew them in Mountain View Ward in Salt Lake City. He was a Sunday School teacher. He received his PhD this summer and teaches at the University of Minnesota.

Ann had been with the girls in the branch, staying at a cabin at Spectacle Lake for a week. She came home sunburned and ill with a cold. She was in bed with a fever all day.

On August 14th, we started for Sioux Falls, South Dakota, and I became very ill. My head, throat, back, and stomach started hurting just after we left Minneapolis. I had stated that if anyone suggested that I go home that I was ready. I told Eugene I was discouraged and blue, and then I immediately got ill. By the time we reached New Ulm, Minnesota, I felt worse than I've ever felt in my life--chills and fever and ached all over. I never shook so badly in my life. Elders Tate and Austin and Eugene administered to me. Soon after my hands started perspiring and my head felt better. I attended all the meetings. Although I was tired and sore that night, by Sunday I felt fine. I fulfilled my responsibilities during three sessions of conference. I think my Father-in-Heaven was displeased because I was discouraged and bothering Eugene with my troubles when he has plenty. I'll try not to let it happen again, and I am very grateful for His blessings. I think He was letting me know He is right there to bless me if I ask.

After conference we went to Pipestone, Minnesota, for sacrament meeting. Sister Dora Hamilton left the meeting, and I felt impressed to go out and see how she was feeling. I found her with a heart attack, gasping for breath. I had her husband called out, and he went to call a doctor. Eugene came out and held her head and prayed. As he said, "Amen", we thought she stopped breathing, but she had relaxed

and stopped gasping. Eugene said, “She’s gone!” But she breathed normally for a few minutes and asked us to sit her up, so she could get more air. Soon she started breathing hard again, and her husband came and they took her to the hospital. She was very bad on the way to the hospital room but had oxygen and digitalis. She was all right in a while.

On August 21st, we took Elders Caldwell, Thacker, and Wyatt to Winnipeg for conference. Elder Caldwell, Eugene’s new counselor, and Eugene have been auditing branch and district records. Brother Smith, the Church auditor, will be here for a week the end of September.

Letters from Eugene and Charlotte say they are awfully busy teaching school and in charge of all the auxiliaries. They have been going around cleaning up behind the missionaries.

Sister Russell left to visit her father, who is 83 years old and is ill in the hospital. September has been a very busy month. I have been without a housekeeper. It is not too bad to cook for seven, but when new missionaries come in, so much company makes it hard.

We went to St. Paul, Minnesota, for fast meeting and Sunday school. Ann gave a talk in the genealogical program Sunday evening and did very well.

September 11th and 12th was district conference here in Minneapolis. Apostle Ezra Taft Benson and his son, Reed, came Sunday evening.

Crandalls and Robinsons came Wednesday, and we left in their big Fleetwood Cadillac for Alexandria and Canada. We saw the original rune stone (from 1363--Norwegian and Swedish carved message) in a safe in the basement in Alexandria. On September 19th, we had a wonderful conference in Fort Williams. Lew spoke in the morning and Sherm in the afternoon. We came home by way of the north shore drive to Duluth. It was so very good to have a visit with our friends.

It was Ann’s “Sweet Sixteenth Birthday” while we were gone. She is sweet and helps me all she can. I got her a red coat with a zip-out lining for school and black suede heels. A boy in her class called, and she told him she didn’t know him, so he came over to get acquainted. He is here again tonight—sticky! He has a crush on her, but she won’t go with him. There are plenty of boys about her age in the branch and are less worry.

On September 29th, the Knapps took us to his athletic club for dinner and to the wrestling matches--Gorgeous George. We had a good laugh anyway.

Sister Ruth Jensen came to be our housekeeper on September 5th. I am surely grateful to have her. She hasn’t had experience, so I’ve had to help her get started, and that has been hard on me.

At the conference in Sioux Falls, Elder Kelson said, “It doesn’t take much brain power to find fault. Let’s be mature.” When I first met him a few months ago, he could only speak a few words. He said that now, he could talk for hours. I asked him what he’d take for what he’d learned. He said it’s hard to tell anyone the joy he’s gained—joy in the gospel and his testimony of it.

On November 7th, we went to Anoka, Minnesota, and heard a little old lady, Sister Walters, who is 93 years old and a convert of one year, teach theology in Relief Society.

After the Relief Society program at First Branch, Dr. Russell Nelson spoke: "Seek Ye First the Kingdom of God. Those who don't have time to work in the Church and attend meetings are too busy—on a treadmill going nowhere. He is a young surgeon, age 30, known as the "Diplomat of Surgery."

Christmas Eve, we had a party for the missionaries in the Twin Cities. There were 28 of us. After dinner, we sang carols and had an extemporaneous program, some games, and stunts, and gift exchange. After everyone left, we opened our gifts. It was surely different from last year when we had Eugene and Charlotte with us, and we all sat on the floor, and Charlotte wept. I guess she was happy. I hope they are still happy this year in Samoa. We do miss them so much. Ann is sweet and fun and loved her Christmas gifts, especially her pink blouse and jumper and striped blouse. Eugene gave me a lovely mirror and earrings, and Ann gave me beads that go with the earrings. Although I bought apple cider to make a Christmas drink, no one came calling like all our friends do at home, so we went to a show on Christmas Day.

For New Year's Eve, we were asked to be patrons at the dance. Although we didn't dance, it was fun to watch Ann have fun as usual. It must be nice to be young and carefree and "Sweet Sixteen". We came home a little early to make hot punch and welcome the New Year with the office missionaries, but they had gone to a show and hadn't returned because traffic was so heavy.

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS

To keep too busy to worry about myself and thus be happy and useful

To read old books as well as new and to study daily the scriptures

To lend myself, wholly to this great missionary cause; to pray daily for inspiration and discernment

To spend an occasional quiet hour in an art museum, collecting dividends on man's great heritage of beauty

To be conscious of beauty in little things of everyday life and living

To treat every human being as if it were his last day on earth

Two hundred and fifty expressions of love and good wishes at Christmas touched my heart. Some of them I don't know yet, but hope to know them all soon. If we were to go home tomorrow, I'm sure it would be very hard to leave these friends after just seven months.

January 1957. I have worked on annual reports this week. The reports look good and show substantial increase in membership, attendance, and activities. The magazine subscriptions totaled 95% for the mission.

On January 14th, we went to hear Secretary of Agriculture, Apostle Ezra Taft Benson, speak at the St. Paul Agricultural Campus. He was well accepted--especially his extemporaneous talk to people after he went off the air. It was very sincere and wonderful. I felt it won their confidence. The farmers of this state have been down on

him for lowering the parity price support for dairy products. We went to a rural art show and enjoyed it very much.

Our neighbor, Norman Jones, is going on a mission to New York--the Eastern States Mission.

We received three letters from Eugene and Charlotte. I couldn't stand it any longer without hearing from them since December 26th. Eugene said the visit of President and Sister MacKay was one of the most glorious and faith promoting experiences of his life. He said, "That man is a prophet if one ever lived, and he and his wife are the greatest example of a creatively, happy couple of young lovers I can imagine. I wish you could have seen their consideration and thoughtfulness of each other and could have seen President McKay stand with tears running down his face and express appreciation for her. I wish you could have seen President McKay standing with a Samoan talking stick before the arrayed high chiefs of Samoa and bless this people and this mission. Truly, he was a Moses, standing staff in hand, white hair blowing, with all the fierce testimony of a man, who had seen God."

I finished the biography of Mrs. A., Gertrude Lawrence, by her husband. Her philosophy was: "One secret of a sweet and happy Christian life is learning to live by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till nightfall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. God gives us nights to shut down upon our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living."

In 1788, at the Constitutional Convention, Benjamin Franklin said, "I have lived a long time, and the longer I live, the more convincing proof I see that God governs in the affairs of men. We have been assured in sacred writings, 'that except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this, and I also believe that without His concurring aid, we shall succeed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel."

Dr. Butterick said, "If prayers were not answered, praying would long since have vanished in man's despair and pain."

The Quaker philosopher, Rufus Jones, said, "If prayer did not produce results, it would soon be weeded out of the human race."

Billy Graham said, "Whenever come wars and fighting among you, when a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him."

Ann went to the Gold and Green Ball with Clive Knapp. I lengthened Ann's red dress and helped her with a Valentine's basket and lunch for the Friday night dance. I lost the car keys and had to try to find them in this 12 degrees below zero weather.

On February 24th, we saw Dr. Whiting's production of "Othello". He is the Theatre Director at the University of Minnesota--nationally known. Earlier we had gone to his production of "King Oedipus". We met the former head of the department, who knew Joe Smith, former Patriarch of the Church, whom he said resigned because he didn't agree with some ecclesiastical principles of the hierarchy.

Brother Bringhurst came to look at property for chapels.

A letter came from Bishop Smith and the Edgehill Echo. The Edgehill M-Men were given the Outstanding Sportsmanship trophy permanently because they had won this honor more times than any others, who had participated throughout the years.

The newspaper says that it is spring, but the furnace is out--it needs new parts, so we are freezing.

March 26th, we left early for Pierre, South Dakota, for district conference on our way to Salt Lake City for General Conference. We left early and arrived in Logan, Utah, about 4:00 pm. There was some piled-up snow through Logan Canyon. Ann was with us. My dad had a heart attack the evening before we arrived and was in bed but feeling fair. Leona and Don and Issy came. Dad was quite restless and somewhat irrational. After a sleepless night, he wasn't too well, and the doctor advised that we take him to the hospital. I stayed there with him that afternoon. Then Leona and Don took over, and we went on to Salt Lake. I hired a special night nurse, and Mary hired one for the day time. So Leona felt useless and went home--seems a nigger someplace. They wouldn't leave Leona alone with Dad and really made her feel pushed out. Mary and her friends acted afraid of something. Time will tell.

Conference was wonderful. We had dinner with our birthday group at Town and Country. Excuse me, but I don't care for their food; my steak was too tough to cut. But it was good company, and we got to visit at the Robinsons after.

The high council had a delicious Hawaiian food dinner and program at Colonial Hills Ward. Elder and Sister Spencer W. Kimball and Elder and Sister Mark E. Peterson were there and talked to us. My, it was good to see everyone!

The two weeks passed quickly. There were quite encouraging reports about Dad. We went to Logan to see him. It was hard to decide whether to stay or go back to Minnesota. A lot of correspondence had piled up, and there wasn't a thing I could do for Dad. The doctor said that he could go on for weeks, or that at his age, he could go at any time. Tuesday April 11th, we received a telegram that Dad had passed away about 2:00 am. I'm sorry I didn't stay, but, who could tell. On the way back to Logan, I was riding in the dome of the lounge car when a man said, "See the chimneys on that house, pointing to a big old home just before we entered Ogden Canyon. They say you could tell how many wives a man had by the number of chimneys on the house. I don't know whether they still practice polygamy or not. I'm not a Mormon." I looked back and said, "No. They don't practice it now and haven't since 1890. And then, only about 2% of the male membership ever practiced it." On my way back to Logan by train, I met Leona, Don D., and David Gibbs in Ogden. They took me the rest of the way.

The funeral on April 5th was a lovely day, and the funeral speakers did a fine job. The Madrigal Choir from Downey came, and it was good to see them all. Many cousins from Malad and Hyrum came. Uncle Leo is the only one left of Mother's family. Annie Hall, Dad's half-sister, is the only one left of his family. We met with attorney Daines over the will. Leona will be the administrator, and it will be probated later. Leona and Don took me to Ogden Sunday morning. It was a long, slow ride home to Minneapolis.

Elder Bartlett went to Rochester, and Sister Maxine Wright is out in the field. Sisters Brown and Wright and Elders Nyman and Sam have been carrying the load. Elder Sam is in Ft. Frances, Ontario, Canada, and Elder Nyman has been made second counselor in the mission presidency. Both he and Elder Sam are fine young men.

There was a need for much renovation in the home. It was quite rundown. The ceiling fell in in Eugene's office and the house was covered with a fine white film. The kitchen was rather antique and curtains and rugs were worn out. Brother Murdock had said to keep the place up.

Sister Brain, who was there in the mission field with her husband, came a few days in April to make curtains for the living room, etc. She had experience doing this. I purchased 100 yards of sheer material. I also replaced mattresses and bedspreads, purchased a new bedroom suite for the guest room, and a beautiful Scotland made Persian rug for the living room. It was sold to us for half price and is just the thing for the deep red mahogany wainscoting and wood floors. I had a couple of small chairs and the couch covered and purchased two chairs and tables and lamps. That room was then lovely with the grand piano, etc.

We had the dining room painted and papered; the tall-backed chairs re-glued and covered, and purchased a rug for the floor. It was not Persian, but blended and was a similar style. For the kitchen, a new electric stove and a double sink-cabinet--both placed on the wall near the cupboard--made it much more efficient and comfortable.

President Milton R. Hunter arrived on May 21st. We had a missionary report and testimony meeting. President Hunter showed pictures and lectured on "Book of Mormon Evidences." He has spent six weeks in Mexico this past winter taking pictures for the Church.

On Monday April 23rd, we drove to Duluth. Then we went on to Fort William, Ontario, Canada; Gettysburg, Alexandria, Rochester, and Austin, Minnesota; and Pierre, and Sioux Falls, South Dakota. A new chapel at Austin was dedicated. A year ago they had \$300. Now they have a \$2,400 chapel all finished. This is an example of the sacrifice and hard work of a small group of Saints. We learned to love and admire President Hunter very much. These two weeks have been one of the highlights of my call here, I'm sure.

Ann goes to Primary faithfully every Saturday. She is secretary and teaches the Seagulls.

Letters from Eugene sound as if they are happy and healthy and more contented now.

Sister Jensen went home in June. Sister Russell didn't come back until the end of June, so I had to cook for 17 for a few days.

On June 27th, Eugene and President Nyman went to Antikokan, Ontario, Canada, to organize a branch, and on July 4th, they organized one in Brandon, Ontario, Canada. The missionaries had a melon bust at the park. Elder Sam came back to be the mission secretary.

Elder Andrews, a new elder of only a weeks, came to the mission home on his way home--spoiled I guess, or homesick. We tried to help him, but he would go. It kinda spoiled the missionary conference for us.

President Knapp had been to South Edgehill Ward in Salt Lake, and they had asked how I was getting along. They wondered since I was always so timid. I'm sure if I didn't have more faith in myself, the First Presidency, and especially my Father-in-Heaven than they seem to have, I would be a flop here. All I can do is try to do my best, and trust in Divine help. I'm so grateful for the blessings I have received here: good health, spiritual knowledge, and increased testimony. I'm also grateful for this experience, for Eugene Sr., and Ann. It means so much to Eugene, and he is doing very well. Ann is progressing and learning the gospel and gaining a testimony.

At the conference in Sioux Falls in July, President Barnes gave me a real compliment. He said he'd like to see the time when his wife could speak like I do. Sister Drumstalt said flattering things, also. Maybe with the help of the Lord, I am improving a little.

President and Sister O. A. Smoot came on their way from Sioux City to Chicago, Illinois, where he is mission president. It was surely fine to see them. She is a power, and he is energetic and a worker. They have both been ill and should go home and rest at their age.

Ann worked on posters and sandwiches, etc., all last week for their dance Saturday night. Clive Knapp told her he was going to ask her to go with him, but all the boys were going stag. So when Bob Holker called, she gave him the date. Then Clive called and said he was just kidding, so she was mad, but had a lot of fun. Hope her popularity doesn't go to her head.

Eugene and Charlotte sound happy but not very contented with the work. It's probably good training in patience for Eugene Jr. I miss them so much, and another year and a half seems so long--although this past year has gone by quickly when I look back.

"The grateful use of human life
Is to spend it for something that
Will outlast it."

William James

If you will but catch the moments
And use them,
The year will be friendly.

It's kinda long living each moment sometimes.

The Aqua Follies and Aqua Centennial have been going on for about two weeks. They have a half dozen things going on each day. This year we only saw a little of the parade and some music festival winners at the park.

The parks and lakes (11 lakes in the city alone) are so lovely here. Last night, the MIA had a swimming party at Lake Harriet. We sat on the beach and watched them. We attended the band concert. Sail boats on the lake give me a big thrill.

Ann isn't very interested in boys. They call for a date, and she puts them off for over a week. She does get crushes though, so that seems normal.

July 26th was the hottest day in years—100 degrees. It's not so bad because the humidity went down to 45%. It cooled off at about 10:00 pm. The lovely days outnumbered the bad ones so greatly that we couldn't complain, but some days in August were bad.

Annette Harbin is going to Central America on a mission. President Hunter said he would arrange for her to be in his mission. I guess he was so busy he didn't do anything about it. She is a lovely girl and seems thrilled. She says she had prayed to be called to teach the Lamanites. She came for a few days on her way to the Salt Lake Mission Home. We shopped for hat and shoes. I fixed some of her clothes and gave her my checkered jumper and jacket. She gave us a record of songs. I worry about her in that rough country. In December, she became ill and had to return home, where she decided not to go on a mission.

On September 2nd, we published the first edition of the Relief Society Quarterly.

On September 6th, we went to Fargo, North Dakota, to a hearing about six children, whose parents are giving them up for adoption. The parents joined the Church about two years ago, but never got along together, and are now divorced. We are finding homes for them and will take some if we can get Sister Baldwin to come and take care of them.

September 8th was Eugene's father's 75th birthday. We talked to him on the telephone. It was good to hear his voice.

Ann started school at Washburn High School. She came home bubbling and happy. This makes a different school for her each year of her high school days. She deserves being happy and among friends, at least her senior year. She had quite a seventeenth birthday on September 19th. She had two dates—one with Clive Knapp and one with Bob Holker-- and a slumber party at Barbara Larsen's. She had many lovely gifts, so she made up for last year when we were gone to a conference. It was too bad because sixteen is an important turning point.

The lady missionaries and elders composed a song and sang to her. They made a crown of autumn leaves, and I decorated the cake with 17 candles and flowers. She is lovely, and everyone loves her.

It was Sister Vadna Matson's birthday on the 29th. She and Brother Matson came to dinner. The missionaries made pink paper stars with Texas cut from blue paper fastened on the top for the lone star state. Elder Durrant composed another song, and Sister Bowman made the favors. I decorated another cake with the last flowers of the season.

On October 14th, I rushed to town and bought film and file cases and candy and nuts and got them sent off to Eugene and Charlotte for Christmas. I must make cookies and send a few more things. We are so busy, I am worn out and don't get time to write in my journal very often.

We are happy and try to be contented. We are grateful to be here, and though it is hard, we wouldn't be any other place. This past month, we have received 20

wonderful missionaries. We've been keeping them here for a few days. Elders Weber, Durrant, Sam, and Caldwell, and Sisters Wright and Bowman have taught them the lessons in groups. Our testimony meetings have been outstanding with these new missionaries, being the first time to bear their testimonies. They seem enthusiastic and filled with the Spirit.

On October 20th, we received news from Eugene and Charlotte that we are to become grandparents about March 11th. It was good news for my birthday. They said they told us because they knew we'd worry. And worry I will every time I think about them! He said the doctor and conditions were so bad in British Samoa that Charlotte had about decided to come home. But with a transfer to American Samoa and with a good doctor and hospital, she would stay.

We are thinking about adopting a little girl, age ten. She is one of the Gaetz Children.

October 23rd was my birthday. The missionaries sang to me and gave me a lovely hanky and flowers. It was the Minneapolis Second Branch dedication. Eugene gave a fine short talk and prayer. I'm proud of his ability and never stop being amazed at him and his blessings of knowledge and discernment. I'm very grateful for him and for my fine children.

Ann worries about others' troubles and tries, with quite a bit of success, to be a peacemaker and help everyone to be happy and love each other. Young people can be so blind and mean and unkind. Ann is wonderful and growing up and working hard in school,

All is well. I feel better about everything in my life than I did a year ago. I've grown and been blessed and am very grateful for all my blessings.

I am reading *Gifts From the Sea* by Ann Morrow Lindberg:

Out of the welter of a life, a few people are selected for us by the accident of temporary confinement in the same circle. We never would have chosen these 'neighbors.' Life chose them for us. But thrown together on this island of living, we stretch to understand each other and are invigorated by the stretching.

The multiplicity of the world will crowd in on me again with its false sense of values: values weighed in quantity, not quality; in speed, not stillness; in noise, not silence; in words, not in thoughts; in acquisitiveness, not beauty.

Europe, which we think of as being enamored of the past, has since the last war, strangely enough, been forced into a new appreciation of the present. In America have we not also been awakened to a new sense of the dignity of the individual, new appreciation of the value of the now, the here, and the individual?

The here, the now, and the individual have always been the special concern of the saint, the artist, the poet. The woman--in the small circle of the home she has never quite forgotten the particular uniqueness of each member of the family. The spontaneity of now, the vividness of here--they are the essence of life itself. They are the drops that make up the stream.

As a first real step toward deeper understanding of greater responsibilities, our special function may be to emphasize these realities. Start with ourselves. We find some of the joy in the now, some of the peace in the here, some of the love in me and thee, which go to make up the kingdom of heaven on earth.

The waves echo behind me—Patience—Faith. Openness is what the sea has to teach. Simplicity—Solitude—Intermittency. Other beaches to explore, this is only the beginning.

On Sunday evening, October 23rd, we went to the university campus to speak and have supper with a Methodist young married group. Eugene tried to convert them. The questions asked were enlightening. A young wife kept asking, “How can you be so sure you are right and that you have the truth? We know we don’t have everything.”

On October 30th, we went to Fargo to see the Gaetz children. We were planning to take Carol, Ken, and Gloria to Beth Henderson Steele, but the California board wouldn’t cooperate. So we found a home in Utah through President Hanks. They are a couple in their 30’s who have been case studied by the Relief Society. On November 20th, we brought the children home here with us and put them on the plane for Salt Lake City the next evening. They are wonderful children going to a fine home and parents. We do hope and pray they will all be happy.

November 14th, Eugene’s mother passed away suddenly during an operation for an intestinal obstruction. It must have been a clot. He flew out to the funeral. He said it was lovely, and she would have liked it.

Eugene’s second counselor, Elder Weber, a most worthy and hard working missionary, was released. Elder Thacker took his place. Elder Durrant took Sisters Mitton and Wright with him when he went home in a car he bought for \$95. We were worried, but the weather and roads were fine.

Sister Russell went home to Utah for a couple of weeks. I am struggling along trying to cook and keep house. There are last minute rushes for a Christmas buffet dinner party for 33 with a program and games.

Monday, we went to see “Guys and Dolls”. It was not good for the missionaries. This country is going to the dogs.

Ann is having a party after tobogganing. They ate a whole big kettle of chili and had sundaes besides.

On New Year’s Eve, we watched the dance at the chapel and came home with caps and horns to celebrate with Elder Young. I made wassail and served fruit cake.

On January 19th 1956, we went to hear Rubenstein play. It was a very fine enjoyable evening.

We received a letter from Eugene Jr. saying he and Charlotte had been transferred to Hawaii. We are happy for them if Charlotte can make the move okay. We wired for them to go by air and cabled money but haven’t heard, yet. We are worried about them. President Stone says there isn’t housing enough in Samoa. I could tell by Eugene’s letter how heart-sick he felt. They love those people and had some families that they felt they could baptize.

January 26th, Ann is worn out from semester exams. She dates enough lately. Tonight Bruce Whiting is taking her to his father's play at the University of Minneosta. Saturday, she is going with Clive Knapp to the Teen Gold and Green Ball, and Monday, she is going to a ball game with Bob Holker. It's too bad they can't take other girls in the branch once in a while. Bruce does change around.

On January 30th, we received a lovely letter from President Haycock. Eugene and Sholly are in the mission home. Eugene is enjoying it very much.

New Horizons Without Limit

With every rising of the sun
Think of your life as just begun
Your past has cancelled and buried deep
All yesterdays; there let them sleep.

Life is as fluid as the Mississippi River and will not stand still for anyone. Today's spiritual hunger cannot be satisfied by yesterday's inspiration. Our stage is the world of today, and it is on this stage that we must play our role and fight our battles.

On February 14th, Elder Ezra Taft Benson was the speaker at the Republican Lincoln Day Dinner. Eugene was invited to sit at the head table, and I sat with delegates wives. There was a large group of 2,000 there and in another hall at the St. Paul Auditorium. It was the first political talk I'd heard him give as the Secretary of Agriculture. President Eisenhower was well enough to run for president, and so this was possibly his first campaign speaker. It was wonderful because of the spirituality and honesty and integrity of Elder Benson that rings true. Sister Benson was wearing a huge white orchid and Reed gave a short, fiery talk. We were proud, and women around me kept saying, "Isn't he wonderful?" Eugene told them that we have 1,000 more like him in our Church. I am sending a copy of the *Book of Mormon* to Mrs. King, wife of the state auditor.

Eugene left for Flint, Michigan, last night to get a new Buick. I am going to Chicago today on the fast train that goes 400 miles in 400 minutes to ride home with him tomorrow. We visited with Brother and Sister Smoot and had a lovely ride home through Wisconsin into Minnesota along the Mississippi River.

We attended the Fort William's Conference and bought a Royal Dalton doll for Sister Bowman because she is giving Ann piano lessons and won't take any pay for it.

During the first week of March, we published the Relief Society Bulletin and the Messenger. We all got to work folding, stapling, addressing, and stamping, etc.

Sister Bowman is teaching Sister Sonderegger, so she can take over the job of secretary to Eugene.

Eugene and President Matson went to Crosby, Minnesota, to organize a branch there.

After the three day conferences in Fort William, it took me all week to recuperate. I went to town and bought a hat for \$25, which I don't like, but I am worn out and discouraged looking and can't find any I like--except large ones.

Eugene and Charlotte write that they are going crazy with the waiting. The baby was expected around the 12th, and here it is the 21st today. We pray they will be blessed and protected. They are busy and happy. A telegram came from Eugene on March 28th, saying, "Beautiful, blue-eyed baby girl." She was born at 6:20 pm after 40 hours of labor. The doctor was considering a caesarean section. President Haycock blessed Charlotte, her cervix loosened up, and the baby was born. She weighs 7 pounds 5 ounces and is 21 inches long. She is a beautiful baby with curly hair. It was well that Charlotte was in Hawaii because she had a very hard delivery and might have lost her life if she hadn't been in a hospital. But all is fine.

We are getting ready to go to Salt Lake for Conference. Ann can't go with us. There were slick roads and a blizzard through Wyoming.

Meetings with the auxiliaries started at 9:00 am on April 3rd. The mission president's wives had lunch in the Lion House. On April 4th, there was a President's dinner at the Hotel Utah. On the 5th, we went to Provo to hear Cleon Skousen talk about "Brigham Young and Education". On the 6th, we had dinner with President and Sister Howard W. Hunter. On the 7th, we attended two sessions: Priesthood Meeting and a mission reunion. On the 8th, we attended the Tabernacle Choir Broadcast, the conference session; and had dinner at Ruby's with Dad England, Rex and Marty, Miles, Georgia and Jack, and Eral. On the 9th, we met with the General Authorities on missionary problems. We had dinner at the Ambassador Club with our study group.

After business and dental appointments, we had dinner with our neighbors; and on the 11th, drove to Logan to see Attorney Daines, on to Pocatello, and then to Kimberly. There, we visited with Eugene and Bev Sturgill and Lois Willis and families. Then we went back to Logan, and Eugene got Mary to take a settlement of \$160 per month plus \$550 due now. Dad had willed her \$30,000 in notes and mortgages. The balance was to go to Isabel at Mary's death, except 1/8th to that goes to Lois and 1/8th to Eugene Sturgill. They may sign theirs over to Isabel if they will.

On May 28th, we drove to Pierre and held meetings in their new chapel. President S. Dilworth Young was our visiting authority. He is a wonderful speaker. Although he hadn't gone to college, he had read and educated himself. He is human enough to know and admit when he makes mistakes. He said he couldn't get the Spirit and speak as he should Sunday morning in Minneapolis because he had let down and been too light minded the evening before at the Knapp's, where a group of district and branch officers had gathered to meet him and his wife.

President Young gave us two watercolors that he had painted. One was of the Los Angeles Temple and the other was of Shiprock.

After several days of conferences throughout the mission, I was tired. I made Ann a skirt with fish and flowers and fruit on it. She is studying very hard for exams.

In the evening of June 3rd, for the Sunday School program, we listened to a wire recording by President McKay.

June 10th was Ann's Baccalaureate Service, It was held at Mt. Olivet Lutheran Church at 8:00 am. There was chanting and music, and Mr. Youngdahl spoke for about 10 minutes. I was disappointed. His is advertized as the largest congregation membership in the country. His subject was "The High Cost of Living Well." It was a

good subject, but he barely got started when he quit. There was another service at 9:00 am, so he hurried.

Monday and Tuesday, Ann's class practiced for the graduation march. Wednesday, she came home with a report card of all "A's" for the, whole year. She visited Central High School on her way home and saw all her teachers and some friends. The girl, who is valedictorian, told her that had Ann been there, she would have been it. At Washburn, the principal called her in and apologized and said she should have been elected to the National Honor Society, but she had had to attend the same school two years in order to be eligible. The graduation exercises were fine. It was held outside on the football field. The weather was good, and Dr. Hill, the Assistant City Superintendant, gave a good talk. We gave Ann a lovely white gold and diamond watch, a portable radio, and an orchid for getting all "A's". Leona sent her a white, wallet-purse, and the missionaries gave her a straw sewing basket. She and Clive Knapp have gone to the graduation dance.

July 4th—Sister Nelson and Ann have started tracting. Ann and Sister Nelson have had some wonderful contacts—the girl next door and a couple of other ladies.

Reed Benson stopped on his way to South Dakota to speak. I think he comes to see Ann. He pays her some attention, but she isn't interested. She hurt herself roller skating at the MIA party and didn't even get up to see Reed off or do anything he suggested.

July 22nd is Eugene Jr.'s 22nd birthday. His mission will be finished in January. What a joy and blessing he has been, and how happy we are that we have had the privilege of rearing this choice soul. How we pray that nothing will ever destroy his testimony. Charlotte and baby (Katherine) will be here on Thursday, and I am cleaning Ann's room for her to stay in.

We have had Wanda Evan's three boys here since Thursday. It was hard on me, but they are pretty good boys. Their father talked as if he would sign the papers for their adoption. If they can be raised in a good LDS home, it will be worth all our effort.

On July 26th, we met Charlotte at 6:30. Baby Katherine is sweet and such a good baby. She has big blue eyes. It's so wonderful to have them here. Charlotte is tired tonight from no sleep last night. I do hope she is happy here.

August was a wonderful month. We have shopped a lot for Ann and Charlotte. We had finished most of Ann's shopping and buying before Charlotte came. I bought Charlotte a beautiful, blue, wool suit at Harrods for \$125 and material for two dresses and a quilted skirt. She made herself a cotton tweed skirt and remodeled others while she was here. She is lovely, and she and Katherine won the love of all who knew them. The baby charmed us and entertained us all her hours awake. She slept usually about twelve hours at night and was as good as gold. We took her with us to Ostvigs's for dinner for the Second Branch. She laughed out loud when the puppy dogs barked. It was really funny to see a 4 ½ month old baby continue to laugh out loud as hard as she could. She blows bubbles, says, "Da. Da.", rolls over; and the last week or so, she sits up alone. She is such a wonderful baby, and how we'll miss her.

In September, Ann returned to Salt Lake City with Charlotte and Katherine on her way to Provo to attend Brigham Young University. She went down to Provo from Salt Lake with Dorothy Bea, Charlotte, and Sister Hawkins. She was greatly missed by me. Ann was popular at the BYU. After the first quarter, she started dating, and soon had her calendar filled for three months ahead. She sold the year book and met a lot of students that way.

September 19th. It is our darling daughter's 18th birthday; her first one away from home. We called her at Provo. It is really hard on us to be here without our family.

On October 1st, I left by train for Salt Lake City. It was good of the First Presidency to invite me for Relief Society Conference and the dedication of the new Relief Society Building. The train ride wasn't as I had supposed it would be. I read and ate candy--Eugene had given me chocolate almonds.

On Tuesday, the Crandalls and Joneses were on hand to meet me. I visited with them that evening and slept at Crandalls. They are wonderful friends, and it was so good to see them and be home in Salt Lake--mountains, lawns like velvet, flowers, and leaves on the trees. It was sunny and warm weather.

I called Ann and found out that Reed Benson was going to take her to the football game. He might bring her to Salt Lake City.

On October 3rd, I attended the morning session of Relief Society Conference. Jean Crandall came and attended the dedication and then drove me to Hawkins's to see Charlotte and Kathy. How they get into your very heart and soul, and one loves them so much it hurts! Kathy had cut two teeth and lost a little weight. She had caught a cold that her mother and I had. That evening we had dinner at the Panaorma Inn with the Crandalls, Robinsons, and Joneses. The Parkers came and visited at the Crandall's afterward. Our friends are dear to us, and it was so good to see them.

Jean Crandall and Emily and Linda Jones had lunch with me at Z.C.M.I. We shopped and toured the new building. I bought Kathy a snuggle bunny to keep her warm this winter. I visited with Olive and Eldon Taylor and Elmer and Marita Christofferson. Elmer had had a heart attack. He paid me the high compliment of saying that I have had a great effect on Eugene for good, and that he owes his success and position to me. He said it again, and I endeavored to put him straight: "That I owed my knowledge and testimony greatly to my husband and that I probably wouldn't be what I am hadn't it been for his good influence. But I said that I did feel we had helped each other."

On October 5th, I attended conference all day. I had lunch with Sister Smoot on the roof at the Hotel Utah. It was delightful up there. We could see out over the valley.

On October 6th, I attended conference with Reed Benson and Ann. Reed wanted us to sit up front with his mother, and so we did during the afternoon session. We went to see Charlotte and Kathy and to Ruby's for dinner. Jack and Georgia and Cory and Bret came to visit. Ann and I went to the mission reunion for a while. It was especially good to see Brother and Sister Childs, Sister Jensen, Maxine Wright, Ruth Bowman, and Brother and Sister Monte Nyman.

On October 7th, Reed had lunch with us on the roof of the Hotel Utah. The Crandalls and Parkers took us to Provo, and I got to see Ann's apartment and met a couple of her roommates. She is happy, I believe, even though a little homesick. Her face is as brown as her hair. She walks to lower campus twice a week and has received a real suntan.

On October 8th, Ruby and Eral took me to the train. It was a lonesome ride until I met Sister Richards at dinner, and we gabbed for hours. I arrived in Minneapolis Tuesday evening happy to see Eugene and the mission family. But like I told him, "I wouldn't have returned if he hadn't been here." I didn't flatter him. He said, "You surely wouldn't have had any reason to come if I weren't here." My spirit was fed, and my soul has grown, and life goes on in the mission field as ever.

For my birthday on the 23rd, we went to see "War and Peace". The elders found a bulge on our tire when we arrived in Sioux Falls. The Lord certainly takes care of us.

We drove to Rochester on Monday. I entered Mayo Clinic and spent most of three days waiting. Dr. Cain went over me from head to toe. I had a small nodule removed from my cervix. My blood pressure was a little high. I am a little anemic but otherwise okay.

Eugene is plenty healthy, also. Tension, worry, frustration, and lack of relaxation caused his pains and dizziness. It is good to know we are okay—one less worry.

On November 4th and 5th, we drove down the Mississippi to a conference in Winona, Minnesota. I had my first taste of sword fish. It was good. Ann's letters come regularly. I surely look forward to one each Tuesday or Wednesday. She is having fun and working hard. We are so proud of her and Eugene and so happy that they are ours. We feel they were surely very obedient, good spirits in the preexistence because they are finer than we could take the credit for making them.

Eugene Jr. Is the traveling elder after being supervising elder since June. This is wonderful experience for him and shows that President Haycock has confidence in him. He says they are using the new missionary plan and baptized 40 in one month in Honolulu District. I wish we could get going like that.

It rained and snowed as we were leaving conference at Fort Francis. I was so worried. I silently prayed that we wouldn't have to travel far. In just a very few minutes, we were out of the storm, and it was dry and clear all the way home. We are surely blessed and protected for which we are very grateful.

I had to drive the Buick to St. Cloud, Minnesota, and Eugene drove Eugene Jr.'s new car for Elder Bartlett to take to Salt Lake City. We took Highway 153 to Anoka, and it was a sheet of ice all the way. I was afraid to drive over 40 miles per hour and was told that was a too fast by Brother Adams, who drove it Friday night. Eugene Sr. stopped and drove because I wasn't going fast enough. After St, Cloud it was still icy, and we skidded around in the road. It was really dangerous.

A letter from Ann said she was about broke. How can she spend so much money? We felt her love and appreciation as it was expressed to us. Charlotte also

wrote, and Kathy has five teeth. How we miss our children! The little one will change so much before we see her in April.

We received a wonderful letter from Eugene Jr. telling about his work there. We feel so blessed. He is now in the mission home in Hawaii writing for publication the lessons and procedures he and his companion are using with the missionaries. They have increased the hours of proselyting from 50 to 70. There have been as high as 20 baptisms per week in the Hawaiian District. He says the missionaries love it. Ours, who work and reap, love it too. But so many are so young and haven't had responsibility.

We had an unfortunate condition come up in Rochester. Dr. Christianson, District Sunday School Superintendent, and his wife like some other professional people, who have been reared in the Church and live out here a long time, have come to think it is permissible for them to drink coffee and partake a little with their gentile friends. They asked for a recommend to attend a family wedding. The branch president interviewed them and didn't feel that they should have one. Eugene had taught what was expected for a recommend and to serve as a district officer. Their eight year old son spoke up in the Sunday School class and really started things popping. A conference with them was necessary Sunday night.

On December 13th, Ann arrived by air from Salt Lake City for the holidays. It is so good to have her here; and she has grown in independence, character, and beauty of body and soul. We love her so much and are very proud of her and Eugene Jr. We feel very blessed to have such wonderful children. We shopped for her a new coat and finally got a black one with a bow in the back. She also picked out a black and white wool plaid jumper and white sweater. I found me a green wool on sale.

We went to Sister Larsen's for lunch. Barbara showed us a beautiful, red velvet her mother had made her, and we talked clothes and school at BYU.

Eugene Sr. and Ann went to talk to a Methodist young people's group in the morning. They had both been asked to speak in the evening at the Minneapolis First Branch. Ann did wonderfully. She gave part of Cleon Skousen's, "The Real Story of Christmas." This was the first talk she has given that I haven't helped her with and knew every word she was going to say. It is outstanding how she loves it and can do so without help.

December 24th, we had a party for the 31 missionaries in this Twin Cities Area. We had a program and games. We opened our gifts while the office staff were at the Catholic Midnight Mass. Our large tree in the living room is very nice and Christmassy.

Eugene Jr. got home to Salt Lake on the 22nd, just in time for his third wedding anniversary. We were happy that he was reunited with his family. His lovely wife and baby have waited since June for him. His mission president wrote us a note saying we can be very proud of our son, and we are indeed. We'd like to see him and planned go to Omaha, Nebraska, to meet him there; but time and money seem items we always consider too much. We've talked by telephone, and will see him in March.

We had Supervising Elder's Conference. We have wonderful missionaries with leadership ability. They gave fine inspiring talks on assigned subjects. We feel that our missionaries, as a whole, are working hard but are not effective enough; so a great deal was said about attitude, vision, effective teaching, and dedication. But it all

depends upon faith and love. “If a missionary has enough faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and enough love for Him, he will want to do His will with an eye single to His glory.” When we say, “Catch the vision or become dedicated,” we mean this. It was asked, “How do we get this faith?” We must study, pray, and live, so that the Holy Ghost can witness to us that Jesus is the Christ and that Joseph Smith is a prophet.

On December 30th, Ann left by train. It was heartbreaking. She cried and I cried. She wants to go but misses us, and we want her there but miss her—so a few tears. We met a fine family, who were going to Los Angeles, who would look after her to Omaha and enroute. Eugene Jr. will meet her in Salt Lake.

On January 1st, I called Eugene and Charlotte about the check and letter, which were sent before Christmas--sent registered to the wrong address. About all he said was, “This is costing you money.” I was rather discouraged not to see out son for 2½ years and can’t talk to him either.

I called Ann, but she wasn’t home, so we called the next morning to say, “Happy New Year,” and asked her how she had enjoyed her trip. Her seat companion was Miss Frazer, Eugene Jr.’s math teacher at East High School. Ann passed her first quarter with “A’s”, except for an “A-” in dance and art. I tell her her brain is okay, but her hands and feet need training.

She has a wonderful time. Bob Gerber seems to be her present escort. She went to a Social Unit Rush Party with him. We read the Deseret News write up. She is president of the Chi Chapter of Lambda Delta Sigma and helped Delta Phi with their assembly programs and dance decorations. Paul saw the program and said it was really a finished production. Ann was chosen by L.D.S. for the Miss Formal contest and had her picture in the school newspaper and a radio interview. Reed Benson has written for an April Conference date. Oh my, how wonderful to be young and in college and having dates three weeks ahead. I’m happy for her. She is a wonderful daughter, and her testimony is outstanding. She is developing wonderfully in character and personality. Her friend, Bruce Whiting, wrote a nasty letter repeating some of Barbara’s criticism, but she said, “I love them so much. Don’t say anything in anger.” Her heart was surely bruised by them.

District Conference on January 13th: The world considers that only that which can be scientifically demonstrated is worthy of consideration. The example of the trained flea was given. When the scientist said, “Jump”, and touched it, it jumped. He trained it to jump when he said, “Jump”, but didn’t touch it. Then he took off its hind legs and said, “Jump”, but it didn’t jump. The scientific deduction was that when you take off the hind legs of a flea it becomes deaf.

Prayer is a power that can’t be demonstrated. Yet someone said, “It is a force as great as terrestrial gravity. It can function against the laws of nature. In our hearts, it is a sustaining power. Prayer links us with inexhaustible power that spins the universe.”

On January 21st, we called Charlotte to wish her a happy birthday. We couldn’t find them home until late at night after we returned from the Hardy’s, where we had attended a study class on The Teaching of Joseph Smith by Joseph Fielding Smith. Eugene Jr. is working at the Capitol from 4:00 pm to 11:00 pm. He is going to school in

the mornings and spending from 1:00 pm to 4:00 pm with his baby and wife. He sounds busy and happy. Kathy is such a sweet baby, and we miss her and them and Ann. I've always felt that this mission isn't any sacrifice, but how I do long for my family. If we could only have them all here! But they have to go their own way and learn to stand alone, and we have to give them up. How fortunate families are, who can visit and get together often. It encourages no doubt, and all feel secure in each other's love.

On February 1st, I wrote to Ann again to cheer her up. She has been out of school for three days with the flu. I also wrote to Eugene Jr. and sent him \$30 for a playpen for Kathy.

Time is passing, but the next two months will drag, I'm afraid. On April 1st, we will see our children. I received a letter from Leona telling us to stay in this work and do a foreign mission next. She and Don D. are so kind and have such good hearts. I so pray they can come closer to the Church and a testimony of its truthfulness. David Gibbs is in the Army. Garland Gibbs is married to a lovely girl, who is not a member of our Church. Leona is wonderful to Lois's children, and Eugene Hart seemed to be doing well when we saw him last spring. He and Bev have two boys and are expecting another addition.

We attended Minneapolis Second Branch. They have had 190 out to Sunday school in the new building. We can remember there were very few attending when they met in the old Spiritualist Church on Lyndale Avenue.

On February 16th, on our way to Duluth for conference, the road was icy in places. It was 12 degrees below zero. We took one fellow to a town, so he could get a wrecker to pull him back onto the road. There were cars off the road. We drove back to Minneapolis to attend an organ concert by Alexander Schreiner. We enjoyed it. He played, "Come Come Ye Saints" as an encore.

On March 31st, we drove to Pierre and held conference in the new chapel. It was filled. A dinner was served Saturday evening for the building fund.

We drove to Salt Lake, and it was so good to see Eugene and Charlotte and Kathy. We didn't see much of Eugene and Charlotte. He was working nights. We took them to dinner twice but had little time to visit.

We took Ann's and Narene Nelson's summer dresses to them and found Ann on crutches with a sprained ankle. She came to stay with us on Friday evening. Reed Benson took her out and Bob Gerber was on hand and underfoot. He seems nice but conceited. We had a lovely dinner at the Crandall's. Our study group came, and Eugene Jr. and Charlotte showed their pictures of Samoa.

Friday evening, we had a lovely dinner at President S. Dillworth Youngs'.

On April 12th, we drove to Twin Falls and saw all of the family except Clare and Eugene and Bev and family. All are looking well and making too much money. I guess, my whole outlook has continued to change since we came here. It had started before, and now, the world and worldly things mean less and less to me. I have peace in my heart toward all men and only pray that I may continue towards a more useful, unselfish existence of helping to build the kingdom by helping others to see the better way of life.

Saturday, we drove from Twin Falls to Pocatello and ate dinner at Ilene and Miles' home with their seven lovely children, Dad England, Oriole and Jim Lowe, Pat and Graydon Burton, and Kay O Bray and his family.

We drove back to Salt Lake and met Ann and her friends at the new Union Building at the University of Utah. We bought them dinner in the cafeteria and then went to see "The Ten Commandments".

Back in Minneapolis, Sister Russell was rushing around cleaning windows. Elder Rice was helping wash walls in the baths, windows on the outside, and cleaning wallpaper. Then, Sister Russell left for Wyoming to care for her father.

I am feeling low because two elders were sent home dishonorably. One, a stake president's son, was excommunicated. The other boy had sinned before he came but hadn't repented and had lied to the General Authority, who interviewed him. He couldn't get the Spirit of the Holy Ghost, and so he quit and went home. If they could only realize their whole future and eternity depends upon sincere repentance: this, and work and responsibility. Sadness in my heart from our visit with Gene and Sholly is a hard vicissitud to bear. I do recognize and appreciate the blessings I have received at the hand of the Lord and my wonderful husband and children, who have sincere testimonies of the gospel.

Ann's letters are so very gratifying. She expresses her appreciation for her home life and teachings. She sees her advantages now that she has become acquainted with other girls from different homes. This has been a wonderful experience for her growth and development.

On May 24th and 25th was the first Mission Youth Conference. It was well planned and carried out. President Bruce R. McConkie came Saturday, and we held missionary meetings all afternoon. He spoke Sunday in the youth session on "Eternal Marriage" and dedicated the Minneapolis Second Branch Chapel. Then He traveled with us throughout the mission. I met many new converts throughout the mission. It was a very wonderful, enlightening week. I would not have missed it for anything. It was the highlight of our mission.

On June 2nd, Ann flew home, and I met her plane. Eugene and President McConkie drove to Rochester without me. I had a bad sore throat and a cold and took penicillin. I got up and prepared meals and went back to bed for about three days. I must have picked up a germ in Canada. Ann was tired out and slept, also. It's been kinda fun to work and plan together. We shopped a few days and found some good bargains in dresses and sweaters for Ann for school next year.

Pat Ostvig, a home economics graduate from Utah State University, has helped us here in the mission home. She did a fine job of the cooking and will make a good teacher. Her parents are Mary and Marty Ostvig of Maple Plain, Minnesota.

July had a few hot days but was mostly cool and rainy. I can't complain about the weather. There is not much sunshine, but it's cool and comfortable.

I went in for a complete physical, and the doctor x-rayed and said there was no sign of arthritis in my joints. He said I am run down physically and gave me blood pills and vitamins. He told me to stop doing what is causing my hypertension, I said, "I can't, but will try to cut down some."

The South Minneapolis District was brought back into the Minnesota District. Delbert F. Wright was set apart as president with President Arnold Knapp and Sherm Russell. They are to work for a stake organization. Sister Knapp gave Eugene the dickens for neglecting to give a word of thanks to her husband and others, who were released. I noticed that he hadn't, and I couldn't do it. Poor man, he felt awful and went around apologizing.

Brother Hardy from the Church Building Committee was here for a few days and inspected some of the buildings.

On July 28th, Ann and Sister Poor went with us to Winnipeg. We shopped and she got a skirt and sweater and I bought some marcasite earrings. It was a good conference. Ann spoke in the Primary Convention and radiated her spirituality, which was the theme. Ann and I got ill on the way home, and Eugene was vomiting after we got home.

August—Pat hasn't been with us this month. Ann and I have been doing the housekeeping and cooking. It is surely trying and tiring. Ann has been going to conferences with us because we couldn't leave her alone in the mission home with the elders. She talked in the Saturday evening MIA social in Fort Francis. She does very well and much better than I can do. I am very happy for her ability. She has borne her testimony the past two fast meetings and last time expressed her appreciation and told the young people to keep their standards and be true to the Church teachings. She got the girls together, that she had taught in Primary, and talked to them about the standards of the Church and dating and popularity. She is wonderful.

We went to the "Symphony Under the Stars" at Bloomington Stadium. It rained, and we drove out there for nothing and got lost on the way back. The next night, we enjoyed it at the Auditorium.

Eugene called President Parker for help for a housekeeper. The Koopmans wanted to lease our home for another six months. Eugene called Gordon B. Hinkley and asked if he knew if it would be all right to lease it for that long, or if we'd be released before then? Two weeks later, he called and said not to lease it, that they have a new man on the doorstep, but that he hasn't come in yet.

We talked to Eugene and Charlotte about coming out. He is teaching a class in seminary and couldn't get away. To come for just a day or two is too hard now for Charlotte. She would have to be riding too much. So they decided not to come out to see us. We'd love to have Eugene see the beautiful state, and we'd love to see him. But it won't be long, I guess, until we go home.

Eugene received his release from the First Presidency on September 10th. We feel rather at a loss and surprised that it came now. But we understand that when they find the right man for the job, they make the release. It will be good to go home, but a part of me will always be here. I've grown in knowledge and understanding and testimony more than I can tell. It has been wonderful--but hard. Like Senator Knowland said to his son, "There will have been times when the only recreation you'll have will be a change of troubles." That is a good description of a mission president's life.

I like this:

The world stands out on either side
No wider than the heart is wide,
Above the earth is set the sky,
No higher than the soul is high,
The heart can push the sea and land
Farther away on either hand
The soul can pierce the sky in two
And let the face of God shine through;
But east and west will pinch the heart
That cannot keep them pushed apart;
And he, who's soul is flat and dry
The sky will cave in on him, by and by.

Edna St. Vincent Millay

CHARITY NEVER FAILETH

1842

There are two kinds of charity, remedial and preventive. The former is often injurious in its tendency: the latter is always praiseworthy and beneficial.

Tyrone Edwards

According to Canon Donaldson, of England, in the *Christian Conservator*, "There are seven social sins in the world, these are as follows: politics without principle; wealth without work; pleasure without conscience; knowledge without character; commerce without morality; science without humanity; worship without sacrifice."

It therefore is the responsibility of the women of the Church to teach the truth in all they say and do that these sins may be stamped into the dust and become subdued that man may walk uprightly with a conscience void of offense.

Ann left for school on the 19th. Her plane had troubles: first the heating system, then the radio. She got on, and then it didn't take off for over an hour. I was so worried, I was ill. We waited there to see it leave.

On September 25th, Sister Clara Wilson came from Provo to help as a housekeeper. She is a retired school teacher. She seems to have self confidence, but she doesn't do anything to suit me. I still have to do mostly everything. It is harder to tell her how, than do it myself. This went on for three weeks 'till she felt, and I felt, she could do it alone. So I went to Winnipeg with Eugene to conference. She became ill while we were gone and had to go home.

President and Sister Paul C. Child came on my birthday. I spent the day cleaning out and housecleaning our three rooms for them. I also had the meals to prepare. It was quite a day. I ran all day long. The Matson's had a dinner for us. We took the Childs and introduced them to the Minneapolis elite: Wrights, Knapps, Andersons, Jorgensens, Hardys, Cains, Ostivigs, and others. It was nice for my

birthday, though no one knew. I said, "Thanks for the party." Brother and Sister Child were about twenty years older than us, so if it was hard on us, it was harder on them. (I understand that Sister Child was ill most of the time. They came home in two years)

We felt in the way in the mission home. Everything had been turned over to President and Sister Child. I still needed to cook. We had a lady coming three days a week to clean and wash and a new lady missionary to cook.

At our farewell testimonial on October 26th, all the good things said about Eugene were true. And although we tried to tell them that we gave our farewell address at conference on October 13th, they insisted on this meeting and gave us a lovely painting of the North Shore of Lake Superior. We are most grateful for it and for the farewell. Those who seemed to cling to us were the converts whom we had probably helped and encouraged. They seemed to feel a little dependant on us--as if a little security was slipping away. We love all these people very much and hope to see them all again.

We went to Duluth and Hoyt Lakes, Minnesota. Fast meeting at Virginia Branch on Sunday was inspiring. After the meeting in which Sister Poore expressed her gratitude for her husband's coming into the Church, and Sister Nemi expressed her thanks to her husband for letting her four children be baptized; Mr. Howard, a young man, whose wife is a member, and who the elders had worked with a long time, came up to Eugene, put his arm over his shoulder; and said, with tears in his eyes, that this meeting had made him decide to be baptized at the next baptismal day.

When we got back to Minneapolis, we found that our car had been returned to the factory because the upholstery didn't pass inspection. So we bought a 1957 blue Cadillac DeVille and came home on November 7th. There was a little snow in Casper, Wyoming, and on the road to Raleigh, South Dakota, from Highway 20 to 30. We stayed with Ruby and Eral a few days until we got our beds up and a few things moved in.

It was good to see Eugene Jr., Sholly, and Kathy. We went to BYU on Friday evening to take Ann's dress, and we attended the dance—our first dancing in 3½ years. We visited Eugene's ward at the U of U. Eugene and Ann and I spoke at her ward at BYU. There was 86% attendance at her ward. Ann stole the show. After the meeting, we met in Ann's dorm with our missionaries and friends and had cookies and punch.

A new baby was born December 5th 1957 to Eugene Jr. and Charlotte. She was a real Christmas present. She is a lovely big girl, 7 pound 2 ounces. They named her Josephine after her Grandmother Hawkins.

We spoke at the Wasatch 2nd Ward for the Christmas Program and Wasatch 1st Ward and Colonial Hills Ward. Our homecoming was held on December 15th. There was a good attendance. There were a lot of missionaries, and Sister Russell was in town on her way to return to Minneapolis to help in the mission home. Afterwards, the missionaries and Elder and Sister Bruce R. McConkie came to our home. I served apple cider and fruitcake. Ann came home for the homecoming and spoke in a rather shaky voice but did very well. We met her new boyfriend, Duane Barker, from Taylorville, Utah.

Ann couldn't wait, so we opened gifts before we went to bed. Eugene and Charlotte and girls came on Christmas Day and opened their gifts and had dinner with us. Kathy liked her rocking chair and new dress and sweater. We all received lovely gifts and were thankful to be together again. We're thankful for our many blessings over the years and for our children and our grandchildren.

We enjoyed Ann although she slept most of the time. She was worn out from her 18 credit hours in school and all her jobs and activities and the Homecoming Queen Contest. Her second year, she was president of her dorm and in the Relief Society presidency. She was nominated for homecoming queen by Spurs (service organization) and was one of the finalists.

On New Year's Eve, she went to a dance and dinner at Bonneville Stake with Elder Armstong. Elder Kent Larsen came to see us and brought a box of candy. We wish he would take Ann out. Pue! Pue! Pue! Too!!!

I have formed the conclusion that our Father-in-Heaven prepares us for the things to come. I can't help but feel that the disinterest in the normal everyday things of life that I felt all fall and winter before we were called to this mission was preparation for it. It was easy for me to leave my new home, relatives, and many friends. Not that I had begun to love them less, but I felt an unrest and discontent with our easy everyday life and existence. We were stake missionaries, and that did interest me and also, prepared us for this work. How grateful I am that we had had experiences with the new lesson plan so that we understood and could help the missionaries there.

I was Mission Relief Society President. I traveled with Eugene to district conferences, held Relief Society district meetings, and spoke a few times each Saturday and Sunday. Saturdays we met with the missionaries in district report and testimony meetings. I published a quarterly Relief Society bulletin and kept the monthly and annual reports. In order to be able to speak and write articles for the Messenger and Relief Society Quarterly, I did study and pray, and the effort was good for me. I really felt that I was aided greatly by the Holy Ghost. Words would flow into my mind faster than I could write them. My talks weren't written, but thought out--a great help from my Heavenly Father in answer to my prayers because I didn't memorize. This, I feel, was a great blessing and help from my Heavenly Father in answer to my prayers, and because I was willing to work and try and read and be useful. The Holy Ghost helped me constantly to write and speak and make decisions.

Example of a letter to the parents of missionaries:

Dear Parents,

We are happy to welcome your missionary to the North Central States Mission. Our greatest joy comes from seeing these young people grow in knowledge and testimony of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Through service and responsibility, they truly develop in character and understanding of life's purposes.

At this time, we desire to assure you that we will watch over them and help them in every way we can. In looking back over experiences of the past, we feel that a

few instructions and some practice before they leave home would help them to adjust here and possibly to live more happily.

Mothers, teach a few simple menus and have the prospective missionary learn to prepare basic foods such as: meats, vegetables, and salads. Just about all of our missionaries 'bach' in furnished apartments. A few instructions on dishwashing and house cleaning are necessary; also, practice in washing and ironing white shirts, pressing and spotting clothes and shoe shining. A couple of aprons to wear while cooking and cleaning are recommended.

This is a changeable climate: ranging from hot humid in summer to 15 to 25 degrees below zero in the winter. Nylon underwear is not comfortable for summer, so most elders bring cotton and lady missionaries bring 20% nylon. Storm coats or heavy overcoats are necessary. Some storm coats are sold to new elders by those being released. Bring the overcoat you have now, and if it isn't heavy enough for the coldest months, plan to purchase a storm coat here. Lady missionaries wear wool suits under heavy winter coats.

Heavy cumbersome trunks are discouraged. Large suitcases that can be placed in a taxi or automobile eliminate much worry and inconvenience in traveling from one assignment to another. It has been found that it is best to pack suits or dresses in one case and have another for shoes, shirts, underwear, hose, etc.

We are concerned about the expenses of our missionaries: \$65 to \$70 per month is the average cost in this mission depending upon the amount of traveling necessary. We discourage books other than The Standard Works, the Articles of Faith and Jesus the Christ by Talmadge, A Marvelous Work and a Wonder or Doctrines of Salvation. We discourage such expensive and time consuming items as radios and cameras.

These few instructions are to help you and your missionary prepare for a mission. But most important is the mental and spiritual attitude with which he or she comes as an ambassador for the Lord. If you will help them accept this responsibility, wholeheartedly, with a burning desire to teach the message of the restored plan of salvation, and with a desire to do God's will, seeking scriptural knowledge and striving to understand people with love; they will radiate spirituality, convert wonderful people, and know instinctively how to live and how to be happy.

May our heavenly Father bless you for your sacrifice in furthering this great work.

Our sincere best wishes,
President and Sister England

Dora sent out suggestions for shopping and recipes for the missionaries. Beef shoulder roast was 29 cent a pound, chicken was 39 cents a pound, and cooked ham was 45 cents a pound.

Example of a letter to missionaries:

Dear missionaries,

It is with mingled feelings that I express my thoughts this month.

With JOY for the fullness of the gospel and the way of life it teaches.

With GRATITUDE for all you wonderful missionaries and the opportunity of serving with you in this mission.

With LOVE for your great humility and whole hearted cooperation.

With SORROW because some of us will be separated for a time.

With HOPE that we will meet often in the years ahead.

With THANKFULNESS for the blessings I receive through the call to serve in this capacity.

With HUMILITY that I might be worthy of your faith and confidence.

With PRAYER that our new missionaries and all of us will 'rally round'.

With FAITH that by our efforts many more of our Father's children will be touched by that divine spark, which inspires one to live the gospel to the best of his ability.

May the Lord bless each one of you that the gospel will come first in your life.

Sincerely your sister,
Dora England

Example of letters sent to Relief Society Presidents in the mission:

Dear Sisters,

The time has come for President England and me to leave the mission field and all the wonderful member and missionaries. It has been a privilege to touch the lives of the Relief Society sisters, to meet with you, and attempt to encourage and inspire you in this great organization. I have received much joy from seeing the work go forward and much soul development from associating with you. I am humbly grateful for the past three and one-half years here as your mission Relief Society president.

May I say to you once more that the main object of the Relief Society from its beginning has been to instill and develop in every member a testimony and spiritual conviction that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; that Joseph Smith was the instrument through which the gospel was again revealed and restored to earth. It is said that the strength of the Church depends upon the testimony of its individual members. Faith and testimony influence and motivate the lives of Relief Society members both in their homes and in their public activities, fill them with charity and with a desire and willingness to live in accordance with the principles of the gospel, to serve mankind, and to teach the gospel to their own families and to others. Each president, counselor, and teacher--as she performs her office or teaches her class--should have this purpose foremost in her heart and mind.

The Lord has directed us in Section 4 of the Doctrine and Covenants, "AND YE MUST PRACTICE VIRTUE AND HOLINESS before me continually." Our efforts to comply with the laws of the gospel should be vigorous throughout out our whole lives—only by steady and constant practice do we become stronger and stronger in resisting evil and promoting good. "The longer we postpone our wholehearted and enthusiastic acceptance of the Gospel of Jesus Christ as our present plan of life and growth, the greater will be our permanent loss." This is the testimony I witness to you sisters,

praying that we will all turn our faces to the future and accept the challenges that come, and:

Take time to live,
It is the secret of life.
Take time to think,
It is the secret of power.
Take time to play,
It is the secret of youth.
Take time to laugh,
It helps lift the load,
Take time to read,
It broadens the mind.
Take time for God,
It gives you direction.

Take time for these things and deep, heartfelt joy that you are alive, that you see the sun that you are in this beautiful world that God has made; that you have the glorious gospel, and let this feeling radiate from you and lift and light the way for others.

Let us all work with courage and confidence and with faith and hope and constant prayer that our Relief Society will continue up the road of success. Please sustain your new Mission Relief Society President and her counselors and also your district president or presidency. Always recognize their presence when they attend your meetings or programs of any kind. And always ask them if they have a message and sit them in front with the officers.

May our Heavenly Father bless each of you in your homes with happiness, love, and understanding.

Dora England

I have been blessed with a greater knowledge and testimony of the gospel. The thrill I receive in hearing the missionaries bear their testimonies is impossible to describe. My testimony has grown, and the knowledge and understanding has come to me that there isn't any end to its development and growth. This is one of the greatest things I have learned. I can now understand how the apostles are different, how their testimonies and faith have developed through their works until they have the spirit of the Holy Ghost with them.

I have learned that prayer is a great power; that even Adam and Abraham had to pray with a broken heart and a contrite spirit to get an answer. The missionaries, who do fast and pray, humbly bear testimony of His aid. Their success in their great work testifies of it.

I have learned to love the people of this mission and the beautiful country. I'm grateful for their friendship and gracious kindness. I've learned, in a measure, to control my words and actions, to try to show and express the love and friendliness and concern that I feel for people instead of hiding it as I've done all my life. I know that

we all want and need to be loved and encouraged. A word of approval or encouragement will work wonders.

I've enjoyed, more than I can tell, seeing these young men and women develop and grow in faith and testimony and experiences. I know the missionary system is a great builder of character and leadership for the future of this Church. I know that some elders don't put their heart into it, and they don't receive the full measure of development and spirituality. I know that there is a spiritual world of which we know very little, but we can learn to tune in to it if we keep the commandments and strive diligently.

Eugene was a very busy man, and I feel he was a good mission president. He was a fine speaker and planner and was concerned for his missionaries and the members. We both strove to do our best. We put trust in our Heavenly Father, and He helped us. We grew in testimony and dedication and faith and knowledge and love.

There were a few couples in Minneapolis, who were there away from their families, so we got together for dinner on some occasions: Dr. Albin and Vadna Matson; Delbert and Mable Wright (he became the first stake president); Bill and Rose Hardy; Sam and Christine Jorgenson; Gordon and Adell Cain. Mr. Cain was a non-member, a good lawyer, who helped Eugene in some legal matters for the Church. His wife Adell was my District Relief Society President. She is still alive and in her 90's. We celebrate with luncheon when she comes to visit her sister. Adell lives in Albany near San Francisco near her children. Her husband had passed away in Minnesota. We had many good times celebrating birthdays, Christmases and Thanksgivings with missionaries and friends. The mission was hard but a good experience.

Ann also benefitted greatly. One summer, she did regular missionary work with an extra lady missionary. It was hard for her, but she grew from the experience. She read the Book of Mormon that first summer and gained a beautiful testimony. She bore her testimony about it in the fast meeting, and we all wept. She had a good influence on the young people in the branch and was an asset to us because of her fine behavior and goodness. We took her to district conferences when there wasn't a housekeeper in the mission home. She spoke and bore her wonderful testimony when she was called on. We shared a study on the second floor next to our bedrooms.

It was hard to adjust when we were at home in Salt Lake City. Missionary work gets into the blood and heart and soul and nothing else seems important. Our home was in fairly good condition. It smelled of smoke, and the ceiling in the front hall was ruined from leaks in the rain gutter. In getting the leak fixed, they had to tear out all our gutters and replaced them. It cost us \$750, and we feel that it probably wasn't necessary to do such an extensive job. We rented to the Koopmans, who had lived across the street. They offered us \$50,000 and wanted to stay in our home. That was a good price in that day, but I felt if it was worth that to them, it was worth more to us. We'd built it and would have to find another. It is worth three or four times that now.

We cleaned and painted all of the house. I purchased new draperies for the living room and dining room and our bedroom. I put turquoise silk with fringed valances in the dining room and mauve pink silk with tasseled valance in the bedroom. They were lovely. They wore out by splitting after about nine years. Then I put French

embroidered sheers in the dining room and pink sheers with braid and tasseled drawbacks and full length sheers under them in the bedroom.

Just a few weeks after we returned home from the mission field, I was asked to teach Relief Society. At one time or another, I have taught each of the four different classes in Relief Society—Theology, Literature Social Relations, and Homemaking. It was good for me and kept me studying and active.

In April 1958, Eugene Sr. went to the dedication of the New Zealand Temple with a group of 180 on two chartered planes. They spent a little time in Hawaii and Fiji and a wonderful 14 days in New Zealand. I didn't go because I still feel the effects of hypertension in crowds and around people.

Eugene Jr. graduated with high honors from the U of U (Phi Beta Phi, Phi Kappa Phi) and was an officer in the Air Force. Because of his high rating, he was sent to MIT in Boston, Massachusetts, to study meteorology for one year.

In July, we Took Ann and drove through Wyoming, the Black Hills, and North Dakota to Minneapolis for church on Sunday. We enjoyed seeing many of our friends in Minneapolis. We crossed Lake Michigan on a ferry boat at night. We had a state room, but I couldn't sleep. We visited Frostop Headquarters in Rochester New York, ate breakfast at the Old Pebble Inn, and had a chance to be involved in a broadcast on the radio while eating. We made reservations to stay in Palmyra, New York, and attended the Hill Cumorah Pageant, then drove on to Boston on the freeway. It was a wonderful way to travel.

We found Eugene Jr. and family in good health, staying with member of the Church until they move into a new home. Then Gene and Sholly will rent their old home. It is a New England red shake two-story and is boxy. This year will be a wonderful experience for them to meet new people, make new friends, and see the Bostonian way of living.

Our trip home was enjoyable. The Sunday morning testimony meeting at the Sacred Grove was wonderful. We drove to Toronto, Ontario, Canada, and on to Barre and tried to find some members from our mission. We saw tobacco fields and drying houses in Ontario and also fruit orchards. We drove north to North Bay in Canada and then west to Sault St. Marie to ferry across to the US. We traveled through Michigan, across Wisconsin to Duluth, and visited with members there. We visited the new house chapel at Gettysburg and the new church house at Fargo. We drove across Montana and at Lewiston hunted up the Barker ranch about 18 miles out of town. Duane and his brother were harvesting grain. Shyrl's wife Ann and children were at the house.

We almost wrecked on the road to Helena, Montana. A hothead nicked our front bumper passing us and cutting in. He was mad because we didn't move over to let him pass, but he was driving so fast, we didn't hear him honk. I was so mad at him that I said to Eugene and Ann, "Now I know how my father felt when he said, 'Son of a bitch.'" They were shocked because I don't use such language and laughed so hard that it broke the tension.

We visited the Charles Russell art exhibit at the capitol in Helena. Then we drove to Yellowstone and stayed the night at the Old Faithful Inn. Brother Paul Eliason's son was a park ranger. We trailed out by the river through the pines at night

and built a big fire. We sat on a log and had a good cottage meeting for investigators, who were young boys and girls working in the park.

Ann and Duane Barker became engaged just before her birthday. We took them to dinner at the Panorama Inn and to see South Pacific. Ann's ring looks like one carat with two good sized ones on the sides. Duane seems like fine boy and has a very commendable family. We are happy to have Ann marry into a good-sized family of young brothers and sisters for her to enjoy.

Duane doesn't go to school spring quarter. We would like Ann to finish her college degree, but Duane is 26 years old, and he doesn't think she should ask him to wait. She and Duane started school at BYU and came home each weekend--Duane to work and Ann to prepare for her trousseau and wedding.

The winter of 1958/59 was mild and enjoyable. I taught the Teacher Training class each Sunday for 26 weeks. It was interesting but discouraging because so few came to the class. I also taught Relief Society Home Management and helped Eugene with the MIA Special Interest Group. He taught The Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith.

In March, at the end of winter quarter, Ann had a week to get everything ready for her wedding and attend the parties and showers. Emily Jones and Shirley Thomas were first with an evening of Bride's Book making, a lovely lunch, and many gifts. Renee and Mrs. Melville entertained at a luncheon, and Ruby and Georgia gave a luncheon with an apron and hankie shower.

The ceremony, March 27, 1959, was performed by Elder Mark E. Peterson. The wedding breakfast was at the Ambassador Club. A big group of Barker's family came: Brother Barker's brothers and their wives. All was very lovely and beautiful for the young couple. Leona and Don Gibbs came and stayed for the breakfast and the reception. It was good to have them here. I'm sorry more of my family couldn't make it. Beth Steele came from California to visit and attend the wedding.

The reception at the LDS Institute of Religion was all right, I guess. I have a personal dislike for receptions of that kind--big crowd, lots of gifts, expensive show. The flowers and decorations were disappointing as we expected they would be. Ann looked beautiful in her dress when we bought it and had her picture taken by Lillian; but she had lost weight and we didn't know it, so it was a little too large. The bridesmaids looked lovely in their turquoise dresses. Renee, as matron of honor, wore a deeper shade of blue. Sister Barker wore deep blue, and I wore the mauve silk I had for Eugene Jr.'s wedding. Everyone helped bring the gifts to our home, where they filled one end of our living room for days until Ann and Duane returned from Las Vegas, Nevada, to open them. Brother and Sister Barker left, and the newlyweds stayed there for week. Then we left, and they stayed at our place until they moved into the duplex at 1460 Bryan Avenue. They bought a stove and refrigerator. Duane's folks gave them a bedroom suite, and I gave them my old couch, tables, and chairs, and a bookcase. They set up housekeeping.

Because her due date was so near, Charlotte and Eugene and family didn't come home for Ann's wedding. George Mark, Eugene and Charlotte's only son, was born April 10, 1959 in Boston. He was a lovely, blond, curly headed, blue-eyed baby.

When I saw him that summer, he was beautiful and loving. He put his arms around my neck

On April 14th, we went to Las Vegas, Nevada. We had dinner at the El Rancho. Everything we wanted to see was sold out, and the clerk at the lobby desk at Blair House got us reservations. Oh my! What a show!—copying Lido, I guess--practically naked women and Ed Lewis drunk and telling nasty jokes. It was my first visit to Vegas. We walked through some of the gambling places and surely felt that Satan or his imps were there directing it all.

The ride to Phoenix and onto Mesa was enjoyable. It was my first acquaintance with the real desert. Some was in bloom.

The summer of 1959, Ann and Duane went to the Barker ranch in Montana for a month or six weeks. We drove there in August to visit for a couple of days. It is very beautiful country near Lewiston, Montana. I helped Ann cook and take dinner out to the men in the field where they were harvesting with two big combines.

Pregnancy made Ann quite miserable all summer, but the change and cool weather of Montana changed this, and she felt fine. Anna Christine was born January 15, 1960—a beautiful 8 pound 7 ounce baby with big blue eyes. How we enjoyed that lovely child! She grew so fast and has always been advanced for her age in size and actions. At three months, she rolled over and over across the room.

In July Duane's father passed away. He had had diabetes for 30 years and had been in the hospital for a few days. He was a fine man and was loved by everyone. Duane's mother and Penny wouldn't live alone, so Ann and Duane moved over with them. Early in the spring, they had sold their duplex and moved into a home they purchased from Shyrl and Ann that was located just south of the Barker home. Shyrl and Ann and family moved to Soda Springs, Idaho, where the Barker Brothers had purchased a big dry farm (2,000+ acres). They had sold the ranch in Montana.

Eugene and Charlotte and children came from Boston and stayed a few weeks on their way to Victorville, California, where Eugene was assigned as a meteorologist at George Air Force Base for two years. The Vietnam War was on, and we were happy that he could stay in this country. Mark was surely a beautiful baby. We loved him so much. Kathy and Jody had grown and were lovely little girls. We hadn't seen them for a year. It was good to have them near us once more. We had purchased a rambler station wagon for them so they could come home in it. Dorothy Bea, Charlotte's sister, had gone to Boston before Mark's birth and stayed to come home with them. She was wonderful to help with the children.

They came home from Victorville for Christmas and conferences. Jennifer was born August 4, 1960. She had an opening in her diaphragm and couldn't hold her food down. She was thin and weak and had pneumonia. When just a few months old, they took her to San Diego Air Force Hospital, where they operated, and she has been okay ever since. She was a sweet pixy as a child and is a petite, pretty, popular, young lady now.

On December 12, 1960, Ann and Duane had a little girl: six weeks premature, six pounds, with dark eyes and hair. They named her Cynthia Diane. It was only eleven

months since Christine was born. This made three granddaughters in 1960. That was quite a record with only two children in our family.

Ann's life was pretty hard that winter of 1960/61, living with a mother-in-law and sister-in-law, two babies, a big house, a busy husband, and all to wait on. I tried to help her and encourage her, but although I know vicissitudes build strength and character, I do hope life is better to her in the future. Sister Barker built onto the home Ann and Duane had purchased from Shyrl, but didn't move until the fall. Ann also had a hired man to cook for all summer.

In the summer of 1960, we took a wonderful trip to Europe with Harold Hansen the drama director at BYU and director of the Hill Cumorah Pageant. We went by train to New York City, where we saw "The Bells Are Ringing" at the Radio City Music Hall. We flew by Pan Am Jet to London. It was my first time in the air; and although it was wonderful to get there so fast (7 hours), I couldn't sleep; and being very realistic and a worrier, I didn't enjoy that night ride very much. However, the big thrill was flying toward the light of day, which we could see in the east and seeing the sun come up over the horizon. It was wonderful to fly low over Ireland and see the fleecy clouds and the green hills of that island. I was shocked that we landed at an old barracks-like, low, wood building. I almost walked into Gregory Peck and his wife and child in the airport.

We enjoyed London immensely and saw "My Fair Lady". We rode the subway to the museum to see the Elgin marbles and friezes from the Pantheon in Greece and Athens and the Rosetta stone. We attended services at Westminster and visited the new LDS Church they are building. We took a small bus to Stratford-on-Avon and visited Shakespeare's home and Ann Hathaway's cottage. We saw the town with all the old thatched roofs and the swans of Avon. We had dinner and saw a Shakespeare play.

We saw very little of Vienna and took a bus the next day to Salisbury, where we spent days sightseeing and attended the opera "Don Giovanni" with Cleontine Price singing the lead. We heard that it was too bad she had to come to Europe to receive recognition. They gave her a standing ovation.

We loved Copenhagen. The Knottingham Palace at Stockholm was enchanting. We saw "The Barber of Seville" and visited the hall, where the Nobel Peace Prize is conferred.

From Edinburgh, we landed in Glasgow and went by train at night to the lovely city, where we saw Sir Walter Scott's memorial, the castle on the hill, the old cathedral, and the palace. We saw "The Wallace" and "The Seagull." It was the only bad place we stayed and had bad food.

We flew back to London and home to New York, where we waited a week for our car: Karman Gaia Volkswagen to arrive. We ate dinner at (Jack) Dempsey's, and he shook hands with us. We saw the Music Man", "The Sound of Music", "Miracle Maker" and others. Jean and Lew Crandall came home with us in our little Volkswagen.

In the fall of 1960, we started as ordinance workers in the Salt Lake Temple under President and Sister El Ray L. Christiansen. By February 1961, we were taking

the parts of Adam and Eve. We served in the temple three afternoons and evenings, which was work, but we enjoyed it.

In May of 1961, President John Hawkes was called to preside over the New Zealand Temple, and President Christiansen asked Eugene Sr. to be his second counselor. This position was enjoyable, but work and responsibility. Eugene was set apart and made a sealer by President McKay. Brother Kenneth H. Beesley was the first counselor.

In December, President Christiansen was made coordinator of all the temples, and Willard Smith became the new Salt Lake Temple President. He is Joseph Fielding Smith's half-brother. Brother Smith kept Eugene and Brother Beesley for his counselors. They moved into the new Information Bureau for use for a temple annex until the new one was build. President Smith had a bad heart attack in June just before the temple closed for the move.

We didn't do much traveling during the time the temple was closed for complete renovation because Eugene was put on the conference staff of the Genealogy Committee and traveled every weekend to stakes. Beginning in October, he attended a school to prepare to begin assignments in January. At the time Eugene was called to the General Genealogical Board, I went with him to Hawaii, which we enjoyed very much, and to Phoenix, Arizona, and California. I'm a little clairvoyant. I could tell what Brother Boyd K. Packer was thinking at lunch in Phoenix when I started a conversation with a lady across the table. We were sitting absolutely silent when I started a conversation with this woman. The flash came to me that he thought I was a gabby old lady, and he'd have to be careful. So he called people from the audience and Eugene to speak. Then, just before he was to speak, he called on me out of the audience. I trailed up there and bore my testimony saying I knew they were waiting to hear from him. He got up and said, "There is one lady, who can get up and speak up and shut up." So I was right. He was afraid I'd speak too long, so he sandwiched me in. He spoiled the meeting anyway by calling on friends, who said things they shouldn't say.

During the school year of 1961/62, Eugene Jr. taught English and was Assistant to the Activity Director at the University of Utah. Eugene and his family lived in student housing at the U. He won a Danforth Scholarship, which paid him enough to get his PhD at Stanford University at Palo Alto, California. We helped them with payments on a home, a car--possibly as much as the Danforth. Eugene Jr. did some teaching in the LDS Institute and at Stanford and some surrounding colleges.

On August 19, 1962, Ann and Duane had another baby girl, Camille. She was a sweet baby, and we've enjoyed her very much. She was tiny and dainty and different from Christine and Cynthia, who were plump and roly poly.

On December 26, 1963, we traveled with Chi Tours to Los Angeles for the Pasadena Rose Parade. The parade was very beautiful, and we had excellent seats. We really saw Los Angeles and vicinity: Knott'sberry Farm, the Santa Monica Races, dinner and dancing with Laurence Welk's orchestra, the old Mexican section, Market Place, Beverly Hills, and Forest Lawn Cemetery. On January 2nd 1964, we took the train to Palo Alto, California, to visit Eugene and Charlotte and family and to see our new

granddaughter, Rebecca, born, December 17, 1963. We found Charlotte still in the hospital with pneumonia. All was well otherwise. I stayed a week until after she came home and all was under control. The Relief Society helped with meals after I left.

In February, Eugene Sr. was assigned to Hawaii, so I went with him. It was a lovely trip. The flying wasn't even so frightening--only about one hour and 30 minutes to San Francisco. Eugene Jr. and children met us, and we visited with them for an hour. Baby Rebecca is a doll for sure. Brother and Sister Zabriskie (converts) met us at the Honolulu airport and gave us the traditional welcome—a touch of cheek to cheek on each side after they put leis around our necks. They took us to our apartment, and Eugene was off to Saturday afternoon genealogical meetings. I unpacked and went shopping for food. Our apartment was a dark and dirty place, so we moved to a new big hotel apartment. It was new and clean and no more money. They served breakfast (sweet rolls and pineapple juice) with baby orchids on the plates. Sunday was a good day. There is a beautiful stake house in Honolulu. They gave us carnation leis, and the stake president took us to lunch on Waikiki Beach. Eugene spoke to the studentbody in Leia at the college of Hawaii. We drove up the coast and saw the pineapple fields and came back by 4:00 pm to go through a temple session. The temple is very small with beautiful grounds and a chapel for tourists to see a 15 minute film.

We visited the stake banana farm in the next valley. On Thursday, we rented a car and drove all the way around the island. Eugene went out on a surf board at Waikiki beach, and I sat on the beach and sunburned. We spent time in the shops and watched a show of island dancing and singing.

On Saturday we visited with President Stone, Eugene Jr.'s mission president. We were guests at the Polynesian Village tour and show. We had a good conference on Sunday, with more leis. All of Leia and the surrounding plantation of sugar cane is owned and rented by the Church.

We took a boat ride around Pearl Harbor as guests of the navy, and a tour of Honolulu, Punch Bowl cemetery, government buildings and the old palace of the last queen of the islands.

We had a good flight back to San Francisco and visited with Eugene and family for an hour and a half. We had dinner on the plane and reached home safe and sound after a lovely trip and holiday.

In March of 1964, President Hugh B. Brown called Eugene into his office and talked to him about an assignment out the USA. We thought at first it was to be the New Zealand Temple President. Eugene, half seriously, said to him, "I've followed John Hawkes as far as I want to follow him." He was the North Central States Mission President and Second Counselor in the Salt Lake Temple Presidency. After Conference, President McKay called Eugene in for an interview, but didn't say anything about going away. It was mostly about the Salt Lake Temple.

About the 1st of May, President Howard McDonald became president of the Salt Lake Temple and Eugene and Brother Beesley were slated as counselors. President Nathan Eldon Tanner said we could relax and settle down. We had sold our Cadillac, which we had only driven 2, 600 miles and moved Ann and Duane into our home. What a mess—five truck loads of furniture and clothing in our garage and all over the house.

Within a few days, Ann and Duane had purchased a small, three-bedroom home in Logan, Utah. They couldn't occupy it for a month or more, so we settled down as best we could. We also bought a new Cadillac.

After a couple of weeks, President McKay called Eugene in again and asked him to be President of the London Temple. My first reaction was a willingness to do all we can, wherever called, but mingled with it was the knowledge of the pain that it would be to leave our children and grandchildren. Ann's are like my own. I've helped raise them.

Our preparation began with a temple meeting in the assembly room with all the workers dressed in white. I was seated on the stand and asked to speak. It was hard, and I didn't say much except ask for their prayers in our behalf and said, "My spirit is willing, but my flesh is weak." I was set apart as matron by Joseph Fielding Smith. Eugene was set apart as president by President David O. McKay.

Lew and Jean Crandall bought our car; Ruby and Eral Henderson lived in our home; and Brett and Cory Elcock cared for our lawn. Ruby took care of incoming monies and outgoing payments. Attorney Ed Clyde had power of attorney to act in making some contracts and collections. He helped with tax problems, etc. So we stored dishes, bedding and few things, and left the home otherwise as it was.

I tried to have my hair permanently colored. The first dye turned it very dark then, the bleach to remove that color turned it light green. It was that color for our farewell, on July 19th. President N. Eldon Tanner spoke, and there was a good crowd of friends and temple workers to bid us farewell. Sunday afternoon, Eugene's folks got together on the Fairmont Park for lunch. I had to have Ann take the little girls and go quickly without a goodbye; for I knew I'd break down completely if I said anything to them. I took a little white pill to settle my nerves before the meeting, so I got along very well.

We left for England July 20th. Emily and Mitchell Jones and Jean and Lew Crandall traveled part way with us. The Joneses were going to Washington DC and then to Chicago to visit with Shirley, Don, and Linda (Thomas). The Crandalls were on business to Philadelphia and Washington DC and to visit Jean's sister. In New York, Eugene and I visited the World's Fair, where we enjoyed the LDS pavilion, the Siamese and Chinese temples, and the ice show. We saw "Broadway with Love", "Hello Dolly", and "Molly Brown" at Radio City Music Hall.

Then we flew on to London, where President and Sister Boyer met us and took us to the manor house, and a new life began. During the month of August, the temple was closed; so we had time to get acquainted, travel a little, and play some golf on the large lawn between the manor house and the temple. We went to Manchester with Flash and Margaret Nielsen. There, we saw the old roman ruins in Manchester with an area of fields with rock walls around each small plot.

The work in the temple was satisfying and pleasant; except some days, the long hours made it too hard. The temple hadn't been cleaned and painted since it was built. The walls were very smoky and curtains worn out. The two weeks of Christmas closing, Eugene with the help of Max Bryan and Sidney Ottley, did scrubbing and painting. I did some redecorating of furnishings. We purchased Spanish brass-inlaid

chests with tall mirrors for the Celestial room. I also purchased new couches and chairs in yellow-green silk for the room. I took out the artificial flowers; and with the large bouquets of fresh flowers from the temple grounds I made for the chests, it looked lovely.

Eugene got quite ambitious and made up a schedule for sessions on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday nights, plus three on Saturday. This would have been fine if the workers agreed and came faithfully. But most of them came when they felt like it. That was our biggest problem. We asked them for two nights a week and Saturday. Now, we are trying to get enough workers for one night a week and Saturday. The branch president says they use their temple duties as excuses for not working in the branch. The stake president says he lacks workers since Crawley Branch was taken from his stake. He and his wife came every week on Saturday for years until he was made stake president.

We had 16 (hundred +) endowments, and it was a record in September 1964. I said, "It won't keep up. They are coming to see the new president." But in October, we had 2,983 endowments. Missionaries do four sessions a day when they are here, and some Saints do two or three on Saturday. We had two groups of missionaries this month. A lot of people must have a yen to see us.

My birthday was uneventful. We did take an enjoyable minibus trip to Brighton and saw an old castle built in about 900 A.D. by a friend of Cromwell's. In November, President and Sister Stephen R. Covey organized the women of Ireland, and 28 came for three days. They accomplished six endowments each, every day. They are lovely women. We enjoyed them very much. Testimony meeting on their last day was inspirational. They asked for two dates for 1965.

We originated this project by inspiration because of the great need here to get the endowment work done for women. Many more men come to the temple than women, and the missionaries also increase this over-balance of vicarious work for men. The women who have come love it and grow in knowledge and understanding of the purpose of life, which helps them to become better mothers and wives.

A wonderful group of 27 came from Glasgow and the Scottish Mission in March of 1965. Their coach was held up three hours by a snowstorm. The driver wanted to turn back, but they said they were coming to the temple even if they didn't get there until the next day. At one time the coach started sliding off the road. The driver declared that he couldn't stop it from sliding off a steep bank and didn't. The sisters told him that they knew what power stopped the coach and kept them safe. They had had prayer with the priesthood before they left. These sisters from Glasgow are wonderfully trained Singing Mothers, and all had sung songs on the trip. Their influence for good touched the soul of the driver. When he returned to his home, he spent three sleepless nights and then found the bishop at Glasgow and asked for baptism. The women, 40 of them, are coming in October again, we hope. How we did enjoy them, their testimonies, solos and choruses; and especially, "If You Could Hi to Kolob" sung like a marching song. One mother of three children, who had divorced her husband for cruelty, said in testimony that she hadn't had a thing to live for nor could she see any hope for her children until she found the Church. Until she met the

missionaries and men of the Church, she had never been around a man, who didn't cuss and shout continually.

In December, we went to Europe with a group from Utah serving on the building committee. It was a good trip, except we were ill on the boat crossing the Channel. I went up on deck in the air and it wasn't too bad, but some had a bad experience. Eugene and one lady weren't ill at all, and they sat in the lounge and ate candy. We went over to Paris and had a guided tour and spent the afternoon at the Louvre. We took the night train to Nice. The train trip was dirty and smoky through the tunnels. Nice was lovely and we took a bus tour to Grass Cote de Azure and Monte Carlo. Valencia, Spain, is the center of orange growing. Barcelona, with its strange cathedral that they have been building for 100 years and will need at least k80 more, looked evil to me. We saw an old cathedral that dates back to the 12th century, where Columbus brought six Indians to Isabella and Ferdinand. We saw the marble font, where they were baptized. It is a large bowel on a pedestal. They couldn't have been immersed. Madrid is an interesting city. Franco has taken out rows of buildings to make wider streets. We went inside a couple of bull rings. Football is the national sport. However, bullfighting goes on two or three days a week in the summer. Our guide said that he felt that because of public opinion the actual killing of the bulls would end soon. There is a huge area of wheat land around Madrid. We couldn't see farm implements anywhere. Supposedly the people own the land, but one or two cartels own the machinery. There are no fences or homes except in small huddled ancient towns on tops of the hills. There are no places to stop and eat or rest except for large restaurants and facilities every-so-far along the main roads for tourists. We saw young people of Spain and Barcelona at a dance, who were well dressed and well behaved. This was during Franco's dictatorship and his state police with black patent leather hats.

The hills are terraced for grapes, olive trees; and higher up, there are evergreens. The men were grubbing out the terraces to plant trees. It seems that no land is wasted. Everything was so dirty. San Sebastian was a beautiful town on the Bay of Bisque. We loved this town with its green rolling hills and fields behind the town of nice homes and hotels on the waterfront.

This is a Basque country. The French, who helped in Spanish wars, stayed and married and live there. We arrived at the border and entrained for the all night ride to Paris. After a dirty, smoky, noisy ride, we entrained for Calais and a smooth boat ride to Dover across the English Channel.

In April of 1965, we came home for General Conference, business, and to see the children and grandchildren. Eugene and Charlotte and family, all but Rebecca, came for a few day, so we saw all but the baby. It was a wonderful visit and hard to leave again. I don't enjoy flying, but it was smooth both ways. We stayed at an airport motel in New York on our way back because I don't like flying at night.

June was quite warm, and the flowers were like heaven. The rhododendrons were so very lovely. In April and May, the tulips and jonquils are both as big as a cup. The daffodils are all over in the lawn and borders, etc. I kept big bowls of flowers in the Celestial Room, in the hall, and in the chapel. It was a big job carrying them in and

out and arranging them, but I enjoyed it. The Celestial Room just needed a big bowl of yellow daffodils or lavender rhododendrons on the square marble tables at each end of the room. Sometimes, I had tulips and then, later, roses and dahlias that lasted until the frost. The chrysanthemums went on into November. We had a busy summer, with women's groups and excursions of saints from Iceland and Norway during the weekdays, and regular Saturday assignments from missions and stakes. We didn't close the temple at all, so the personnel took vacations leaving us shorthanded much of August.

In June, we flew to Geneva, Switzerland, to meet a BYU tour. Emily and Mitchell Jones came on the tour. Geneva was very lovely and is on the largest lake in the country. We stayed at the hotel on the Rhone riverbank. We walked over the river and around the city. The quaint old narrow streets were cobblestone in the old part of town. The elders came for us for Sunday School. We enjoyed it even if it was all in French. The elders translated some questions, and Eugene answered them. Our bus tour of Switzerland was wonderful. Our first stop out of Geneva was the castle, Chateau de Chillon, that guarded the pass.

At Interlaken, most of the group rode the ski lift up to get a better view of the mountains and snow. It was a lovely mountain village with breathtaking mountains around it. Bern is quite a lovely city. The old and different things about it interested me. Its colonnaded or covered streets or sidewalks are very nice. I understand the city rules make it impossible to build anything new on these streets without making the colonnaded, covered sidewalks. The clock towers, quaint and old, with loud clanking and active figures as the hour strikes; and the ancient odd figures on pedestals in the middle of the streets were interesting.

At Lucerne, we saw the old, covered, wooden bridges with paintings by different families to appease the evil spirits that brought the black plague. From Lucerne, we rode to Stans, where we left the bus and rode a cable car up to the hotel on top of Mt. Stanserhorn—6,300 feet. It is 130 miles from one of the Alps' mountain peaks to the other side. We spent two nights there and walked the trails. Some Swiss soldiers from the radio station came to eat at the hotel and joined us in the evening for a songfest.

The trip to Zurich was lovely. It is an industrial city. The largest industry is watch-making. It has large clocks on the church towers. My, how noisy they are, especially at noon! In the evening, we went to a dance club, where ancient public baths were. Now, it has rows of tables on the terrace around the small dance floor. One young girl with us later joined the Church. We all tried to convert her. Our example was most effective. We flew from Zurich to Milan, Italy, over the Alps. Milan is famous for silks and other materials. We walked down to the cathedral, which is a beautiful lacy jewel of a building, and past the La Scala Opera House, which we attended in the evening. The symphony orchestra was very good. Then we stopped at Verona, a small town where the characters of Romeo and Juliette lived. They have to show the courtyard and balcony and burial place in a manor house, supposedly where Juliette is laid in a tomb.

Pisa was our next stop. The cathedral, leaning tower, baptistery, statuary, and other buildings are ivory-white marble. They are light and clean and look out on the green lawns. The baptistery has a font for baptism by immersion, which was used before 1400 A.D. They started building it in 1153 A.D., and there is none to equal its rich marble decorations in the world. Pisa was a maritime republic of the Roman Empire and compared with Genoa and Venice. It took part in the crusade of 1099. It has Romanesque and gothic architecture blended in grace and beauty. The cathedral was begun in 1033 and finished in 1118 A.D. on the sight of one of the villas of the Emperor Hadrian. The course of human life is represented: the baptistery is the birth; the cathedral is life spent in devotion; and the cemetery is death.

We drove along a causeway from the mainland to Venice. It is a small city built on rock with streets of waterways with gondolas and motor boat buses. It is about 5 cents to ride these motor boat busses anywhere. We had a wonderful ride in gondolas one evening. A large group of gondolas got together along the main canal, and two entertainment boats came along with guitars and singers. We loved the square with colonnaded walks and shops and the cathedral, Piazza of St. Mark. Another square or courtyard joins with the Ducal Palace. Across the courtyard is the Doge's Palace started in 814 and reconstructed in the 14th and 15th centuries and restored in 1578 A.D. Florence is a lovely old town. We enjoyed the art and sculptures very much.

Florence seemed to be built along the banks of the Arno River. The main road is along the river. The Santa Trinita Bridge is one of the most beautiful in Italy (1566-1569). It was destroyed by the Germans in 1944 and reconstructed faithfully from 1955-1957. In Florence, we purchased gloves and marble statuary. After, we saw handmade lace and many paintings by Raphael, Michelangelo, Titan, Leonardo de Vinci, and Botticelli's "Birth of Venus" and the "Allegory of Spring"; the statuary in the Loggia della Signoria (one in each archway); and Michelangelo's works in the Tomb of the Princes. There was a very beautiful, colorful tower at the side of the Church made of mosaic in marble. The Viale dei Collia is a drive to the top of the hill across the river, where one has a good view of the city. Also on this hill is the Piazzale Michelango's David (possibly his greatest) and four statues, which adorn the Medici tombs in the shape that is dedicated to Michelangelo.

From Florence, we rode to Rome on a good highway. I kept looking for the seven hills and couldn't see them until later when riding around the old part of town. We just hit the high spots. St. Peter's is not as imposing as one would imagine. It doesn't stand out and is almost hidden. It is beautiful and clean inside. The Vatican library and Sistine Chapel were disappointing. The paintings on the walls and ceiling are so dark one can hardly see them. They take an average of \$2,500 a day from tourists. The large red marble columns and monoliths were brought from Egypt. We went to the opera "Aida", outside. The ruins of Roman baths were used for the stage. We sat on bleachers on the side of the hill. The Victor Emanuel II monument is huge, white, beautiful, and stands out and can be seen from many areas. It is the loveliest new thing in Rome. The ruins are interesting. They stripped the heathen temples to adorn the Christian ones. Old Rome is down a couple of feet and shown in some places. The old temples still stand. We flew from Rome back to London.

In the fall, we took a drive to Canterbury to see the cathedral there. It is the seat of the English Church, where Thomas Beckett was murdered. It has the largest nave in England.

Eugene went home in October for a couple of weeks on business and for conference. I stayed here because I can't take flying. I wonder how I'll get home to Utah. I don't like a boat either. I have crossed the Atlantic five times and the Pacific to Hawaii and back and all around Europe, but I am more nervous each time. It was hard to stay here, and I would plan to make the trip if we were sure we'd be here another year, but we expect to be released in August. Soooo, I can live until then, I guess.

Eugene Jr. is the managing editor of a new quarterly, Dialogue. It has Church subject matter. We worry about this kind of thing getting out of hand and ruining his chances to be of use to the Church. A new Baby girl, Jane, was born September 5, 1965. Charlotte and Eugene kept it secret until they called and surprised us after her birth.

The manor house was quite worn and needed much renovating. There were three floors with eight baths and two half-baths. The guest room needed painting. The drawing room floor was 18 feet by 30 feet, it was at least 20 feet high with decorated curved walls and diamond shaped leaded windows and a fire place opening as high as I am tall. It also needed furniture. Where would I find the right Elizabethan Tudor style for this house?

Eugene and Max Bryan painted the ceiling of the Celestial room and lecture room during the Christmas holiday. Eugene and Brother Withington continued and painted the whole inside of the temple. It kept me busy feeding Eugene and keeping him happy while he was doing all that hard work. The temple is quite clean, and we feel better having the House of the Lord as lovely as possible. The new pieces of furniture: settees and chairs in the yellow-green silk and the Spanish commodes and large mirrors add a touch of elegance to the room that was quite severely plain and modern before. Sister Mark E. Peterson said the green cotton Lawsons looked like office furniture. Eugene and I made a number of trips to London to find something suitable for the temple and manor house. We chose a domestic Persian rug made in Scotland with a light background and red velvet furniture to blend with the red in the rug. We purchased only a settee and a chair in red and a traditional style to go with the Elizabethan Tudor house. We inherited an antique settee from the Manchester mission home, a lamp and a chair, and also, a high backed carved chair and a nice tapestry for the wall. Some say it is handmade. President Mark E. Peterson said he had it appraised, and the appraiser said it was priceless. Never-the-less, the big room is quite nice now with these pieces in it. So with some rearranging, it turned out to be quite comfortable and pretty. I was proud of it and enjoyed living there after we cleaned and redecorated it.

We arranged two more kitchens on the main floor, so that two more couples could live there and help as ordinance workers. They were people called on missions, who were too old to travel and proselyte. We had a few more couples, who the mission president sent to us rather than send them home. We renovated and furnished

the other buildings for them: Brothers and Sisters Irvin Eskelson, Stockman, Harris, and Udall. We'd have Family Home Evening, pop popcorn on Monday evenings, and celebrate Thanksgiving and Christmas together. A few times, we invited the missionaries of the district.

Eugene went home for April Conference and business. Debtors don't pay when the creditor is out of the country. Jim Knight lost out on the land options in Kearns, so Eugene will have to get home to hold thing together. We love England and the people we work with. Albert Parsons and family of five lovely children moved here last fall to take Brother English's job as recorder in the temple. Sister Parsons helps as receptionist and as a proxy. Brother and Sister Eskelson have been wonderful help and good company in the manor house. He is the engineer and is redoing the outside lighting of the temple. Sister Eskelson helps as an ordinance worker and in the Information Bureau. Brother and sister Ottley have been here helping since the early fall of 1964. They help greatly as ordinance workers. Sister Ottley plays the organ in the temple and at church and gives piano lessons. Brother Ottley has done a lot of fixing and painting and helps in the temple. I appreciate Phillis Hart in the temple. She was good help to me there and is a good ordinance room worker. I used her for my assistant after Sister Kearns left. I felt I could depend upon her to carry on when I wasn't there.

On Easter Sunday, it was warm and bright. The grounds and information center had over 260 visitors. On April 14th, it snowed all day--the most all winter. I could cry about the lovely flowers all beat under the snow. They are probably ruined. It is lonesome without Eugene. I went to a dinner party at the Harts'. I learned how the British feel about things. They say, with bitterness, that we stepped in when the war was won and took the credit for it. They had lost the war in Europe and had been driven out of France at Dunkirk. How could they have ever gone back on D Day and taken France and the low-countries and Germany and Italy, besides North Africa, without us?

Eugene returned feeling that we must go home when the temple closes for August. President McKay agreed, and Brother and Sister Buckmiller were suggested by Eugene to replace us.

We worked hard and had good crowds in the temple all spring and summer. Some women's groups came, and we had a number of excursions in June and July: Holland Stake and Mission, Norwegians, Scottish, Irish, etc. Missionary excursions had been discontinued in November 1965, so we missed these wonderful times with them and the association of the mission presidents and their wives, who stayed with us in the manor house.

We brought beds from Edenbrook and made them up on the third floor in the bunk houses for the Norwegians. When the Irish were waiting for transportation home, about 35 stayed with us a night or two. About a day later, the mission president from Finland and his family were with us for three days on their way home. I was packing to leave and had used or given away all my food and was cleaning the kitchen when another mission president and his family stayed with us on their way home. We had such a busy time. With the new temple president and matron there also the last week,

it was almost impossible to relax or bid farewell to anyone. Someone had a big nerve to pile all of this on me.

We invited President Joseph Darling of the London Stake and his wife and President and Sister Dinwoody to diner to meet President and Sister Buckmiller. We ate at Ye Old Felbridge Inn and came back to visit at the manor house. We had a farewell dinner in the temple for the Ottleys, Stockmans, Harrises, and Eskelsons since all were completing their two years and leaving about the last month or two.

Our last week there, we visited Chard, where Eugene's ancestors lived and found a Bill England, who raised beagles. We saw Salisbury Cathedral, Stonehenge, Bath, and drove down the west coast to stay at a famous fishing village. We came home by of Devon, where Eugene's Hatch ancestors lived back to 1200 AD. We enjoyed the thatched roof homes and roads with hedges higher than the car.

Our years of experience at the temple were good times for us. We learned a lot about the meaning and purpose of the temple ordinances and about people by working with them. If you want to learn what we can tell you about the veil ceremony, come and ask us. If we aren't here, ask Eugene Jr. or Ann.

President Archer came to the airport in London to present awards to Eugene for the conversion of the Beauchamps. We had done a lot of friendly work with people, who came to the manor house to study or listen with Eugene. Our trip home was smooth and nice, but crowded. We flew direct to San Francisco, stopping at Winnipeg for refueling. I helped a young women tend her baby all the way, which kept my mind off flying.

We enjoyed a day with Eugene Jr. and family in Palo Alto. The children had grown so much, and the new baby is a copy of Rebecca. They had built a small addition on to the kitchen, which made a comfortable TV corner and eating space. Our car, a Volkswagen station wagon, was there. So we loaded our baggage and came home. It was surely good to be home. Ruby had left the house nice and clean, so all we had to do was to bring dishes and linens and bedding up and wash them and start living. Neighbors and friends were happy to see us, and we were happy to be home. Eugene had bursitis in his shoulder, so he couldn't lift or accomplish much. He tried to catch up on golf and fishing, however, leaving the house painting until he felt better.

We visited a few days with Ann and Duane and girls in Logan. We went to Montpelier and Soda Springs, Idaho, to look over the new farm. It is a beauty, but it seems to me that the Barker Brothers are getting too much. It's too much hard work at least.

Ann spent some time with us here while Duane was harvesting in Kearns. It was surely good to have her near again. We communicate quite well and have similar tastes in fashion, etc. The girls have grown up while we were in England. Cami was a baby when we left. Ann is a doll and can do anything.

In October, Eugene found out that he had a double hernia around his navel. He had an operation to take care of it and came home after two days. In two weeks, he went deer hunting and shot two, two-point bucks.

I was asked to serve as the Social Relations Teacher on the Relief Society Stake Board with Sister Wood. These seven years were a good experience for me because I

had to study and express myself. I have served on each of the stake boards: the Primary Board when we lived in Downey, Idaho; the LDS Girl's Organization Chairman in Hillside Stake and when it was changed on the YWMA Board until we went to the mission field.

In January 1967, Eugene was asked to be Sergeant-at-Arms for the Utah State Legislature for 60 days. He accepted the responsibility of keeping the employees in line and happy for the House of Representatives. Although it was trying and long hours, he enjoyed it, and we met many fine people. We attended banquets, a dinner dance, took a trip to Hardware Ranch near Hyrum, a tour of USU, and attended a ball game after a banquet.

Hardware Ranch is the place that was the Hyrum Coop, where my Grandfather Rose was in charge of a dairy for a couple of summers when my mother was a young girl. My father was a cowboy at the ranch at the same time. There were about 20 girls working as milkmaids. Each milked 22 cows each morning and night. My mother was one of them. Now it belongs to the government. Rangers care for the elk and deer in the area--feed them and mark them, etc.

Well, I think Eugene had his fill of the Legislature before it was all over. I thought he was enjoying it, but now months later, he says they couldn't pay him to do it again.

Duane had earned his CPA in 1966 and graduated with the master's degree in Business Administration from USU in the spring of 1967. Ann and Duane sold their home in Logan and moved into a small home on the ranch in Soda Springs. It was to be temporary until they built in town. Spring was late and farm work was worrying and kept them very busy all summer.

We went with the Crandalls and spent a few days in Southern Utah: Arches National Park, Dead Horse Point, the Navajo reservation lands of Utah and Arizona, Canyon Lands, and Monument Valley. Since we were so close to Flagstaff, Arizona, we went there and found the land that we own out at Parks. It is beautiful country in the Kaibab National Forest. We went to Glen Canyon and Zions National Parks. In July we went with the Crandalls to Portland, Oregon, and drove down the Columbia River highway.

For our annual Fourth of July trip, we went with the Parkers and Crandalls to Sun Valley. The men did some fishing and took us over the pass to Red Fish Lake. Eugene and Lew went skating; and Eugene, while helping a girl get up, fell and broke his wrist. He didn't know it was broken until he awoke in pain about 1:00 am. We were just across the street from the hospital, so he found a doctor and had it put in a cast.

Eugene and Charlotte and six children came in August for 2½ weeks. We had arranged to use the Gunther's cabin in American Fork Canyon and thought they would enjoy a few days there. But they kept so busy that they didn't even get to the cabin. It was rather hard on me after being away from such activity for three years. We love them all, and felt it was too bad we didn't see them often during the past years. They have purchased a large old home in Palo Alto and plan to stay there awhile. Eugene works at Stanford part time and is Assistant Institute Director. Along with editing Dialogue, I think he is plenty busy.

In September, Duane was offered a teaching position at USU. He got the job with good pay--\$9,400 per year and much consideration by Dr. Cannon, who planned his classes this quarter, so he could get away to finish his farming. They were also very lucky to get a very nice home to rent in the area in Logan where they had lived for three years. They plan to buy or build in a year. Ann had a miscarriage early in December. She was three months along. It was too bad. They would surely like to have a boy.

In December, Eugene was called to be a sealer in the Salt lake Temple. After Christmas, Eugene began working in the Bureau of Information, teaching and answering questions for people, who go on temple ground tours and want to hear more. He enjoys these two afternoons a week very much.

The Frostop business was taken away from Glenn Massey after two years of no payments. He had bilked the business of around \$90,000. He sold Arizona and Nevada franchises and formed a corporation and sold stock and neglected the business. Mr. J. Connally from the national company thinks he can step in and take it over—literally steal it. A lawsuit is pending.

For Christmas, we went to Ann and Duane's and enjoyed the girls very much. Ann and Duane are good to us. They wrapped many gifts for us, gave us their beds, and treated us royally. We wouldn't have much of a Christmas without them because Eugene Sr. and Eugene Jr. do nothing about it. We got a book of poems and some candy from Eugene and Charlotte a couple of weeks after Christmas.

On January 16, 1968, we went to Logan to baptize Christine. She asked her grandfather to baptize her and her father to confirm her. Ann bore a wonderful testimony in the fast and testimony meeting. Duane gave Christine a wonderful blessing. Ann and Duane have purchased a lovely home in Smithfield, Utah. I do hope they like it there. I do foresee some drawbacks being five miles out of Logan, but it is surely the trend to move to suburban areas. The home is two levels on the west side, with large windows and sliding glass doors giving a wonderful view of the valley and mountains. It is well built and well kept, appearing almost like a new home. There is a large acre of lawn on the west with a half acre for a pony pasture. Ann spent the summer antiquing two full bedroom suites for the girls. They each have desks and chairs. It represents a lot of work but is surely beautiful now. Duane, with a little help, put in a good sprinkling system, which pumps water from the irrigation ditch to water the whole place. They love the ward and town and seem very happy there. Duane enjoys his teaching at the USU. Christine was promoted from 2nd to 4th grades. She is large and bright, and it was surely the right thing to do. The girls all do well in school and take piano lessons. Ann teaches the Theology Lessons in Relief Society and the college-age young people in Sunday School. Duane teaches the priest quorum and the adult class in MIA.

I was also asked to return as an ordinance worker but put it off for a couple of months. Dr. C. D. Schmidt found my blood pressure up and blood count down, so I felt I should get these regulated before beginning in the temple. On February 14th, I began working in the temple on Wednesday and Thursday evenings while Eugene is sealing. I enjoy it and need to be doing more than my stake board work.

On February 16th, Eugene flew to Los Angeles on a suit about property in Scottsdale, Arizona, which hasn't been paid for. He spent a weekend with Eugene Jr. and family in Palo Alto.

The last of April, we took Isabel to Kimberly and spent the night with Leona. She keeps busy sewing and gardening. We drove on to Palo Alto and enjoyed a few days in the Eugene Jr.'s old home, painting a couple of bedrooms. We drove to inspect some land he is thinking of purchasing for investment. We came home via Las Vegas after hearing Eugene Jr.'s fine Gospel Doctrine lesson.

We canned apples and raspberries and peaches from our own trees. It was wonderful after so little fruit in England. Eugene Sr. was quite tied on the sale of the Florida Ranch for the Church. Eugene Jr. and Charlotte and family and a friend of Kathy's came the latter part of August for a couple of weeks.

Eugene teaches the gospel at the Visitors Center two afternoons a week. Then he comes for me, and we work in the temple those two evenings. He is a sealer and does weddings when asked. I have been room supervisor for both days the past six months. Eugene went to Logan to perform the marriage for the girl we sponsored from Bolivia.

This last winter 1968/69, Eugene played golf almost every month. (almost daily) So, along with fishing and hunting, he enjoys himself.

In April of 1969, Eugene, Charlotte, Jody, and Jennifer came for a few days at Conference time. Eugene held Dialogue meetings and spoke at the Institutes of Religion here and in Logan and also on "Education" at USU. We tried to influence him to give up his editorship with Dialogue because of his job with the Church Institute System and the time involved. We feel he should write instead of reading manuscripts continually. The magazine is fine for some readers, but others oppose it and say it criticizes the Church. We have warned him about printing for those, who have a peeve or ax to grind. We are afraid it will ruin his life and his family's.

In May, we went to Palo Alto for a few days. Eugene teaches a good Gospel Doctrine class and Charlotte plays the violin nicely. We visited the primitive property in the hills west of Palo Alto. The area is really lovely, especially where there are redwoods and a stream. We enjoyed the grandchildren very much and had a good visit. They have done a lot to their large home. It is very nice and all in good taste. Two small bedrooms for the girls take part of the front porch and side sunroom. They have Persian rugs for the living room floor and new carpeting for their bedroom and guest room. The kitchen has a new counter-top stove and wall-oven. The new light fixtures are all very interesting and lovely. They have more plans for a side patio.

In June, Duane and Ann and girls came and we stayed overnight at the Gunther's cabin. The girls surely enjoyed themselves, inside and out, finding the new surroundings exciting and intriguing.

We took a Chi bus tour to the Hill Cumorah in Palmyra, New York, on July 19th. On Our way, we stayed in Detroit, Michigan, in the center of the best part of the city. It was a queer experience. By 6:30 pm the streets were deserted. What a feeling! No one was going in or out. A few Negroes were sitting on the steps of a lovely building on the square. At our hotel, all we saw were crowds of Negro women, all dressed to the

teeth. They were holding a religious convention there. My! My! Hats and brocade dresses. We were happy to leave .We felt doomed there. We crossed into Canada and traveled to Ottawa and on to Montreal. At Quebec, we stayed at the beautiful old chateau. We returned to the states and visited Vermont and Joseph Smith's birthplace. Nauvoo was interesting. We rode on a ferry boat up the river, which gave us a better idea of the country around Nauvoo. The homes in the area are being restored, and some excavating is being done where the temple was located. Many homes are now ready for visiting. The front façade of the temple will be rebuilt and a large Information Center. We visited the Kirtland temple, Far West, Carthage jail; and Liberty jail, where a large visitor's center has been built over the old building. At Independence, we toured the Tabernacle of the Reorganize Church. It is quite a fine building now. Years ago, it was just sorta bare cement. Our trip to Denver, Colorado, wasn't very good. Our bus broke down, and we limped along all day. Finally, the other bus came back from Salt Lake for us. I enjoyed the trip, all in all, but Eugene was too restless to be content on a bus so many days and for so many hours.

July 1970. Eugene really enjoys his service at the Visitor's Center, especially, now that some teaching is being done. He says he has more golden contacts in one three-hour tour there than he had in the 27 months of his mission. He and Bill Bradshaw are fostering a program of teaching those who question and will listen and giving them a copy of the Book of Mormon.

In June 1970, Duane was called as first counselor in the bishopric of the Smithfield 4th Ward. He is in charge of some renovations of the chapel. Ann has been serving as first counselor in the Relief Society. After having some trouble, on August 22, 1970, Ann had a beautiful baby boy. He is dark like his father, and he is their only boy. They named him David Duane. When he was born his bilirubin count, a jaundice condition, rose to 13 and caused him to turn yellow. He had to wear sunglasses, and they put him under an ultra violet lamp in the hospital. But Ann was able to take him home when she was released. He is a darling with big brown eyes like his dad and Eugene Sr. He is so good. He just eats, sleeps, smiles, and blows bubbles. At 4½ months he weighed 18½ pounds. His parents and sisters are very happy with him.

We went to the piano recital for Ann's girls at USU. They do very well. Cynthia also played her violin in a county school program. She is a beginner in group lessons at the school and seems to enjoy it.

Eugene and Charlotte accepted a position at St. Olaf College in Northfield, Minnesota. He will be the Dean of Academic Affairs with a good salary. We have very mixed emotions about them going there. We thought, surely, that they would settle in Utah, where they should raise their family among the Church members. Shortly after moving there, Eugene was asked to be the branch president. Since then, they have purchased a church building and started cleaning and renovating it. The children are enjoying the snow, and the family is doing some skating and cross-country skiing. President Wilson of the stake presidency told Eugene Sr. that Eugene Jr. "stole the show" at a regional meeting in Madison, Wisconsin, when he spoke. He said Eugene really has a wonderful testimony. He goes all out for his family. He brings them to

Minneapolis for MIA. He said that President King thinks the sun rises and set in Eugene Jr. Charlotte was called as the District Relief Society President. It will be good for her.

Evelyn and Ray Robinson, our neighbors across the street all these years, sold their home to their son and moved to a new home in Sun City, Arizona. He is 75 years old and has had a heart attack.

My roses have been lovely. The row of Madona lilies are in bloom now.

David is such a joy that we have to go to Smithfield to see him about every two weeks. He is 10 months old and walking around the chairs. He weighs 25 pounds of good natured joy. Ann and Duane and family went to Yellowstone Park last week. Ann is expecting again; and although it is too soon after David, if she could have another wonderful good healthy boy, we would feel it was a wonderful blessing.

Mark, twelve years old now, came and spent a few days with us. He was on his way to the Lowell, Bennion's Boys' Ranch for four weeks. He was the smallest and youngest of the group, and we wondered how he was getting along there. We couldn't call, and he hadn't written yet. He came and stayed with us afterward for a few weeks until his parents came in August for a visit. They stayed at Hawkins' most of the time, so we didn't get much visiting with them. They then went on to California, where they have property in the mountains with 10 other couples. It is very lovely with large red-woods, huge oaks, ferns, and a stream, etc.

We waited for Ann's baby to arrive. It was expected any day. So after a miserable month of labor, Deborah Ann was born on September 23, 1971. She weighed eight pounds ten and one-half ounces. She is a lovely blue eyed baby. I stayed with Ann for 11 days, and Sister Barker came for a couple of days. David was enjoyable. Ann has her hands full with two babies. They are lovely, healthy children and growing so fast. We enjoy them very much.

On November 18th, Eugene Sr.'s friend, Lew Crandall, passed away from heart complications.

In January 1972, Eugene and I went to Sun City for a few days. On the way, we visited the Frostop Drive-In at St. George, Utah. We stayed with Margaret and Flash Nielsen, who we knew in England. He was there on the building committee for the Church. Eugene played golf every day. We had dinner with Evelyn and Sherm Robinson. We'd like to have an apartment there and spend a few months each winter. There is every kind of activity: sports; entertainment; sunshine; and neat, clean homes and surrounding. It is quite a fabulous place. The only drawback I can find is the great amount of time wasted by so many people.

In February of 1972, Eugene Jr. came to interview the Dansforth Scholars, and we went to the dedication of the Provo Temple. It was my first dedication, and I was happy to attend and enjoyed it. Charlotte went to France to study violin for a month with a group from St. Olaf's College.

These last couple of months, we have dissolved the Eugene England Foundation and turned the funds over to the Church Missionary Committee for Indian and Mauri missionary work. We have also given about \$1,000,000 worth of property to the Church. The income of which is to be used for Lamanite missionary work. We would

like now, to give the same amount to the BYU for scholarships for Indian and Maori students.

Jack Elcock had heart surgery about six months ago. His incision broke open inside causing a big hernia. A couple of weeks ago, he underwent surgery to have it closed. He is progressing nicely. Now, April 19th, Ruby has been in the hospital this past week. She has lost the use of some muscles. The tests so far are negative. Finally, they found that her brain was producing too much protein. She has to have large doses of cortisone. She came home after a couple of months but had to be in bed. Either Georgia, Beth, or Ann Louise have been there every day.

Mark came to go to Brother Bennion's Boys' Ranch again. Christine, Cyndi, and Cami were each here a week in July. When Mark came back and stayed here with us, he was ill. I took him to the doctor, who decided it was appendicitis. His white count was 16,000. They took another count and it was down to 9,000, so they decided not to operate until morning. After watching him all night, he was okay. We brought him home, and the doctor gave him some antibiotics and told him to drink at least eight glasses of water per day. Eugene and Charlotte came with the rest of the family and visited a week. Then they went to Palo Alto for a couple of weeks before returning here for a few days on their way back to Minnesota.

Summer 1972. We finally got our lot and cabin in Summit Park started. We had decided on lot #23, which had some pines and backed onto the Salt Lake City water shed. It had a road around the back of it and water and electricity right there. We called and told Greg Sater we'd be in on Monday to pay for it because we were going to Smithfield for the weekend. On Monday, when we arrived there, he told us that his salesman had sold it on Sunday not knowing we had agreed for it. We finally purchased lot #19, which is farther up the road with no electricity and no water. It is very steep but has a lovely view and pines all over it. We waited a week for the digger and couldn't find one, who could go in from the road and level it. So they made a road up about 30 feet, and we are progressing slowly at greater cost. David Kates, who is building it, said he could have it done in three weeks. It has been two months now, and there is a lot more to do. It is October 17th today and storms are coming, so it looks as if we may not get it finished this fall. We have purchased furniture and bath fixtures, which can't be delivered. Eugene has worked hard getting the basement in and the painting done. I worry that he might overdo.

In October, Charlotte came for Relief Society Conference. Then Eugene, Katherine, Jody, and three girls drove out for conference. Two of the girls were baptized the Saturday before. Katherine's boyfriend, Mark Hansen, came from Prescott, Arizona, to conference. He is investigating and would join the Church except for his parents. His father is a minister in Northfield.

I cooked Thanksgiving dinner for Sunday October 8th because Ann and family could come that day. However, Ann called Sunday morning to say that Duane and Cami had the flu and were quite ill and they couldn't come. I thought it would be nice once to have most of them together. I invited Brother and Sister Hawkins. We had 12 for dinner.

It seems that Eugene and family aren't going to move to Utah this year (1973). We'd love to have them nearer to enjoy and get better acquainted with our grandchildren. In this fast moving and changing world, we feel that it would be wise for them to rear their children here in the heart and center of the Church. Companions have great effect on children. Katherine is 17 in March and needs LDS friends and acquaintances. Jody is 15½ and Mark is 14 in April. They all need the many experiences and advantages of peer groups in the Church.

Sister Bradshaw passed away while they were spending a week in Sun City. We had become better acquainted with her the last few years while Eugene has worked with Brother Bradshaw on their Book of Mormon Program. This program has been successful, and the Church has adopted it. Copies of the book, with pictures of the doner family along with their testimony, are sent to missions for missionaries to give to interested contacts, who promise to read it and write a thank you note to the doner. We receive many interesting, faith promoting letters. Mission presidents say it is a great program and that 25% are conversions. We have put a few thousand into this program.

We receive great joy in Ann and her family. The girls are growing up, especially Christine, who is five feet eight and a half inches tall and becoming quite a lady. Ann says she quite enjoys her now, after years of agonizing worry and tension. Cynthia is easier to live with, but her temper flares, and this year it is her turn to be temperamental. Camille has surely grown, but remains a tomboy and lazy. We all hope that she snaps out of the doldrums one day. They each play the piano, and Cyndi and Cami have violin in school. Christine won the Young Artist Award in the ward. She says she enjoys playing now, so half the battle is won. She and Cyndi are "A" students. The two little ones, David and Deborah, are a joy to behold but a lot of work and worry for Ann. She is quite tied with Duane so busy in the bishopric, school, and the farm.

In April 1973, we took a trip to the South and the Caribbean with a group from Sun City. We drove to Sun City, where we stayed with Sherm and Evelyn Robinson in their new home. The bus picked us up about 8:00 am the next morning; and we went through gray desert, through Houston, and San Antonio to El Paso, Texas. We didn't see much of Houston except the outside of the Astrodome. The bus ride from there to Miami gave me a good view of the southern states, where Eugene was in the mission field for two years. We saw the bluebells along the highway that Vadna Matson had told me about. In Miami, we saw the old streets and iron decorated balconies. We saw the caves, gardens, old mansions, and parks. In New Orleans, we visited the French Quarter. We stayed one night on the west coast of Florida and waded in the ocean, but it was so cold that no one went swimming. Florida is most interesting with its many citrus orchards and swamp areas. We visited Cyprus Gardens; Disney World; and Crystal Springs, which was the last stronghold of the Seminole Indians. We rode in a boat into a Cyprus swamp. The monkeys came out on limbs of trees to catch bananas and bread thrown by the boat's pilot. Haiti was so hot and the natives so pesky trying to sell their wares, that we bought a few things and went back to the ship (the Skylark) and on to San Juan, Puerto Rico. The islands were beautiful and interesting, and the food was delicious. At night we danced and enjoyed entertainers on the boat.

I hope we can stay well and continue to serve in the temple. It makes up for not being more useful. However, I've been very busy at home, with sewing, the Church, and the temple. Maybe I'm slower, and getting the cabin furnished and the house cleaned would occupy my spring at least. We plan to go to Minnesota to visit in June and bring Mark back for camp at Victor, Idaho. May we live good lives and stay humble and prayerful that the Holy Ghost may approve and bless us in all our efforts and help us overcome our faults.

Our cabin was finally finished by August 19th. We got the gas furnace in about the time it started to freeze in October. Eugene and family came for Christmas and stayed at the cabin part of the time. They were snowed in for a few days. Their friends, the Zingers, were there for a few days making 16 in all.

We flew to San Francisco in July to meet a tour bus from Sun City for a trip to Canada. Eugene Jr. met us there and showed us the lodge on their Bear Mountain property. He had designed it, and the other families helped to built it. We had breakfast by the fire and toured the beautiful area. We went back to Palo Alto to join our tour. We found Victoria grown larger with good shopping. Butchart Gardens were very beautiful with the many lovely flower plots and lighted fountains. We drove to Banff and saw a place where the railroad train makes a double loop underground in the tunnel as it climbed the mountain. At Banff, we had lunch at the hotel and walked to town to find a wool shop. Waterston Lake was lovely. Eugene played golf, and I went with the group on a boat to the end of the lake, which is in the USA. We rode a bus to the ice fields at Athabasca glacier. It was so cold no one went up onto the glacier, but the ride and scenery was worth the trip. The Lake Louise area hotel was nice, but the glacier was dirty. I remembered it as nice and clean and white when I was there about 20 year ago. We returned through Yellowstone Park. The canyon and falls were very beautiful. We stopped at Bear Lake and bought a case of raspberries to eat on the way home. In Logan, we stopped at the Yeats' home, where the Baughs helped prepare ice cream sundaes and brownies for the group.

About 1973, my heart started giving me trouble occasionally. It would start hurting in my throat and then fibrillating. I couldn't work while this was going on because I felt weak. I thought I was getting ulcers. When we returned to Salt Lake in the spring, I went to Dr. Schmidt, who had an EKG taken, which showed a couple of light heart attacks. He sent me to Dr. Allan Barker, a cardiologist. Dr. Russell Nelson, a heart surgeon, whom we knew in Minneapolis, did an angiogram and found one, whole side of the heart blocked by cholesterol in the arteries. He said my heart wasn't getting enough blood. They gave me pills (Sorbitate) to expand the arteries.

Ann and Duane started to build on to their home in June of 1974. Their contractor and crew had it up in about a month and ready for singles. It has gone so smoothly that we tell her how lucky she is and what a pleasure it must be to have a good contractor to get it finished. They added a master bedroom and bath, a large office for Duane, and a family room/dining room. They also put a 9/12 hipped roof on the home.

In May, Cami was injured in a bad accident while riding their three-wheeler. Her cheek bone was fractured, and she had to have a teflon plate put in to form part

of the eye socket. She had 65 stitches in and around her eyelid. We are fasting and praying for her. The scars are hardly noticeable, and the eye will be okay. She is a very lucky girl. David had pneumonia at about the same time and was in the hospital for several days. Duane was called to be the bishop of the 7th Ward at the same time.

That summer, we hardly stayed at the cabin. Ann and the children came once and stayed one night. Eugene and family came for a few days. We may sell it if we don't use it more.

In 1974, we went to Sun City, Arizona, to visit Flash and Margaret Nielsen again. We enjoyed the area, climate, and recreation. We played golf and belonged to a dance club and went to the temple in Mesa, Arizona, where Eugene served as a sealer. About the first of December, we went to Sun City and rented a place for three months. Sid and Ree Pocock came for a week, and Ann and family came at Christmas. We liked it there and purchased a lot and chose a house plan to be built by Del Webb that next summer.

In 1975, we moved into our new home in Sun City. It is in a beautiful location on the manmade lake called View Point. We are close to a couple of business areas and a recreation center and golf course. We purchased the furniture here in Salt Lake City at Crawford Day and Dinwoody's, who got together and shipped it to Sun City. We also planned the landscaping, and it must be okay because it was pictured in The Sun City News as a good example of what can be done in Sun City. We were flabbergasted by the picture in the paper. Eugene had shaped fine granite covered over with sand mounds, a dry rock lake, a fountain, and planted a number of lovely green palms. In back, we had palms, fruit trees, roses, shrubbery, a pond with waterfalls and a small rocky stream to the lake. Our orange tree had a dozen or more oranges this year (1981). We have a grapefruit and another orange tree.

Eugene Jr. and family have decided to move to Kaysville, Utah. They are here in Salt Lake, now for a week before Conference, to look for a place to build. He has a chance to teach in the English Department at Weber State College. They like small towns and small college life, so that is what they are looking for.

In the summer of 1975, Eugene and family came and lived in the cabin for three months. They purchased a home in Kaysville—an old one on Main Street--close to the schools and the church.

We had a nice trip with the group from Sun City. We went by bus through Idaho to Coeur de Lane and on to Vancouver, Canada, then by ship up the inward passage to Alaska. We visited Skagway, Ketchikan, Juno, and the small waterfront towns on the coast. It was beautiful scenery--islands, forests, waterfalls, and mountains. The railroad to Whitehorse was an interesting trip. The road is carved out of the mountains. We went as far as Benson Lake, where we had lunch and returned to Victoria. Glacier Bay. It was beautiful and interesting. A number of glaciers were a mile wide and 200 feet high from the waters' edge. Our ship went quite close, where we could see and hear the glacier breaking off and falling into the bay.

This fall, Eugene Jr. is teaching part-time at the U of U Institute of Religion and some at Weber State Institute. He also works at the Historical Society (LDS Church History Department under Leonard Arrington) researching and writing about Brigham

Young for a book. A producer from California is planning to make a film from it. Everything seems to be going well for them. They need to build on to their home and furnish it, but money has been scarce this summer.

We have two homes for which we paid cash and people, who owe us, neglecting to pay. We have sold some land but received small down payments. Eugene Sr. has faith in Navsat (satellite to guide ships) to make us a lot of money in the future. He has given his sisters and brothers each a thousand shares and our children and grandchildren some. I hope it doesn't do too well. (It was worthless)

Eugene and Charlotte have a wonderful family. Katherine is attending Weber State College this quarter, intending to go to BYU next. She is especially enjoying her institute class. Jody is in drama doing "A Mid Summer Night's Dream" and "Oklahoma". She had a lot of experience last year. She was the aunt in "Charley's Aunt". Mark is interested in art and stamps. Jennifer is growing up. She is pretty and popular. Rebecca is sweet and a good worker. Jane is cute and kinda spoiled. We saw a picture of her Grandmother Hawkins as a little girl and see a great resemblance.

Ann and Duane are doing very well. Duane is enjoying his job as bishop of the 7th Ward, farming, CPA work, and has a new trucking business in Texas. Ann is still raising the children pretty much alone. Their home addition is nice, and Ann certainly did a good job painting and walltexting the new part. Eugene and I helped her paint the old part, and walltext the hall and bathrooms. She has a job she likes now, teaching Relief Society Spiritual Living lessons.

Christine is a beautiful girl. She plays the piano and the organ, debates, and works on the yearbook at school, where she is a straight "A" junior. Cyndi is pretty, too, and doing well in school. She sings with a special group and takes violin lessons because her mother insists. She should realize the lifetime value of learning to play an instrument. Camille is growing up and is quite pretty. She is still kinda tomboyish. She takes guitar lessons. Her mother says she is her best worker. David is in kindergarten and a charmer but somewhat spoiled. Deborah is a real doll and seems sweet, but her mom says she can surely act up at times. Well, who can't?

November 1975. Our home in Sun City is ready and waiting for us. I have been buying furniture for it all summer. Now we are leaving next Tuesday. It is going to be hard to get moved and settled, but I feel we'll enjoy it when all is finished and landscaped. It will be hard to be away from our family for four or five months, but the sunshine is great, and Eugene can play golf and do many other activities all winter.

Ruby lost a kidney to cancer, but at present is doing very well. Georgia has her grandson to help her keep busy. Mike has two boys on missions. Rex is still mooching on us. He doesn't even pay rent to us for bailing out his home for \$17,000 when he was going to lose it. We also bailed out Lois Willis, my niece, who had a lawsuit with her father to return her land that he had taken over from her years ago. We loaned her \$37,000 to be paid off at \$5,000 a year with interest. She only received 250 acres out of 750. Her father sold 500 for \$150 per acre, which was giving it away. Money hungry men or women are evil.

Most of our estate is being used in a fund with the First Council of the Seventy for missionary work. Those Indians, Maoris, or others, who can't support themselves,

can use the funds. Over a million dollars worth of land and stocks is in this fund. It's possibly the largest private fund of its' kind in the Church. We don't contribute much to other charities. We leave them to people, who don't do what we are doing. Tithing and welfare, fast offerings, and \$150 to the Children's Hospital are the extent of it. I'd like to see more done by the Church for the needy members in South America, and Mexico, etc., instead of lavishing it at BYU and business buildings in New York. I'd like our government to feed the hungry of the world instead of millions to Sadat Hussein and others for arms.

We have an endeavor on Bolivia, helping members there to raise food and thus their standard of living. We have pledged \$20,000 for education and building. We sent \$3,000 for a bus for the health missionaries. Land has been purchased and is being cleared.

We returned to Salt Lake to be with our family for Christmas to try to straighten out Eugene's business affairs, and for a family sealing. Eugene performed the sealing for Richard Steele, Ruby and Eral's grandson. We went to Kaysville for Christmas dinner. It was wonderful to see them all. Ann and Duane went to visit his mother at 4:00 pm, and Eugene and Charlotte went to Hawkins's. Eugene Jr. called his family around the table on Christmas Day, and we enjoyed a lovely family program. Jennifer played the flute as we sang; Jody plays the piano; Rebecca takes lessons; and Charlotte plays the violin. Some stories were read, and all enjoyed.

1976. Our winter was enjoyable except for the constant worry and pressure of trying to collect monies owed--promises that were never fulfilled. Ann is the only one, who faithfully pays her \$300 per month on her home improvement loan. Eugene's home and ours in Sun City have kept us poor because we have to pay our debts even if others do not. Preston and Christine Robinson moved to Sun City. We asked him to teach a study class. Flash hired a large room in a bank and invited all who cared to come. We had about 75 attend. Preston started with the origin of the Bible and the Book of Noah. It was interesting, so we were sorry to leave the 1st of April.

Ann is expecting in December, but she is worried about a miscarriage. I am worried that all is not as it should be. Christy and Cyndi are quite grown up but not very helpful. Cami has problems but helps some. David and Debi are five and six this August and September and will both be in school this fall. A new baby would be nice company for Ann.

Jody graduated with honors from high school. She and Katherine will go to BYU this fall. Mark is growing up and has a girlfriend. This summer, he worked at the experimental farm south of Kaysville. Jennifer has changed the most and seems really grown up sometimes. She will be 16 in August. Rebecca takes responsibility, and Jane is improving.

Eugene Jr. has been busy writing and teaching at the Institute. I took his classes this spring two days a week--Bible and Book of Mormon. It was very enjoyable and educational.

We cleaned the cabin, so Bill Karren and his bride could spend their honeymoon there. We have entertained three or four groups there since. Now, we have sold it for

\$45,000. It was too much for me to keep up three homes, and our children and families do not want it.

Katherine and Jennifer are working at Heidelberg Dining. Charlotte works at getting their home in order since their big project of building on to it.

Eugene Sr. is still trying to get his finances in order. The Johnson Brothers (Navsat) haven't paid their debt. We sold our Bear Lake land interest and collected from Ivory and Warr on land we had sold them. We purchased two eightplexes and land south of Draper from Tom Robinson, so we are deeper in debt.

Eugene and Charlotte want GEE to purchase a lot in Weber Valley on the river. It is across the road and field from the river in a grove of quaking aspens. If Navast would come through, we could do it. We should close the sale of 9.03 acres at \$7,200 per acre with an option on the remainder of 91 acres on August 15th.

On August 2nd, Eugene Sr., Eugene Jr., and Andy Hansen, the realtor, went to Bear Lake fishing. Mr. Hansen went to sleep on the way home and hit a car with two men from Austria in it. The cars were totaled. One of the men from Austria had a broken leg. Eugene Sr. was quite badly injured. His face hit the dash board and it broke his jaw and other bones in his face. He has two broken and three cracked ribs.

Eugene Jr. had three fractured ribs and a partial lung collapse. They put a tube in to draw off the air, so the lung could fill again. He was in much pain to breath or talk or move. He sat up against the bed all night and all day, but went home on the 5th.

August 10th, Eugene Sr. has suffered a lot of pain. Dr. Broadbent will operate this morning and wire his jaws together to help relieve the pain. I am so worried and praying for him. It will be very painful. Eugene Jr. administered to him at the Logan hospital, where they x-rayed and thought his aorta was crushed in his chest. Dr. Russell Nelson was at the LDS Hospital when the ambulance arrived to do thoracic surgery, but he did an aortic scan and it was okay. Eugene's body, except for his ribs, isn't broken or bruised, but his poor face is, and his ribs are painful.

Ann, David, and Debi came Monday and stayed with me all week. It was good to have her here to talk to instead of worrying alone. This week, Cyndi was here. She and Christy put pictures and cards in copies of the Book of Mormon for the missionaries. They did about 10½ cases—at least 400 books. Cyndi helped address about 65 envelopes for missionaries this week. I did 104. Ruby and Georgia helped one evening, and so we had 258. Brother and Sister Sharp came to help while Eugene was in surgery. We pasted and packed about 225 books. Eugene was going to finish this job.

The England Reunion was held at Sugarhouse Park on Saturday August 14th. Eugene's, whole family was there. Each family responded and told of talents and activities. Jody gave a cute reading. Ann and David and Debi came. Duane and the older girls went to a tournament, where the boys from their ward were playing. Ann Louise Karren sang beautifully. Oriole showed her paintings, and Ruby showed Brett Elcocks' paintings.

Four weeks have passed since the accident. Eugene is better and attended Church on Sunday. He has trouble sleeping at night because of his ribs and still must eat through a straw.

Eugene Jr. has edited a book on Lehi's travels for the Ensign. They paid him \$5 per hour for this work. If lawyers are worth \$25 per hour, this kind of work is worth \$50. One or two General Authorities don't like him because of some things published in Dialogue when he was editor. If the Holy Ghost has forgiven him, and it seems surely He has, how can a General Authority not forgive? This year we gave about 20 acres of land in Kearns to the Girl's Village, where they later built two homes and other buildings.

It is now November 6th, and Eugene is better and looks fine. He plays golf and helped Eugene Jr. some, building the log cabin on the Weber River. He put the logs together and hammered notches into the grooves. This was too hard for him. I helped one day carrying logs, and it was really hard work.

Ann's baby, a boy, was stillborn in November. It is too bad. She was 7½ months along. Something seems to happen to her baby boys. She is feeling fine but needs to lose about 30 pounds. Duane is trying to sell his trucking business.

We are still struggling with our finances; part haven't paid up. Southwick won the day in court. White finished his payments of land, and Eugene paid off our personal note at the bank. GEE owes for land, and we still are waiting for Johnsons to pay on a \$200,000 note. They keep promising, "next week." This has been going on for a year or so.

In 1975 or 1976 I resigned my temple work.

We moved to our home in Sun City about the middle of November. Eugene is still recuperating but seems to feel better and stronger each day. The sunshine and golf are good for him. We, now, belong to two dance clubs and one study group. Dr. Preston Robinson teaches it. His wife Christine has been in bed at home and in the hospital for a couple of months with bad veins in her legs. I've taken dinner and pie or hot bread over. Eugene and Preston administered to her. Her daughter is here now.

We went to Salt Lake for Christmas, and for Eugene's year-end accounting for taxes. We went to Ann's on the 23rd and stayed until Christmas day after brunch. We stopped at Eugene's and held a family business meeting for GEE. The children need to understand what it is all about, and that we are paying for land. Sunday morning, we went back to Kaysville for Eugene Jr.'s lesson. He talked about Lehi's gospel teachings to Jacob. It was very, very good. Then, we took him directly to South Salt Lake, where he spoke on Joseph Smith in sacrament meeting. It was wonderful, but too long. Then we drove back to Kaysville, where Katherine and Jody spoke in sacrament meeting. They did very well. Jody has a steady boyfriend, but I feel he isn't quite religious enough. He doesn't have the same family upbringing. For the first time, she said she'd like to marry and have a family. I hope and pray that she finds a good man. She is sorta like mercury and a worry to me. Katherine worked at ZCMI during the holidays. I have to admire her ambition to get a job and work. Perhaps her school work will suffer. Mark is growing up and quite popular with girls at school. He is interested in art.

After church, we hurried home and put together a buffet dinner for Eugene and family, and Sakia, a German exchange student. They all arrived at about 8:00 pm and

stayed all night. The next morning, they went to their cabin on the Weber. It was Rebecca's birthday.

We returned to Sun City the end of December. Ruby and Beth came from Los Angeles, and we showed them Sun City and Scottsdale and drove to Mesa to see the temple.

On January 10, 1977, Eugene Jr. was called to the ward bishopric. It will be good for him, but he is such a good teacher that he should keep on with the Gospel Doctrine class. Mark won second place in an art exhibit.

Last Night, February 3rd, Christine competed in the Junior Miss Contest. She was in Salt Lake for a luncheon with the governor and other activities. A little, really young-looking blond girl won. Christine had a good experience. Her folks were proud of her, and said she was the prettiest one.

Eugene Jr. had a fine article on King Benjamin in the Ensign for December and has been asked to do one on Mosiah and one on the Atonement for Easter. He has turned in five chapters of his book on Brigham Young. He sent us the sixth chapter, "Brigham's Kingdom". We read it and felt it is very good. Apostle David B. Haight wrote to us in appreciation for our fund for the missionaries and said he had heard Eugene Jr. give a good talk on Brigham Young. He said they had a good visit. He was Eugene's stake president in Palo Alto. I hope he pulls for him to get a job at BYU.

It is March 8th, and I am here alone. Eugene flew to Salt Lake on business this morning.

Here are some thoughts that I enjoy:

HAPPIINESS

Atkins

To give up something, when giving up will prevent unhappiness; to yield when persisting will chafe and fret others; to go a little around rather than come against another; to take an ill look or a cross word quietly, rather than resent or return it--these are the ways in which clouds and storms are kept off, and a pleasant and steady sunshine secure.

"The true felicity of life is to be free from anxieties and perturbation; to understand and do our duties to God and man, and to enjoy the present without any serious dependence on the future."

"A merry heart causeth good healing, but a broken spirit drieth up the bones."

Seneca

THE HOUSE OF ISRAEL

Brigham Young's Discourses pp 179-180

"When the world is a state of true civilization, man will have ceased to contend against his fellow man, whether as individuals, parties, communities, sects, or nations. This state of civilization will be brought about by the Holy Priesthood of the Son of God; and men with full purpose of heart will seek unto him, who is pure and holy. . . Then do not be too anxious for the Lord to hasten his work. Let our anxiety be centered upon one thing: the sanctification of our own hearts, the purification of our own affections, the preparing ourselves for the

approach of events that are hastening upon us. This should be our concern, our study, and our daily prayer.”

I've numbered eons
For learning
To govern a world
A galaxy
But just
Seventy years
For the harder course
Governing me.

Carol Lynn Pearson

BLACK AND BLUE

Gene England

Along the path, abreast, walked two;
One in brown and one in blue,
One in dark and one in light,
For one was black, the other white.
Great was the friendship of those two,
Yet strange and wrong to all, who knew.
To all good men strange was the sight
Of one in black and one in white.
Identical as any two,
Same in ability to do,
The same in knowing wrong and right,
The same in sight and height and might,
Along the path, abreast, walked two,
One in brown and one in blue,
One in dark and one in light.
God made one black, the other white.

YET MAN HEEDS NOT

The coyote trapped, escaping, keeps a wary eye;
The mother robin learns to wait the stealthy tread . . .
Yet man, divinely sired, heeds not the warning cry
Of nations buried. . .but sins on,
Then mourns his dead.

Mable Law Atkinson

WALLFLOWERS

John Travers Moore

There is no valor such as this: to wait
With patient grace while others gaily dance. . .
To feel the margined heart, the hollow fate
Of solitude within the night's romance.
Yet all the charm and loveliness of soul
Is theirs, who have this childish vigil met.
And in the visions more mature and, whole
They ever sway and lightly pirouette.

Wallflowers, in the autumn of the years,
May bloom when other fragile blossoms fade.
If they endure the shower of girlish tears
They grow more beautiful and unafraid,
More gentle, prudent as they strive to please. . .
I think that I shall marry one of these.

Note From Mom:

Charlene T. Williams

Daughter of the Universe
Child of the atom age,
May I ask one thing of you,
Goddess of Aquarius,
Before I have to scream?
Dancer on the stage
Gymnast, jumper, acrobat.
Daffodil or buttercup,
Gazer on the moon,
Chaser of a dream,
Would you mind so terribly
To please clean up your room?

“Religious faith is more a function of intimacy than of ultimacy, more a product of relationship than of logical necessities. That is why faith in God should make all the difference in the world.”

From Mormon Concept of God by Blake T. Ostler

Eugene returned Wednesday night, and Al Boyd went to the airport to get him. I drove back from the airport when he left Tuesday morning but was afraid to drive over in the dark alone.

For about three weeks, I’ve had a virus and allergy in my throat and lungs. If I walked out it spreads through my chest like gas—painful. Alka seltzer II helped or getting in the house. Some say it is caused by the wind and pollen or dust. Eugene gave me a blessing and I’m better. David and Isabel have had the flu and were sick; they just about had pneumonia. They had to be on strong medication.

On Eugene’s birthday, March 12th, we went to Sedona. It was a scenic ride of red cliffs, mountains, green shrubbery, and an Indian cliff dwelling. On Sunday, we went with a large group of friends to the country club for brunch.

Katherine wrote for funds for a survival trip this summer. I’m not in favor of this for a girl and think she should be doing something serious, like summer school. She has her 21st birthday today, March 28th, so she should be able to make her own decisions.

Our business affairs aren’t very good. Snellen Johnson’s \$50,000 check bounced, and Eugene’s land sale didn’t go through. Right now, we have optioned part of the land—90 acres south of Draper.

We came back to Salt Lake the last week of April because of the drought. Salt Lake hasn’t had water rationing, but the other cities and towns have. We planted very

little garden because of the drought and have canned apricots, raspberries, apples and peaches. We have ripe tomatoes now, and surely enjoy the food we raise.

We went with Sid and Ree Pocock to see our wooded acreage in Afton, Wyoming, and spent a night at West Yellowstone, where the fellows did some fishing on West Thumb Lake.

Eugene Jr. was invited to give the Institute address to the graduates, which he did very well. He was also invited to give the address at the Phi Kappa Phi honors banquet. There was an earthquake about in the middle of his talk, but it was very minor. However, there was damage done in Malad, Idaho. He has finished his book on Brigham Young, but it isn't printed yet. He is writing articles for the Ensign and was called in by the Aaronic Priesthood General Presidency for counsel. He said, "I gave it with both barrels." The president wanted all he has written. He changed jobs to teach at BYU. He is teaching in the English department. Katherine lives in Provo and works at the mall. Jody has been working at the Historical Society. Mark has a job with a construction company here in Salt Lake. Jennifer did some car-hopping in Kaysville.

Ann and Duane took the family to Yellowstone for a few days. They had purchased a boat and now enjoy water skiing. Christine goes to BYU this fall. She has had a busy summer with camps and youth conference and dates. Two or three older fellows are dating her. They even seem to have fallen for her and talk about marriage, but at 17½, she isn't interested. This week, she is at BYU teaching the yearbook editors how it is accomplished. Cyndi helps her mom and babysits. Camille works with her dad on the farm.

I had a couple of heart attacks in the spring. I had an arteriogram, and the pictures showed dark areas of the heart filled with cholesterol. Dr. Russell Nelson said I don't need surgery, but I'm taking plenty of medication and dieting for cholesterol. It limits my activities, but I walk eight blocks a day.

Eugene has been having his teeth repaired. It is an ordeal, and the money from the insurance company has run out. He should have been able to get some from his car insurance company, but we discovered they had cancelled our policy last July. What if we had had an accident and no insurance? Our insurance man was very negligent.

January 1978, I started having angina pains in my arms and throat. I took nitroglycerin, which helped. One day, a pain came in my heart, which lasted about one hour; and the nitro didn't help. We called Dr. Barker from Sun City, who said go to Emergency at the hospital. I had been trying to get an appointment with a cardiologist and had one for the next Tuesday. He was George Cannon. I was in the hospital for 10 days but felt fine. Except in the evenings, I'd have some angina. I convalesced at home for a month. So now, I can't dance or play golf and am getting so I can't work or walk very far. I take 14 pills a day.

Camille came home with us to go fishing with her grandfather. After that one day, she was bored and wanted to go home. She could have read a book or visited her Grandmother Barker and cousins, just watched TV, or played rook and tripoly instead of teased to go home. I called her mother to find out if I could send her on the bus. Ann and her friend Ann Marie Atkinson came Friday for her. Ann Marie is furnishing a

home in Logan for the Home Show and needed to do some shopping in Ogden. They said it was fun shopping for a, whole house and not have to look at the prices.

On June 9th 1978, President Spencer W. Kimball announced that he had had a revelation. After much prayer by the First Presidency, now all worthy, male members of the Church may receive the priesthood, regardless of color. This is a momentous happening in the Church. It seems that we had to wait for the social changes and advancements of the world for this to happen. Many members are elated. Some feel opposition--perhaps in the southern states. Worthy is the important word and condition.

Cyndi was first attendant to the Smithfield Health Day's Royalty and ran for Cache County Dairy Princess. In July and August, she attended a two week drama course at BYU. She was home about every weekend to ride on a float. Ann came for me to ride to Provo with her, and it was nice to see the students at the school and Cyndi's activities. Camille, at 16 years of age, is still a tomboy and rides a motorcycle. David, our sensitive one, wants to do well, but lacks self-confidence. Debi is a good scholar, and her teachers say a perfect pupil in every way. She seems quiet, but her mother says that she has her moments. She is talented on the piano. She had her dance review on June 3rd.

All of these activities kept us going pretty fast, but we are surely proud of all of them.

Duane works hard and is hardly ever at home. Besides being bishop, he farms with his brothers, does accounting, and runs a trucking business. Ann works too hard waiting on the whole family and has great talent for teaching in the Church.

Katherine is in El Salvador on a mission. Her farewell was on June 4th. We went to the temple with her for her endowments. I surely worry about her in El Salvador. It is hot, humid, and dirty. But after only a month, she is having baptisms. Jody is in the third year of college and is doing well. She has a boyfriend on a mission. Mark has been east a couple of months visiting around and now, has a call for a mission to Brazil this fall. Jody is doing well, in school. She is at BYU on a scholarship. She is writing to Michael Hansen, who is on a mission. Jennifer graduated from high school.

We were trying to find a home for Isabel. Leona and I have had her for 25 years. Leona's health is very bad; she is about blind, and she has her son, David, in her home. He is also unwell. Hypoglycemia has caused him trouble, and his wife and children have deserted him. Since my heart attack, I have felt that some arrangement should be made for Isabel. Ann has had her for nine months, and that is enough with her family. Charlotte and Eugene don't seem at all anxious to have her although their family is diminishing—down from six to three children at home. None of the other grandchildren will or can take her, so we've looked at nursing homes in Logan, where Ann can look in on her when we are in Arizona. Ruby found a Mrs. Susanna Teeple in her ward, who has lost her husband and needs the money. She seems to be kind and good, so we may try her to see if it works out. We'll have to pay her \$600 per month and assume all doctor bills, clothing, etc. So we moved Isabel in with her on June 22nd. I could have kept her until fall, but we felt, when we found someone willing to take her, we had to do it now.

At the end of June, we went with Ann and Family to Flaming Gorge. Duane had traded his house trailer for a motor home that slept six. We stayed two nights. The first day, the lake was rough and they couldn't water ski. We had a rough ride in the boat. The next day, we moved south and up into the pines above the gorge. We went down to the lake; and Duane, Eugene, Cyndi, and Cami had fun water skiing. They had a ski-do. Eugene tried to pull himself up on it, but didn't have the strength to ride it.

Barbara Wood Webb, a childhood friend of Ann's, has been at Ann's home with her children for a few days. She was running from her husband, who beats her. With three little ones and three teenagers, children of two other husbands, what can she do? After prayer and fasting and talking to her bishop, she went home to Montana. The two boys, whose father lives in Salt Lake, wouldn't go back. The daughter, who is the oldest, stayed with a grandmother until school starts this fall at Ricks. Too bad people have to give in to temper and ruin their lives and their childrens'. Barbara thought this man, who is a seventy and seemed very nice, would take her to the temple. Too bad! They'll both have to change to ever get there.

The England reunion was in Pocatello in a canyon called Mink Creek. It was surely located in a lovely spot. The food was good, and the children have grown up so fast. Eugene Jr. gave a good talk on family life about husband and wife living together as one without selfishness and counseling in love and understanding. We stayed with Ann and celebrated Father's Day.

Eugene and family are in Provo, Utah. He has worked very hard with Mark helping to get their new home finished. They had purchased a lot just across the road from the Marriott Center. It is on a little hill with a wonderful view of the mountains. The home is sorta Mormon pioneer style. It is two-story, pinkish brick, with bay and dormer windows. They found old brick and cleaned it and used old doors, etc. Charlotte helps and is patient living in a mess of unfinished building. Eugene worked all summer and was his own contractor. He seemed to have good luck getting sub-contractors, and the basement was mostly finished, so they could rent the apartment for students. We have furnished the money except that for the sale of his Kaysville home.

December 24th. We were in Provo for dinner with Eugene and family. Their home is surely lovely. They still have to finish the back porch and railings, etc. Mark is packing and leaving soon for Language Training. He is going to Brazil on his mission. I feel a little blue because he isn't going to England or Norway, where his ancestors come from. Our grandchildren should be going to the lands of their ancestors.

We have more than 400 missionaries in South America and Mexico that we support from our missionary fund, which is with the Seventy's Quorum. We have funded over 1,000 and will be able to help as many more, if our blessings continue, and we can collect money owed us. Each member of the family has a percentage of our GEE monetary organization. This money will be their inheritance to keep on interest and hand down to their children and grandchildren. We can keep the missionary fund going until all is divided, and then they can each make their own consecration by donating some of their interest to it. We intend to help each grandchild get a good home, and they can pay for it by the month without interest to

the missionary fund. Their interest income they can use only for education, missions, or a home.

Christine went to BYU but didn't like it there. The teachers were poor and roommates were old maids. After a year, she went home to Smithfield and worked for a travel agency in Logan. She moved to an apartment with some girlfriends by the campus and took some classes at USU. We feel badly that she isn't pursuing a full college course. She has a very high I.Q. and plays the piano and organ. After a few months, she moved back home. I guess she didn't like apartment living and wants to save some money. Perhaps she doesn't like her own cooking and housekeeping. She is spoiled because her mother has always done these things. At home, the girls do very little. I'm afraid if they marry, they won't carry their own weight and get in and work at keeping house. This will cause trouble and divorce. I'll have to warn them, but this is all I can do. Then, later they will suffer.

Our winter 1978/79 in Sun City was quiet and uneventful. We went to a few dances, but I felt I couldn't dance except part of a few with Eugene. I felt fine until the last month, when bending over or other activity caused some discomfort in my chest. We came back to Salt Lake early in December to take care of Isabel while Mrs. Teeples took a trip. Isabel had pneumonia, and it took her most of the winter to recover.

Eugene and Charlotte are in Europe. He was asked to go east to visit historical sites and write tourist booklets on the history of the Church there. They went to Paris for a little vacation on the way. Mark left for his mission to Brazil in April. He writes that conditions are bad in the area, where he is working, and he is trying to love the people. He should know how the gospel can lift people to a better life even in poor circumstances. Katherine is senior companion and will be home in December.

Ann and Duane are looking for a home in Clearfield, Utah, where Duane has his office for the trucking company. He drives from Logan each day, and in the winter it is dangerous. I wish they would move nearer, so Ann and I could spend possibly one day a week together. I may not have much time left. I feel I'll need a bypass operation.

In June Cyndi's singing group from Sky View High School, The Front Porch Majority, went to California for three weeks to perform. We went to Logan for their production, which was good, but slow between acts. While they were in Los Angeles, she left her roommates while she went to a stake dance. A negro man came into their room, locked the girls in the bathroom, and stole some of their things. Nothing of Cyndi's was taken. It was a dangerous situation. She said that they should have all been at the dance, and if they had, they wouldn't have had such a fright. She graduated with good grades and won a music scholarship to BYU. She will go to Europe with a singing group this summer. She and a girl from Ogden were the only Mormons in a group from the USA, who went to Europe. She said they were questioned and offered drinks and cigarettes. They were sure to keep their standards as examples of fine LDS young people.

After traveling to Capitol Reef, we stayed with Ruth and Nathan Hale. They own a playhouse in Glendale, California, and produce 12 to 15 plays a year.

Eugene borrowed \$350,000 to purchase a ranch in that area for a group of young men, who transport gold to a refinery and buy and sell it. We have over \$400,000 with them on which they pay us 3% a month. They can do this because of the turnover of the gold and use of the money more than once a month. The ranch has a recreation and commercial park and factory, which they intend to put into production. They invited us to the Fourth of July, but we aren't going.

We went to Smithfield for Debi's baptism September 28, 1979. She is our last granddaughter to become a member of the Church. She is a beautiful child with long, yellow-blond ringlets. Her teachers say she is a perfect student.

In October, we went to Provo for two football games as guests of President Dallin Oaks and were served a delicious luncheon. We attended the President's Banquet. We went to Eugene Jr.'s once for an evening of hearing from Hugh Nibley about the dedication of the Orson Hyde Garden in Israel.

We have our own Sun City ward now. We don't have a church house, so we meet at the Mountain View Recreation Hall. The Relief Society is still at the Thunderbird chapel. We have a very good group attending both of the meetings.

Katherine finished her mission and came home about the 12th of December. We stopped to see her on our way home about the 18th. She appears and seems to be about the same, but some older. I do hope she is strongly grounded in the gospel, and that it will come first in her life. We went to her homecoming in Provo. Katherine did very well. We are proud of her and feel sure the mission experience was good for her. Her mission president said she was an outstanding missionary and was highest in baptisms a couple of months. Mark writes somewhat discouraged and lonesome. He needs letters, so I must write oftener. He is in a better area and is senior companion and enjoying it some better.

Christmas morning, we had Isabel here. Our children all came later in the day. We had a buffet dinner, and Charlotte and Cyndi played some duets on their violins. Cyndi is at BYU and takes lessons from Charlotte. Eugene read a story about making a Christmas tree. Katherine read a poem I had found called "What Shall We Give the Children?" Eugene Sr. and I interviewed each about the money we are dividing from GEE. They are to use the interest and invest it safely. The interest money is to be used only for homes, higher education, missionary work, or disability.

We didn't get to Sun City until about January 6, 1980. Leona had been in the hospital for a colon operation and died January 8, 1980. We talked to her before the operation, and she seemed to be taking it well. It was cancer. A few days after the operation, she had much pain in her stomach. I think doctors knew she was full of cancer and nothing could be done. Mother had cancer but was not in pain. I was happy for that.

We didn't get to Leona's funeral. I didn't feel that I could take four days of travel in January weather, and Claire called to tell us the airport was closed (fog). Ann and Duane went and took flowers. Only a graveside service was held, but Ann said Leona's bishop made it nice, and a lot of friends came. Leona and Don were highly respected in the community. At least they should have used the mortuary. Floyd Olson (her bishop) spoke at the service. He was one of my students when I taught school in

Kimberly. Poor Leona is out of her misery, and now I wonder how David Gibbs will fare. He has lost his wife and family because of his illness. Low blood sugar has caused a mental condition, which is quite serious. I would like to do the temple work for Leona and Don some day. (This was done on April 29, 1986)

After we returned to Sun City, Ann called and said that Christine is engaged to Kevin Heaps. We don't know him and feel she hasn't gone with him long enough to know enough about him. He is a friend of her Barker cousins in Soda Springs. She is only 20 and too young to settle down. She has quit her job and is at BYU now.

Emily Jones, my friend and neighbor, who lives next door in Salt Lake, and who lived in Downey when we did, called to tell me that her son Norman was ill and seeing a doctor in Salt Lake. He and his family live in Walla Walla, Washington. He went into the hospital just after we left in January. They found it was leukemia and gave him chemotherapy, but it didn't help. He passed away about February 5th. Eugene went for the funeral. My leg was so bad that I couldn't ride in the car, and I didn't think I could fly because I was so ill the last time I tried it. It was a terrible shock and sorrow. He was only 47 years old with a young wife Melanie and seven children. They had just moved into a large new home at Christmas time. Now, she has purchased a home in Mesa, Arizona, near her parents. I feel so sorry for them. They had such a close family, and it will be very hard on them.

Kevin and Christine decided to get married on June 26, 1980. It was a lovely wedding ceremony in the Salt lake Temple. Eugene Sr., her grandfather, officiated. After picture taking, we attended a brunch at the Lion House. The next evening, they had a reception at the 4th Ward in Smithfield. Duane is the bishop, and a blanket invitation was given in the newspaper. A good, big crowd attended, and Eugene and I were in the line. Ona and Wendell Whitaker came from Downey, and Ann Louise and Ken Karren came from Provo. Eugene Jr. and his family came from Provo. It wasn't ostentatious and showy, but nice. I took a large bouquet of Madona lilies and roses and the lovely centerpiece we used for the luncheon at the Lion House. They used dotted Swiss table cloths on round tables with snifters and carnations inside. There was no cake, tuxedos, or bridesmaid dresses. The girls wore their own pastel evening dresses. Only Kevin and Eugene Sr. wore tuxedos. Eugene had his own.

They had a basement apartment, new and clean, and Christine had a job with a home loan company. Kevin works for Moore's, a printing company. Ann says he is very good to Christine and that she is happy. We purchased a home for them in March (1981), for which they are paying by the month to the missionary fund. No interest is charged. So with low payments, it is easy and very nice for them. They do express appreciation and love. They expect our first great grandchild in December 1981.

Eugene Jr.'s book Brother Brigham was published in the summer (1980), and in a few months, all of the first editions were sold. Four thousand more were printed. He'll get \$8,000. It is well written and interesting. We are proud of our son and are hoping to give it to friends and relatives. He also did a review of the "Life of Spencer W. Kimball" for BYU. He has been finishing the basement in his home. We are to have the large room for paying for it, but we probably won't use it.

My friend, Carrie Parker, passed away this summer and her daughter Marilyn just a month later from cancer. Carrie has been ill for years with strokes and paralysis the last few years.

Eugene and his finances are giving me ulcers. The last two nights, I haven't slept. Now he has to pay \$155,000 for the mine rights and expenses. If they don't pay, he has to take the mine. Well, who wants a mine at our age, even if it is gold at \$700 an ounce? We'll probably lose a pit of money again. Every time he invests with men, they turn out to be loan merchants or sharks, which use the money at no interest to pay it back.

In the fall of 1980, Ann attended USU with Cyndi and Camille. She wishes to finish her degree in Human Development and Family Relations. Cyndi went to BYU Hawaii for a quarter. We were in opposition, but we are worriers. She enjoyed it very much. Ann enjoyed her Logan Institute of Religion classes very much. She would like to teach seminary, but they don't hire many women. She is a very good teacher and has taught Relief Society for years and also some Gospel Doctrine classes.

Ann came for my birthday, and we went to the Promised Valley Playhouse. Emily, Mitchell, Evelyn, Eugene Sr., and I went to the Hawaiian for dinner.

This was the first time in five years we have been in Salt Lake for Thanksgiving. We were at Ann's. We had expected Charlotte to have us all. We have given them \$100,000 for their homes during this time. It seems their gratitude would be in our direction this time. I invited them for Christmas, but Charlotte said she had to take care of her sisters and folks. Couldn't another of her sisters do it? She had them for Thanksgiving, and we feel neglected and a lack of unity in our family. I shouldn't grumble, but feel thankful that they are fine young people with a lovely family.

January 1981—Eugene and Charlotte and the whole family have gone to England to teach the BYU's Travel Abroad program and travel the continent for six months. All the family will travel to Greece and some to Russia, All the family will go to the continent of Europe. They write glowing reports of all activities. We were happy that Eugene and family could travel and study in Europe and were glad to have them at home again. Eugene Jr. was right by the Pope, reaching out to touch his hand when the Pope was shot. It was very dangerous for our son and very sad for all of us. We are so happy that the Pope survived. President Reagan was also shot this past year, but has recovered

Now after five children (1981), Ann is finishing her college degree. Twenty two years later, she can still get a four point average in college and does most anything you can mention—sings a little, decorates a little, is a marvelous teacher, sews, and cooks, etc. Her oldest daughter, Anna Christine, is married and expects our first great-grandchild in December. Cynthia, Camille, and Ann are all in college. David and Deborah, eight and nine years younger than Camille, are in grade school.

Ann was worried about a math class that she had to take for her major, but she received an "A". She will graduate from the Logan Institute of Religion in the spring of 1984.

We go to Sun City for the cold months, but we are lonely there. With my heart condition, we can't dance or be very active. I could only walk about a half a block,

and then, I'd have angina. The pain in my left arm got pretty bad, especially at night before I went to bed.

The summer of 1981 was rather bad for me. Angina pains got worse and would come on if I walked even half a block. In the evening, I had the most pain. I took a lot of nitro. In October, Eugene insisted that I have another angiogram to find out how badly I was doing. Three doctors studied the pictures taken when colored dye was put into my arteries--Dr. Russell Nelson; Dr. Preece, who did the test; and Dr. Barker. Dr. Nelson made an appointment for me for November 12, 1981. I could hardly refuse although I hadn't planned on it. I wasn't getting enough blood in through the arteries, and he said later, there wasn't one milligram of space for the blood flow. It could have stopped at any time, and I would have had a bad heart attack and possibly would have died.

So on November 12th, Dr. Nelson did the surgery, and I had a quadruple bypass. The night before, Eugene Jr., Charlotte, and the three girls came to the hospital. Eugene Jr. and Eugene Sr. gave me a wonderful priesthood blessing, and I didn't have pain after the operation. I had an incision down the center of my chest and down each leg from the groin to the knee. The incisions were sore, but there was no pain. I was surely blessed. I was unconscious for 24 hours. Garland and Clair Gibbs came to see me before I was quite out of the ether. They stayed only a few minutes. I opened my eyes enough just to glimpse them. It wasn't so bad, but hospital care annoyed me. I needed an enema after about a week, and the nurses put it off until time for them to go off duty. They would give me a pain pill instead. Finally, I told Dr. Nelson. He sent in a can of something like pop, and it took care of me. The food was terrible with no salt. I came home in 10 days, and Eugene took care of me. I felt well and slept well. Dr. Nelson wanted a check up in six weeks, so we got through Thanksgiving and Christmas by the children coming here. I'd get out of bed to celebrate with them for a while. All was well, and we enjoyed everyone in the family.

Christine's baby was born December 8, 1981—a lovely, beautiful boy (David Kevin Heaps). He was 7 pounds and 6 ounces. Chris didn't have pain--it was practically a painless birth. He is a beautiful child. She brought him down on Christmas Day, and we were all together for a buffet. Ann left so much food that we haven't had to cook. We went to Logan for his christening the first Sunday of January. Kevin did a very good job of it. Jennifer left for her mission, so we stayed for her farewell on January 14, 1982. We worry about her in far off Australia, but she seems to like it.

Our time in Sun City this winter of 1981/82 was quiet and lonely. I stayed home a lot recuperating and trying to avoid the flu. We had our large palavra tree removed from the front yard. It covered the front of the house from view of the street and dropped long needles, so that the ground always needed raking. Our orange and grapefruit trees bore some very good fruit. Our new stake house will be finished, and we'll meet there next winter. Dr. Taylor, on our west side, was robbed one morning when he and his wife were bicycling. They took his Cadillac, TV, and jewelry. It was between 8:00 and 9:00 am, and they broke a window in the garage and unlocked the door.

A larger, more elaborate home across the street was for sale, and I wanted it. We'd lose our view of the lake and trees and mountains. Although the house is on the lake, we could see only homes across a narrow arm. I still think we should buy it. We give all our money away instead of using it for ourselves a little. Eugene let Snellen Johnson have \$50,000, which would just about have paid for the home above the price we could have sold ours for. Only one or two of our men, who owe for land, have paid, so we have been rather broke all summer. Eugene invests what we do get, so he is hoarding. I don't know why or what for. I don't want the children to have too much money to spoil them and make them think they don't have to work.

They now have \$25,000 of their percent of GEE, so they get about \$3,000 interest or dividend. We will probably give them more this winter of 1982/83. With their trust funds and working, they get along quite well. I've suggested that the older ones pay some board at home. We haven't given Eugene Jr. any percent (distribution) of GEE because he received so much for his home and cabin and borrowed to purchase the lot next to his.

We purchased oranges, grapefruit and tangerines from the Church farm and made a couple gallons of juice to bring home. We also brought fruit for Eugene and Ann and ourselves.

The last of March, Shirley and Lynn Thomas and their boys came to get fruit at the Church farm on their way home from visiting Norman's family in Mesa, Arizona. We gave them breakfast and enjoyed seeing them.

In April, we came home to settle income taxes. All was well with our home. We decided that it needed a new roof. After 33 years, it had a little leak at times. After considering asphalt, we decided on tile. Bartile had one sample we liked, but the one they produced and put on was different and not as solid and colorful. After trouble with cement being no good, it finally got put on. It looks good. It is impossible in this day to get anything done as it should be.

My heart is uneven in its beat. After correcting it in the hospital with medication, it reverted back after I stopped taking it. I blacked out when it reverted and am afraid of going through it again. My leg is bothering me, and I worry about losing it.

Our summer was short but nice. I canned raspberries and some fruit because it was on our trees in the yard. It has been lovely to watch our great-grandchild grow. He is lovely and now walks and tries to talk at ten months. We have enjoyed all our family.

In June, we went to the Downey for the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of the Ward celebration. It was good to greet people we knew so many years ago. It has been at least 37 years since we moved to Salt Lake City. The opportunities we've had here made it a fortunate move in every way--to become mission president and temple president are two of the most worthwhile. Being on the high council with so many wonderful men and their wives was good for us. My work on the stake boards and teaching Relief Society was very good experience for me before I took on mission and temple duties. We stayed at Ann's overnight and went to church, where Duane talked.

We had a nice Father's Day dinner, and they all came here to stay overnight on their way to Lake Powell.

In June, we went to Percy Burrup's funeral.

Jennifer is home from her mission with pain and congestion in her stomach. The doctors are taking so long, I worry about a stoppage. They finally operated and found adhesions. She is fine and has a nice scar and the doctor even made a navel for her. She had had surgery as a tiny baby and hadn't had a navel since.

Eugene Jr. went to Minneapolis to give a paper for a Shakespearian Convention. Now, he, Charlotte, Jody, and Jane have gone to Boston, where he will give a paper. They toured some and came home well and safe. Katherine also returned from Mexico City saying she learned a lot and enjoyed it. Rebecca is there for a week more.

Cyndi married David Owen Merrill, July 30, 1982. They had a lovely wedding. Eugene Sr. performed the ceremony in the Logan Temple. The wedding brunch was at a lodge in Logan Canyon (Zanavou). Eugene and I went to Ann's to change clothes. When we tried to start the car, it wouldn't respond at all. We tried Duane's pickup and couldn't start it. Eugene finally went to a machine shed and found their suburban with a large trailer fastened on to it. We went up the canyon to the lodge in that. Everyone had a good laugh, but Eugene Jr. was out in front walking up and down--very worried. The reception was very nice. Cyndi had had a Trousseau Tea the week before. They went to Alaska to a lodge skiing for their honeymoon. Their home is in Fort Collins, Colorado.

Eugene Sr. had a prostate operation in September. He is feeling fine now and is back to playing golf. The October 5, 1982 was our Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary. We had a dinner for our family and Eugene's brothers and sisters at the Lion House. Ann went "all out" and got a wedding cake and corsage and flowers for the table. Eugene's family got the invitations and place cards. Jody did fancy writing (calligraphy) for them. It was a very lovely, especially Cyndi's songs and Charlotte's violin playing. Brother David B. Haight came in and greeted us and spoke for a few minutes. I introduced everyone, and Eugene Jr. MC'd and read a tribute and a poem he'd written for his father.

Since the Fiftieth Wedding Anniversary, I had my 73rd birthday on October 23rd. We tried to have a business meeting, but it wasn't very successful. Eugene Jr. feels his father is living on borrowed time, and he is worried about the responsibility for GEE. He and Ann will be general managers when we are both gone. They sounded as if I were already dead because it wasn't mentioned that I would still be a general manager. Eugene Sr. has good health and will live years if he is careful and doesn't have a car accident and takes care of himself. I take good care of him, feed him right, and do not let him go alone at night in a car. Playing golf and fishing he enjoys. My health is fairly good. My heart is off beat, and right now, I'm having trouble with my leg. I had an ache in the calf and thigh and now, my back--I guess sciatica.

In October, we went to BYU in Provo for the President's Banquet. It wasn't as nice as usual. They invited some alumni to attend, so it was a larger crowd and not such good food. The next day, we attend their homecoming game. We were invited by BYU to the game and sat in the president's box. President Holland, Brother Thomas S.

Monson, and Brother Haight sat behind us. Their loud laughter annoyed me. Brother Monson's son said Eugene Jr. is a very fine teacher.

Our home in Sun City was in good order, but I wasn't so well. I suffered all winter of 1982/83 with sciatica in my leg. It started before I left Salt Lake City, and I went to a chiropractor, who made it worse by kneading too hard on the hip muscle. In Sun City, I went to an osteopath, who used electric current, which hurt but didn't help any. Finally, I went to a good orthopedic surgeon, who had me use moist heat on my lower back and a pill for inflammation. An x-ray of my spine showed arthritis at the lower end across my back. I changed pills to Feldene and arranged other dosage to go with my pills to thin my blood (Coumadin) to keep the blood at about 20 so a clot will not cause a stroke, or worse. I kept the hot pack going for several months even after returning to Salt Lake in the spring.

(1982) We had Thanksgiving dinner with Max and Leah Johnson, our home teachers—very fine people. Christmas day, we moped around and got ready for our children and their families, who were coming the next week. Eugene and Charlotte and family came on Monday and stayed until Wednesday, when they went to California, where he was to speak. They brought gifts, and we had dinner at King's Table. The girls loved sitting in the sun on the patio. Eugene and Charlotte and some of his family played tennis.

Ann and Duane and family came Wednesday night and stayed until Saturday. Christine and Kevin brought David K. on the plane. He had a little congestion in his nose, and he screamed all the time the plane was descending because of pain in his ears. Christine got some medicine for him before they went home. Eugene made an offer on the home across the street. So we had two homes. It was partially furnished so we had plenty room for everyone—10 of them. We got two folding beds and a crib and high chair from Sunshine Service. The men played golf; and Christine, Ann, and I went to Metro. Cyndi and Dave went to visit his relatives. It was wonderful to have them all here with us.

Eugene had made an offer on the larger house in January 1983. It was cleaned and decorated, so all we had to do was move in. I was worried about how we'd get it done since I couldn't lift or walk very well. We hired some boys, who had a truck and a low trailer with a low flatbed and drop end. They worked on yards here in the neighborhood. They moved it all in about three hours for \$75. Eugene helped supervise. Nothing was scratched or broken. I just showed them, where to put it and unloaded boxes in the kitchen. We don't need this spacious home, but we enjoy it. Maureen and Preston Hughes bought a bedroom set and the six-foot coffee table and heavy square table, we didn't need, for half price. They needed and like them. This large home is on the lake with a fence and rock patio across the back. The front is a large walled-in area. We are trying to get it cemented (a patio for the winter use) since it is on the south side of the house, and we had to replace the roof.

We sold our other home at 10625 Emerald Point for \$160,000 three months later. We paid Eugene Sears \$500 for showing and selling it because we had to leave for Salt Lake. The real estate man called us and said he would sell our large home. Eugene said, "Okay, we'll move back." A few minutes later, Sears called and said that

the other one was sold. So he had to quickly call the real estate man and say, "Don't sell." Ha! It's funny how things happen.

On June 4, 1983, Katherine married Paul E. Nelson. The wedding was lovely. They had a casual reception at Eugene and Charlotte's home the night before—a celebration of their wedding. Saturday morning, Eugene Sr. married them in the Salt Lake Temple. Katherine had asked all to come in white. It was inspiring, as Eugene can make it, and just family and a few friends were there. Cyndi and Dave came from Colorado. Jody had had her endowments, so she could be there. There was a luncheon served after the ceremony at their home in Provo. Katherine and Paul will live in San Francisco, where he is in dental school. Katherine is working a few days a week at a private boys' school. She works in a shop in the Cannery-- teaches aerobics, keeps house, and bakes cookies. We missed Jennifer, who is on a mission. After her operation, she had felt a desire to finish, and served the last six months in California. It was wonderful of her to do this.

Our great grandson David Heaps is a real doll. We are proud of him and love him so much. All of our family seems to try to be good Latter-day Saints in living the gospel. They make us proud of them, and we do love each and every one.

The summer of 1983 was rather uneventful. We went to Fort Collins with Ann and Duane in Camille's van. It is rather less comfortable than the bucket seats in our Lincoln. We enjoyed seeing Cyndi and Dave Merrill in their small, but attractive home. We have loaned them \$100,000 for a home. They plan to build. Cyndi is finishing her (college) degree. She sings for programs and (plays the violin) with an orchestra.

In September, Katherine and Paul were here to visit for a few days. He seems to be a fine young man, and Kathy praises and loves him very much.

Eugene and Charlotte took the girls with them on a speaking tour east. Mark was already visiting there. They seem to have friends all over the east and the west, where they lived for years. They finished their large home. It is very nice.

I had Isabel for the summer, and Ann has her for the winter. She also tends David K. while Christine works. Christine is expecting a new baby in February. We came back to Sun City early this year, so Eugene Jr. could have some professors stay here at our home. They came for a conference at the International School. Six stayed with us.

December 24th—Christmas Eve: I thought I could get through it without getting too lonely and blue. We went to a movie, talked to Eugene Jr. and Charlotte, and it set me off. Kathy and Paul are coming this way as they go to Los Angeles on their way back to San Francisco. Jennifer and John were coming, but he has mono and is ill. The girls backed out because of the bad weather. I bought a new camel jacket and brown trousers for Eugene. He got me a Chinese rug (small--three feet by six feet) and an electric blanket.

Our patio is finished. With a patio on the north side and a closed-in area in the south, we could enjoy outside living almost every day. The weather here has been wonderful all winter. It has been 10 degrees above normal. It looks like rain, and we can use it. We've had 91 days without rain. It was so warm before we came home in April that we had to use air conditioning. Eugene is brown from sunbathing, and I am a

little brown on my legs. Eugene says he has never enjoyed life as much as he does now. He surely likes this large home and two large patios. He reads and naps after exercise, walks around the lake, and plays golf. I walk for 30 minutes each day, but am too slow to go with him. He catches cat fish in the lake, and I cook them for breakfast.

We were lonely at Christmas, and I shed a few tears. The weather was so bad in Utah that Eugene and family didn't come, but Katherine and Paul stopped on their way back to California. We went to a movie to get away from the lonely misery for a while. Ann and Duane and family came for New Year's Eve, went to church with us, and to dinner at the King's Table. Eugene and Duane took the TV out on the south patio and watched the Rose Bowl Game. Ann, Camille, Deborah, and I went to Metro. Ann bought dresses, leather jacket, and shoes on the sales.

Eugene's birthday was March 12, 1984. We had some friends: Joneses, Browns, and Nielsens in for Sunday dinner. Monday we took the Austins to dinner and Eileen, their housekeeper, who is a new convert.

Now, it is April, and the roses and many flowers are blossoming. We will go home to Salt Lake about the 23rd. Ruby called about April 17th to say it is snowing in Salt Lake and not to come home. It has been a very bad winter in Utah and Idaho. We have missed it, and we are grateful for this home and lovely climate. We stayed another week in Sun City. Christine had a lovely dark-eyed a baby boy, Ryan Albert Heaps, on February 27, 1984. He is blond with brown eyes. He looks like Kevin. It's lovely that she does not have a hard delivery. We got home for Ryan's blessing. Kevin gave a very fine blessing. We had lunch at Christine's with the Heaps family.

Eugene Jr. sent us good news of honors coming to him. He has been made a full professor and had the prize winning essay from Mormon Letters Association. His new book *Dialogues with Myself* is very good. We think it is just great. Some is too intellectual for me. Charlotte has an ice cream (homemade) shop going well.

All was well with our home here in Salt Lake. Kevin and Chris went to the Caribbean for a few days on the big ship, the Norway, and they really enjoyed it. She won the trip. She works for a travel agency and does their books. They can't get along without her. She is a beautiful girl. We are very grateful for them and all our grandchildren and great-grandsons. Christine has two fine boys. She and Kevin took his parents to England on a trip.

Ann and Jody both graduated from BYU in April and June. We are very proud of both of them. In June, Eugene Sr. went with Ann and Duane to Cyndi's graduation in Fort Collins from the University of Northern Colorado. She is expecting in January 1985. She is working a few hours a day at a Sears in the furniture department and studying interior design. We are very proud of her. I stayed at Ann's home with Isabel. Christine and Kevin didn't go. They were too tired from their trip.

The greatest news of the summer was that Josephine and Michael Hyrum Hansen were married August 22, 1984. He is very tall and slender and has curly hair. He is still in school at BYU—engineering. Jody has an art shop and helps Charlotte with her ice cream business. They were all so busy, we didn't see much of them. I do hope they are happy and good to each other. They have an apartment in Provo. Katherine

and Paul came to the wedding, and it was good to see her. She is still the same blithe spirit as ever.

We wanted Mark to go to school and get a teaching certificate, but he and Eugene Jr. built a home at Canyon Meadows. They built it but didn't get it sold before they left for England in January. Eugene says he has decided to do what he knows how to do and not try to make money. Good idea!

Our Early Alberta peach tree, which is 35 years old now, has one limb, but is bearing very good fruit. Our small trees are all ripe, and we canned 14 quarts today. We'll do some more next week. I had Daughters of the Pioneers here Friday, September 14th. There were 21 present. It was hard on me, and I was ill all evening. I soaked my feet in hot water and massaged them and felt better.

Miss Utah, Charlene Wells, won the Miss America Contest.

Eugene Sr. bumped a car, which turned right into his path. The driver didn't even look to see if the way was clear. The judge exonerated Eugene, and he came home feeling fine. A subpoena came today for our witness. The insurance company must be suing the other man.

We met as a family at Ann's on September 29th. I'd like to talk to all the grandchildren about the family background and some about life. We are going to have each report on their financial holdings to find out if they are worthy for more. Each one has been given about \$85,000 from G.E.E. Investments Ltd. At the meeting, it was decided that if we give Corner Canyon, worth millions, to the missionary fund, we wouldn't have the \$100,000 for the homes of grandchildren to be paid back to the missionary endeavor monthly. This wouldn't help them very much.

Ann and Duane and family, along with Isabel and Eugene Jr., came to visit for New Year's 1985. I had a hard time getting through Christmas alone, but we must expect it when we are so far away—640 miles. They have their own families to celebrate with. They now have grandchildren and so many gifts that it would be hard to bring them all to Sun City.

Eugene Jr. will be in charge of the BYU Study Abroad School in London for six months. Mark, Jennifer, Rebecca, and Jane are going with them. They left on January 6th. We worry so and wish they would stay at home. They went to Ireland and Scotland with the whole group of 58 on a bus. Then Eugene's family went to Russia for about two weeks. Jody and Mike were in the home in Provo and took care of Brother Hawkins, Charlotte's father. Katherine and Paul had a son, Jordan Eugene, December 13, 1984. He was named and blessed in London by Eugene Jr.

Cyndi's baby boy, David Owen Merrill Jr., was born January 21, 1985. Ann went over to be with her a few days. We love these four great-grandsons, especially since all of our grandchildren are girls-- except for two. Ann has one boy, David, 14 years old, and Eugene has one boy, Mark, who is 25 years old.

We had a quiet, uneventful winter of 1984/85. Preston and Maurine Hughes came monthly as our home teachers. We enjoyed them very much. We go to dinner after church at Furrs. We took a drive to Pleasant Lake, and we were surprised to see the large lake area in the desert so close to Sun City—19 miles.

On our trip to Salt Lake in April, we wrecked our car—a Lincoln Mark IV. Eugene looked down and braked on a curve and slid into the guard rail. I bumped my arm on the armrest and had a bad bruise. We couldn't find parts to fix the car, so we purchased a new car—an Eldorado Cadillac Beritz. It is a beauty--white with tan upholstery and a stainless steel and leather top. So we have two cars in our garage. I don't feel very good about it. It's not very humble in appearance, so we sold our Versailles to Howard Nelson for \$3,500.

Then, Kevin found an old Mark IV, and we bought it for \$1,500. They used it to fix ours. It cost about \$4,000, but it is like a new car. It is 11 years old, but it is just about as fast as the Versailles. It is now repaired and is okay after taking so long to be repaired. It only has 60,000 miles on it with a 450 horsepower engine.

Chris and Kevin's new baby boy was born June 30th 1985. This makes three for her, and she didn't want any (children). She works for a travel agency and likes it. But it is hard to have a home and three boys after six to eight hours of work. Ann cares for two of the boys; and Kevin, now, is home in the daytime with David K. until Chris gets there at 4:00 pm. On Saturday, we had a family dinner and reunion at Ann's. On Sunday the 1st of September, Kevin named the new baby boy--Jason Duane Heaps. Cyndi, Dave, and Davey were there. All of the family, except Katherine and Paul and Jordan from San Francisco, were there. They are each one fine and wonderful young people, and we love them very much. Some express sincere appreciation for the inheritance money we give them.

Christine had a Bamix party at her home, and the girls bought me one for my birthday. We took everyone to dinner for Ann's and Debi's birthdays.

October 1985. We are in debt again. It is the way of our whole life since we paid for the farm. This time, it is a group, who will sell pumps. Imagine—although it is a small, wonder pump, I can't get converted that it will sell all over the world and bring great wealth. We paid \$560,000 for land in Ogden Canyon, and they are to pay us back in two years. The company is called Dismus, and two men from England are moving to this county for it. We are also purchasing John Atkinson's home in Prove to sell to Mr. Davies of England, who is moving his family for the company. I wish them well but am upset to be in debt at our age again. Barry Osborn and Blake are supposed to pay what they owe us, which would take care of the loans. It is so easy to borrow and hand it out, but so hard of get it back. Now Barry owes about \$300,000. Blake brought the land, and now, after two lawsuits to get the land back or money for it, he is selling it at a much higher price than he paid while we've waited for years. I wish we could get away from business for a few years. Eugene eats it up, so I guess we never will.

We finally received all but a small amount from Blake after the lawsuit. We paid off money we had borrowed at the bank. Howard Nelson made the first payment on the Ogden property or is trying to. We don't have it all. If he fails this month, we own the land and will sell it.

I had a hard time packing and moving. We stayed for the deer hunt on October 21st. Eugene shot two deer. The others, in the second car, only got one. We left all but a hind quarter with Chris and Kevin.

We stopped in St. George to look for a home but didn't find one. Eugene likes it here in Sun City and in this home so much that I'm sure that I can't get him out of it. I'm too lonesome here. Since surgery, I can't do very much, so I sit at home and read. I Relief Society block teach, and they have asked me a couple times to teach in Relief Society. But I can't; it is too much stress. Eugene teaches some lessons in priesthood. We spoke in sacrament meeting. I told of healings and the Spirit of the Holy Ghost.

Jody and Mike had a baby girl, Charlotte, on December 8, 1985. About five weeks later, Jody had toxic shock syndrome. An infected breast was let go, and the infection spread throughout her body. She nearly died. We fasted and prayed as a family, and she is fine now.

Ann sent a big box of presents, and Cyndi sent candy and nuts for Christmas. Jennifer, Rebecca, and Jane came the week after, and we enjoyed them. The weather was nice and Jennifer got a sunburn. We went to Pleasant Lakes, but there was very little water in them.

The winter (1985/86) in Sun City was nice but lonesome. We enjoyed the nice church party once a month. The Relief Society luncheons and socials were interesting. They had a fun Mexican party, but I couldn't eat the taco soup because it was too salty. Maurine and Pres Hughes are good friends and our home teachers, so they came once a month. They invited us to Thanksgiving dinner, and we went out other times. We had Lucille Mauer for Christmas dinner and to a movie. I was asked to teach a class in Relief Society, but knew it would be too much stress. I did mini spots a couple of times. We had dinner with Ted and Rae Austin and others on his birthday. He had a blood clot in his leg and couldn't go with us on Eugene's birthday. Preston and Maurine Hughes went with us to Red Lobster.

Emogene Harunberg, my cousin, who lost her husband a year ago in December, is having a bad time—exhaustion, nerves, too thin, and lonely. I feel sorry for her. Friends are just "fair weather". They had quite a social life, and now it is nil. We had her to dinner a couple of times and to a movie. She will sell her home and move to Salt Lake, where she has sisters and their families.

Eugene and I feel older—tired or lazy. Eugene does exercises and walks every morning except when he plays golf. I feel some arthritis in my feet and back. I exercise some and walk 30 minutes a day. We bought a microwave oven for Christmas. I use it some. Ann brought me a couple of white suits and a navy and striped blouse. They are nice, and I appreciate them.

Blake paid \$170,000, and Eugene bought IPA for the grandchildren and great-grandchildren. Blake owes some in March, which he hasn't paid. He is crooked. He just keeps pushing for more time. We would take the land if the judge would release it, but Blake took out Chapter 11, which gives him more time.

Christine and Kevin came a weekend. They can travel standby because of her job at the travel agency. Eugene and Kevin went fishing in the lake, and Christine and I went to see the new model homes.

We had a beautiful Valentine from Ann and family. Ann teaches the young adults in Sunday school. She also teaches the DUP lessons.

Eugene and Mark came on March 7th. They went in our car with Eugene Sr. to Tucson, Arizona, for Eugene Jr. to speak. Mark is opinionated and rather loud. That is a bad trait. Charlotte didn't come because her father wasn't well. We drove to Pleasant Lakes on Saturday, but the water is low. We went out to dinner. We sent fish home with them.

We stayed with Evelyn Robinson in her new home in St. George on our way home. The weather was bad, but we followed behind a big truck. We came early to see Katherine and Paul and Jordan, who were visiting in Provo. Rebecca and Jordan Kimball announced their engagement. Eugene Jr. invited us to dinner and to see the Ramses II exhibit. We had a good time, and Rebecca was our guide. Hugh Nibley talked and read hieroglyphics of the oldest book in the world. It was in Egyptian and hinted at some of the same things that we have in our religion. They didn't have the priesthood, so all was imitation. They were religious and wanted eternal life.

Eugene Jr. is the bishop, and Charlotte is the Young Women's President. Duane is in the stake presidency. Ann is teaching the Family Relations class in Sunday School, and Christine teaches Social Relations in Relief Society.

Rick's College Alumni wrote to say I was nominated for the Distinguished Alumni Award for 1986. It surely is an honor, and I appreciate it very much. We have to be there April 16th at the Graduation Banquet. We left Sun City early to see Kathy and Paul and Jordan before they left Provo. Everyone in the family went to Rexburg except: Katherine and family; Jody and family with their small baby, Charlotte. Rebecca had exams; and Charlotte's father was ill. Duane couldn't come, and Christine's baby was ill. He had a rash, and she dared not leave him. We had a long table reserved in front of the podium—14 of us. Coralee and Bud Summers came. She is Lois Willis's daughter, who lives in Rexburg. The school has apartments for guests at the Village Inn. We stayed there, and family used it to change for the dinner. The school served about 1,500. I imagine there were 1,200 graduates and parents, etc. We were served chicken with a sauce, rice, vegetable, fruit salad, and apple dessert. I spoke for a few minutes. I received a plaque and a certificate and gave a short response of thanks and a tribute to Ricks for the classes I took there in religion, where I gained a testimony. I think all enjoyed it, and I appreciated their support.

We stayed at The Village, guest housing, and had a good night in a good bed and rested until about 10:00 am. Then Cyndi came and drove us to Smithfield. We stopped to see Miles and Ilene in Pocatello. Doug was there, and we gave him a wedding present--\$20. We stopped in Arimo to see Eugene's Uncle, Jeremiah Hatch.

I thought about Eugene being honored, but he had been appointed to high positions by the First Presidency. He's raised millions that we have given for missionaries: beginning in 1943, when we were asked by Elder Spencer W. Kimball to help two native Mexican boys serve as missionaries, so they could learn to lead the Church, we gave \$80 of the \$150 we were making as a salary. Since 1970, we have helped 1,509 missionaries. We have kept going since with as much as we could afford. We have been blessed with land we purchased that doubled and tripled in price. We supported our own missionaries: Katherine, Mark, and Jennifer; and now, Jane is planning to go. We are very proud of them.

Barry Osborn and family moved to Mesa. He was in trouble with the law and the U.S. judge let him off on probation. We have his home, where he has lived for seven years without paying rent and very little interest. We hope we can sell it now and pay our debts. The Ogden property we bought from Dismus is now ours to sell. We need to get \$1,000,000 for that to pay our debts on the money we borrowed to buy it.

On May 10th, we drove to Logan and shopped at Blocks for Christine a coat and Eugene some shoes. We ate lunch at Maddox. They had really good clam chowder. We visited Ann's family and Chris and her children. She has three wonderful little boys: David is bright and active; Ryan is quiet and does not talk, yet, but understands everything; baby Jason weighs 25 pounds and is lovely and sweet.

On May 23rd, Sister Camilla Kimball had an open house for Jordan and Rebecca. She was President Spencer W. Kimball's wife and is Jordan's grandmother. She lives in her private home now, and a daughter lives with her. The open house was very nice, and we met Jordan's parents

We went with Rebecca and Jane to receive their endowments in the Salt Lake Temple. All five of Eugene and Charlotte's daughters were there. Mark has been on a mission, and Jane is going to Texas in September.

On June 6th, Rebecca and Jordan had friends at her home. It was a perfect evening with tables set outside and big white balloons streaming from each table that had white cloths with ruffles on them. Rebecca married Jordan Kimball June 7, 1986. He is the grandson of President Spencer W. Kimball. Sister Camilla Kimball attended the marriage and wedding breakfast. Eugene Sr. performed their marriage ceremony. Ann and Duane drove us to the temple and to the wedding breakfast at the Hotel Weston. Each table did a little skit. There was a quotation from Shakespeare or a song acted out. They took pictures by the temple and went to Northern California for their honeymoon. They will live in the home in Canyon Meadows and try to sell it.

Katherine wrote that Paul had graduated from dental school in June and received Phi Kappa Phi honorary. I wrote back and told her how many had done that in our family: Eugene Sr., and I, Eugene Jr., and Duane. Rebecca and Jane and Deborah and David Barker may get theirs. Katherine and Cyndi and Jody have graduated. Mark has enough credits for a degree. Camille and Jennifer don't seem very interested in college. Christine is very bright and has a good mind but is married and works for a travel agency and has children

In June 1986, Duane and Ann and Chris and Kevin went to Hawaii for a week. They had VIP treatment and stayed in the best hotel because Chris is a travel agent. While they were gone, Isabel was with us. She talks all the time, especially when I want to hear something on TV. I finally felt resentment for having to care for her for 32 years, but it keeps me a little more humble and grateful for my blessings, which are many.

Katherine and Paul and Jordan are with Eugene and Charlotte while they are waiting for news about passing his boards. They will be moving to Los Angeles.

We had been to St. George to look for a home or a condo. The Moodys took us around one day, but everything was so small with only two bedrooms. We wanted a place for family and friends passing through to stay overnight. The Moodys suggested

that we live in the Bloomington Hills area, the foothills south of St. George. We found a white brick house immediately. We couldn't get in to see it. The next morning, Eugene went to the temple while I stayed in the temple-owned apartment to pack. He was called up to the prayer circle for an extra lady. The brother, who gave the prayer asked that if anyone had a special problem that our Father in Heaven would give him or her the help needed. He did! After the temple session, we went directly to the home we had seen in Bloomington Hills with the "for sale" sign at 915 Ft. Pierce Drive. It was 2,100 square feet on two floors. It was only a year old, white brick, and overlooked the valley and mountains to the east and west. It has five bedrooms, and three baths, so we'll have plenty of room for the family. It has to be landscaped, but we'll keep it simple with no yard work. We can see the temple and the, whole valley from the back porch along the north of the house. I liked it, so Eugene proceeded to a purchase agreement with Mrs. Law. The contractor called and said he owned the house, so the Laws couldn't sell it. We were going to let the Laws stay until we found that they had a dog and a parrot. We gave them until January 5, 1987. We bought the house for \$133,000.

When we got home, we got a telephone call that Ivory and Company was ready to pay their payment, and Curtis was ready to close on the Osborn home. Atkinson was also sending his payment. So, all in all, it was quite a day of blessings.

Eugene and family were here for the Sunstone Conference. Eugene gave a paper, and he and Charlotte were on a panel. Eugene Jr. was chosen by the graduating honor students as the best teacher of their college years at BYU.

Camille went to Hawaii for a quarter of college. She had a knee operation, so she may not be so active. I worry because she is so kind hearted and helps people in need.

We went to Downey on August 30, 1987 for the high school reunion. The reunion was interesting. There were not many my age. Eugene and Byron Stirland were the only teachers. They honored Byron. The school started in about 1927 with the first graduating class in 1934. Earle Jensen was the oldest graduate there. It was good to see Ona and Wendell Whitaker and Nellie and Virgil and Milton and Elmer and Marie Hartvigsen, and many others.

We looked at apartments in the new Eagle Gate Building, but they are small and expensive. I can't bear to leave my home. It is large and so much nicer. Jody and Mike want it, but they are young and can wait.

Jane's farewell was very nice. Jennifer, Rebecca, Charlotte, and Jane spoke very well. Eugene Jr. did well, as usual. Jane left October 1st for a mission in Texas. We are proud of our family. All are fine LDS, so far.

Mike and Jody and little Charlotte came and did yard trimming. I got dinner for them. Mark and Eugene Jr. were here Monday. Mark did some yard work, and Eugene Jr. spoke at the U of U.

We left for Sun City on October 14th to sell our home there and move to St. George, Utah. Our home in Sun City sold quickly. The boss of O'Keefe Realty bought it. He gave us a low bid. We accepted because we didn't want to stay there and try to sell it by showing often, etc. We made \$100,000 on the house that we purchased in

1975. This house was so large (2,600 square feet) that we were afraid it would be hard to sell. One day, it was listed and sold by Mr. O'keefe to his office manager, who he knew was looking for a home. We got \$218,000 and had to pay the commission. They paid \$100,000 down and the rest for nine percent for ten years. We had paid \$240,000 and made some improvements, but we didn't want to be showing it all winter.

We put about \$5,000 into the fences and patio and drive and landscaping in the house in St. George. It took all spring because the men were slow and kept us waiting while they worked other jobs. It, now, has a beautiful white brick fence with iron-pointed rods between the posts. We happened to get the fellow, who laid the brick in the house to do the fence, and he is a very good workman. About all I have left to do is get some more curtains. It has five bedrooms. There is a walkout basement with a large recreation room and storage and a bath. There are two bedrooms upstairs, two baths, a family room, dining and living room, kitchen and dinette, and an iron-railed patio across the back upstairs.

North American moved us for \$2,200. The movers packed 50 boxes--everything: all the glass shelves, pictures, etc., separately. They drove one day and unpacked here in St. George the next morning. We brought everything but the refrigerator, washer, dryer, curtains, large gold-framed mirror, and marble fireplace. We wish we had brought these things now. We didn't know we could bring the washer, dryer and curtains. Everything arrived in good order. We lost one box. New Sass shoes and electric toothbrush are all I seemed to be missing.

Ann and Camille came to help us unpack and put everything in the house. They were surely good help, and we enjoyed them.

We had plenty of furniture except for one bedroom downstairs. We bought a brass bed for one bedroom upstairs and one king sized mattress and springs for downstairs. Ann brought a king sized bed for downstairs. We have given this house to Ann and gave Eugene Jr. all that he owed us. They amount to about the same. Eugene Sr. especially enjoys this house and the view of the temple, the town, and the mountains. Eugene is planting grape vines from the Church ranch in Arizona. We used Deodora cedar trees and tall Italian cedars and pfitzers. There is no grass, so we can leave in the summer. It has automatic sprinklers for the trees and shrubbery. We got landscaping done for \$1,500 and the fence finished.

Then in April 1987, we went to Salt Lake. Our home in Salt Lake was okay except mice had gotten into the fruit room and ate at a 10 pound sack of flour. We caught 10 in traps, but we can't find out how they got in. The peach and apricot trees were in blossom. We enjoyed the spring as the various flowers blossomed: iris, lilacs, tulips, and then the roses. Eugene Jr. and Mark came to cut sod and put it in, where the large blue spruce was taken out by the garage. A man brought a machine to take out the tree stump but killed the small pine we had planted. The one on the west of the house is growing. Summer was starting nicely with friends and children to visit with at times.

I called Dr. Van Komen, who was recommended by Ted Austin for Eugene to have a physical. He found an aneurysm as large as a baseball in the aorta above its division into the legs. He said that at Eugene's age they do not operate. But Eugene

was in such good condition physically that they recommended it. He arranged it for July 22, 1987. Dr. Collins was the surgeon. A CT Scan showed that his gall bladder was about to act up, so they decided to take that also.

It was a five hour operation. The aneurism was much worse than expected. The doctor had to cut out the, whole area and resection it because the aorta membrane would not hold the stitches. He has an 18 inch scar He fought the anesthesia, and they had to tie him down and sedate him to keep him quiet.

Ann and Eugene Jr., came to be with me, and how I appreciated them. Ann drove me back and forth to the hospital. I was told that it was touch and go for a while, but he came through and was kept sedated for about a week. He was grouchy and sort of out of his normal self when shots wore off. When he came home in ten days, he was upset in the stomach and bowels and was afraid he'd have to go back. But sipping Pepsi cola helped him get regulated. He had to start with boiled water and a soft egg. He could have no milk or dairy products for a month. I was hard pressed to nurse, cook, clean, wash and iron, water the yard, and can apples. The work and worry must have been bad for me. I think my blood pressure went up, and I had a little stroke. The right side of my lips, and my hand and foot seem numb and tingly. It has affected my ability to write legibly.

The summer was busy with some canning from our own trees and raspberries. Eugene went fishing in September and caught seven fish. We had one good party with our children. Charlotte and the girls all brought food, and it was a very good getting together. Paul, Mike, and Jordan seem to be fine young men, and the girls are good wives. Kathy and Jody are good mothers. Katherine's and Jody's children are beautiful, and we love them very much. Katherine had a baby boy, Jacob Wolf, on July 10, 1987. She had him Caesarean section because he was breach. The doctor said there wasn't room to turn him. Jacob is my father's name.

Mark and Karin Anderson were married by Eugene Sr. in the Salt Lake Temple on October 1, 1987. We attended an open house in Provo for them at the England home the night before. There was a wedding luncheon at their home after. All was very nice.

Ann's family is also growing. Christine has three boys and a girl. She finished her bachelor's degree in elementary education and will be practice teaching. On September 5th and 6th, we went to Smithfield to Christine and Kevin's baby girl, Ashley Ann's, blessing. She was born July 17, 1987. Afterward, we had a delicious lunch in the park and came home. Cyndi had another boy, Jeremy Alvin, born October 20, 1987.

I have some arthritis in my joints of the toes. We also had some dental work done. I have decided life is for guiding character. Will suffering help or deter? We didn't leave for our home in St. George until after Jody had her baby girl, Anna Ruth, on October 29, 1987. We left November 2nd. All was well with our home in St. George. Ann, Camille, and Debi had gone and cleaned the house, so everything was very nice for us when we arrived. Debi is quite a girl; she is so good to everyone. She has tended Christine's children this school year from 7:30 am when she goes to their home and

gets the two boys off to school and takes the two smallest home with her for Ann to care for during the day.

We have 11 lovely, bright grandchildren --only two grandsons. All are wonderful children. So far, we have seven great-grandsons and three great-granddaughters, who are perfect in body and mind. There are two lovely homes and good, kindly husbands. All are good members of the Church and work at it. They have good personalities and talents. We love each one--26 in all

The winter of 1987/1988 was not cold--cool but not stormy. We could walk some almost every day. I read a lot. Eugene got strong and could play golf twice a week. He went to do sealings in the St. George temple on Friday and Saturday. We went together to do endowments every Wednesday. We had lunch there and usually saw some people we knew from Salt Lake or St. George. We did shopping.

Our new chapel was finished in December, and we moved in it in January 1988. It is only a block from our home. We don't enjoy the ward there as much as in Salt Lake City. We feel like strangers. There is a fine group of high priests, but they are mostly younger than us.

Christmas was lonely. However, Ann and family were with us the day before. They went on to Disneyland and stayed in Katherine's home. Eugene Jr. and family came in March. Katherine, Paul, and boys came. We enjoyed them all for a few days. We went to Holliday Inn for Eugene's birthday. We enjoyed them all, but I can't walk and take care of them like I have in the past.

Debi and Camille came for a few days. They had fun on the sand dunes and ski slopes.

We came to Salt Lake the second week of April. Our lawn and shrubs were very dry. Eugene had trimmed the peach trees--but some not enough. The lawns and flowers were very nice. We planted geraniums and a blue boarder with yellow marigolds. The House needed a good house cleaning. I think I'll have some painting done. It cost \$121 to have the curtains cleaned. Rebecca and Jordan haven't said anything about buying our home. We've decided to stay here. It's too had to pack and move. St. George was lonely and too windy for golf.

Mark and Karin have gone to England for a couple of months. He is teaching and has a group with them. He finished his master's degree in art, and Karin has a job for next year at BYU. She has a master's degree in English.

Eugene Jr., Charlotte, Jane, and Jennifer went to England .Eugene is doing research for a book on Shakespeare.

We went to Ann's for Mother's and Father's Days. Christine wrote a lovely note to her grandfather--love and appreciation. She has a lovely family--three boys and a girl. Cyndi has started building a home. Good luck to them! They are doing most of it themselves. She is contracting it. David Barker is graduating from high school. He belongs to the National Honorary Society and has a scholarship to USU.

Rebecca and Jordan purchased a home on Michigan Avenue. It is about 60 years old, but they say it is in good condition.

Eugene Sr. performed the marriage for Judge David Sam's daughter in May. David was a missionary in Minnesota and a counselor to Eugene.

The summer of 1988 was nice except my feet bother me and make some misery. I have been to a few doctors about my feet. The neurologist said it is a condition of the nerve endings (peripheral neuropathy). I hope he can help them. He said it was a nuisance. It is very much so. I can hardly walk.

Eugene Jr. and Charlotte went to Hawaii. He won a trip through his putting some savings in his bank.

It seems that spirituality is missing in our Church--among young and old. President and Sister Kimball in their writings, both said, "The greatest responsibility of parents is to bring spirituality into the home." To think and meditate is necessary and to seek and to understand spiritual things. For example, for the sacrament meeting at Ann's ward: the whole ward had fasted for a boy, who was to have an operation on his lung. There was a good talk, and they sang "How Great Thou Art," and "I Stand All Amazed." I wept. I'd like those sung at my funeral (they were). That was a spiritual atmosphere. "Dip your bucket in where you are—grow and change and gain knowledge and testimony." Paul reminded Timothy, "For God hath not given us the spirit of fear but of power and of love and a sound mind."

I went to see Dr. Preece last week. He said I have arthritis and gave me a vitamin B-12 shot. I need a bowel softener. I'm some better and feel stronger. I weigh 127 pounds.

Camille stayed here overnight. She is driving truck and hopes to get on a Logan route.

Mitchell Thomas and Kristine Pratt were married. We attended the wedding. Neal A Maxwell officiated. We went to dinner at the Park Hotel on the U of U campus. This hotel probably takes business from the Hotel Utah. It hurts to see that hotel go out of business. It was the one really nice thing in downtown Salt Lake City. Mitchell Jones, our neighbor, was too ill to go to his grandson's wedding and dinner. His leg had started to pain so badly he couldn't walk. He had been going downhill all summer. The doctor said it was cancer of the bone, and it was in his lungs, also. He died September 29, 1988. Norman's children sang "Oh, My Papa." It was a lovely funeral. Lynn Thomas and Doug Smith spoke.

Christmas was lonely. Isabel was here. Ann and Duane and family came on their way to Colorado and brought many gifts. Cyndi's boys were with them. Cyndi and Dave are building a home in Ft. Collins, Colorado—large and nice. It will be finished in a few weeks. Eugene and family came and brought gifts. It snowed about two feet, so they couldn't come on Christmas day. Sid and Ree Pocock came Friday night. We had dessert and visited. I showed them the children's pictures. Chris, Cyndi, and Jody had sent new ones. They were nice for Christmas.

Cleverly's daughter called at 3:00 am to tell us of a flood in St. George. The dam in Quail Creek burst, flooding the Virgin River. It flooded the highway, part of Bloomington and Washington and some homes but not in the area where our home is located. Our bridge is out. The Cleverly's are living in our home and trying to sell it. They had some people from Phoenix come to see it.

On January 16, 1989, Ruby England Henderson passed away. Beth and Elbert Steele came from Manila, Philippines. Eugene Jr. spoke. Everyone spoke well of her.

Eugene Jr. received a letter of condolence from BYU President Jeffrey R. Holland. He had thought the England, who died was Eugene Jr.'s mother.

It was a cold winter with more than 20 inches of snow and wind and 10 degree weather. Jordan came a couple of times to shovel snow. It was greatly appreciated.

Katherine and Paul had a new baby girl, Hannah Rose, March 1, 1989. We talked to Katherine by phone, and she said she promised the Lord she would have one more if He'd give her a girl. Hers are quite close and it will be hard for a few years. I told her to have some help. Rose is my middle name and my mother's maiden name. Later, Katherine and Paul left their children in Provo with her parents and took a trip to London. They said they hadn't been away, alone together, for years.

Mark and Karin had a girl, Saara Amelia, May 21, 1989. Both babies are exceptionally beautiful. Amelia was my father's mother's name and Eugene's grandmother Hatch's middle name.

Ann sold the home in St. George. It was very nice, and everyone who saw it wanted to buy it. It sold for \$137,000.

It has been a big job getting everything moved and trying to find places for dishes, bedding, and furniture: each grandchild and Eugene and Ann have some. We had very good furniture, and we are happy if they can enjoy some. Eugene and Charlotte received Grandmother Rose's love seat and chairs. He should have had the long white couch, but Rebecca put it in our basement and took the old one from there. It was the first one we ever purchased. I told her she had to make it right with her father. Duane and Ann have the white, blue, and silver bedroom suite and arm chairs and gold chair. Kevin and Chris have the Chinese bedroom suite, lamps and chair. Dave and Cyndi have the white couches and dining room set. Paul and Katherine only wanted the bamboo chairs and tables from downstairs. Mike and Jody took the organ and twin beds, dishes, and bedding. Mark and Karin took the bedroom suite and stainless steel set, etc. Rebecca and Jordan took the couch, bookcases, and dishes.

June 28, 1989—I haven't written for some time. We just struggle along and try to keep happy. Eugene Sr. has done the yard, and it looks very good. He keeps the lawn and flowers beautifully. I try to keep house with Eugene's help and cook a little. My feet and hands are about useless. I found out the peripheral neuropathy gets progressively worse. There is no help for it.

Ann did some remodeling of her home. She replaced the large glass doors in the living room with windows, enclosing the patio and made a new north entrance on the west.

Ann and Duane's family are vacationing in Calgary, Canada, for the Stampede. Isabel is here with me. She is harder to care for than I thought. They will be home Tuesday, July 18th.

The last of August 1989, Ann put Isabel in a nursing home for a couple of months while she recuperated from a hysterectomy. It was needed for some time, and she is much better. She works too hard: has Isabel and helps Christine with four children. Kevin usually tends 'till Chris comes home at 3:30 pm. But this winter, his mother has had a heart operation, and he had a hernia. Ann has been busy.

David Barker left for his mission to Seoul Korea on September 20th. He is in the Mission Training Center in Provo now.

Mark and Karin have jobs to teaching at Weber State College next year--1989/90.

Eugene Jr. went to Boston to do research for a new book. He called me from the plane while flying from New York to Boston. It was a new experience for me. He has had a couple of books published recently. He gave us one for our anniversary: *Converted to Christ Through the Book of Mormon*. It is very good. He dedicated the royalties to the Book of Mormon endeavor. There has been \$7,000 given to date.

Our missionary efforts are very good and worth mentioning. We have given about \$4,000,000 as of December 1989. The interest is used for missionaries—about \$30,000 per month. We keep out over 2,000 missionaries a year. The principle is untouched.

October 5th was our 57th wedding anniversary. My 80th birthday was on the 23rd. Eugene gave me a dozen red roses. Ann gave me a stationary bike and Christine and Ann and I went to lunch. Ann talked me into buying a dress. I don't like it very much. It is too long, and I haven't worn it. Jody and Mike and Rebecca came. Emily Jones gave me a chocolate cake. Then Eugene Jr., Jane, and Jennifer and her boyfriend finished the cake. It was a fine birthday.

November 1989. I saw Dr. Towner, but he didn't find anything wrong. He couldn't help my feet with which I suffer some. In January and February, my bowels aren't working normally. Dr. Preece and Dr. Lee said to take a laxative. I think they only work when this drug is taken.

Christmas day was lonely. Ann sent a bag of gifts and gave Eugene Sr. a snow blower and a big poinsettia. We had dinner with Emily and Shirley and family a few days before Christmas. Eugene Jr. and Ann invited us, but we are too tired and old to join such a crowd. Eugene Jr. came Sunday and brought gifts.

January 1990. The winter has been snowless so far. I had a root canal and didn't enjoy it. I'm glad it is over, but I enjoy having the tooth.

Eugene Jr. and Charlotte have gone to California on a BYU speaking tour. Mike Hansen has a new job in Layton, Utah. They have gone to California for a vacation before the job starts. His folks live in California.

Jennifer married Mark J. Asplund, March 24, 1990. He is from Canada, but is a lawyer in Los Angeles.

David Heaps was baptized and confirmation March 3, 1990. Christine and Kevin came and got us, and we had dinner in Odgen, Utah, on the way back to Logan to celebrate Eugene's 86th birthday. We had a buffet at Christine's after the baptism.

Eugene Sr.'s family and Eugene Jr. got together to celebrate his birthday on March 12th. Shirley Thomas sent a lovely fruit plate for our lunch. We went to visit the Matsons. Vadna and Albin have been ill. He has an aneurism, but at 91 years of age, they daren't operate.

We gave the prayers in sacrament meeting. Eugene Sr. is fairly well. He plays golf, goes to the temple, goes fishing, and keeps up our yard and house. We listen to the BYU Devotional at 11:00 am on channel 11. We hear some very good talks. Robert

Matthews, head of the religious education at the “Y”, said, “Without spirituality, we can’t know Christ.” We need to meditate and study and strive for it--all attributes of Christ. He must reveal Himself to us. Only through our spirituality are prayers answered and the Holy Ghost, helping us with the blessing of knowledge, can man become a saint.

Mark and Karin had a baby boy, Christian Mark--the first male grandchild to carry the England surname. He was born June 5, 1990. She will be teaching at BYU this fall. Mark will be teaching at Weber State College two days a week. Winter quarter, he will be teaching at Ricks College.

We went to Smithfield for Father’s Day. We took three fish and had a nice dinner. Eugene Sr. went to Downey with Kevin to see the farm and the wheat. He talked to Reed Criddle. The farm needs rain. He had some kind of allergic reaction to the spray on the wheat.

Eugene Jr. is getting a couple of books ready for publication. In August, Ann will take us to Provo. Eugene Jr. will receive the Carl G. Maeser Teaching Award. We are so proud of him.

Rebecca came and got us and took us to Provo for Thanksgiving. All were there except Katherine and Paul and family. We feel we have a wonderful family of grandchildren, in laws, and great-grandchildren.

Christine had a baby boy, Jon Eugene Heaps, December 7, 1990. He was blessed in our home in Salt Lake City on April 7, 1991. They are finishing their basement.

Katherine and Paul had a baby girl, Bronte McKay, May 20, 1991. They are having a new kitchen built. Jody and Mike are redoing their home in Layton, Utah, inside. They had a baby boy, Michael Joseph, June 27, 1991.

Camille and Debi took a trip east to Washington D.C., New York, and Canada. They saw the Hill Cumorah Pageant and then came back to Smithfield. Christine and her children are staying on the Oregon coast in their house trailer. They are enjoying the beach.

In November, when David returned from his mission to Korea, Ann and Duane picked us up and took us home to Smithfield with them. Eugene lost his driver’s license, and so we stayed. It is nice here for us. They are very good to us. I thought Isabel was enough, but Ann said that it was easier than worrying and coming down to Salt Lake every other Saturday to help us.

We sold our big home in Salt Lake in 1992. We were too old to keep it up and needed live-in help. My hands and feet are bad, and I have to use a walker. We love the gospel and miss being active. I read a lot.

Cyndi and Dave Merrill have two boys and a girl, Breanna Danielle, born November 28, 1992. They have sold their home in Ft, Collins, Colorado, and moved to Corvallis, Oregon, and bought a home there.

The following information was written by Ann England Barker:

Isabel Ruby Hartvigsen died February 21, 1993 in Logan, Utah. She had been living with Ann Barker and family for many years. She enjoyed the year that she shared

with Dora and Eugene Sr. there at Ann's home. Even though she was mentally retarded, she was baptized November 1, 1922, and her endowments were done for her on June 24, 1994.

Eugene Sr. is 89 on March 12, 1993. He is slow and has some arthritis but still plays golf and goes fishing.

Christine now had four boys and a girl. She had another girl, Megan Christine, born April 6, 1993. Megan was born after Christine's fallopian tubes were tied. She was one in 100,000 who are born that way. She is a miracle child.

Mark and Karin have a boy and a girl. He built a home in Alpine, Utah. Porter Scout was born April 20, 1993. Later, they had another girl, Maya, born June 14, 1996.

Becky and Jordan had a daughter, Elizabeth Jane, December 9, 1993. They later had a daughter, Katie Rose, born July 10, 2000 and a son, Andrew Woolley Apolo Eugene England Kimball, born February 14, 2002.

Dora Rose Hartvigsen England died from a stroke, January 4, 1995, in Logan, Utah. Although her body was unable to move because of a massive stroke, her mind was clear. In the hospital, she was very thirsty, and the doctors didn't want her to have any liquid for fear it would aspirate into her lungs and cause pneumonia. She said, "Eugene, use your priesthood authority and get me a drink of water." She died as she had been promised in her patriarchal blessing in 1929. She was taken to the Lord, "peacefully, as though she had gone to sleep."

George Eugene England Sr. died, April 21, 1996, in Logan, Utah, from pneumonia. He was diagnosed with and suffered from the effects of Alzheimer's for the last years of his life.

George Eugene Sr. and Dora lived with their daughter Ann in Smithfield, Utah, from November 1992 until their deaths.

Deborah Ann Barker married Bruce Joseph Banks, February 29, 1996. Their children are: Natausha Rose, born April 10, 1997; Brynlee Jo, born January 12, 2000; Sterling Joseph, born July 27, 2004; and Stetson Duane, born March 5, 2008.

Jennifer and Mark Asplund had a son Isaac, born July 11, 1999.

George Eugene England Jr. died August 17, 2001. He had a brain tumor.

Jane England married David Everett Harris December 30, 2011 in Springville, Utah.

A MESSAGE TO MY FAMILY

Dora England

A message to my children and grandchildren: I love you very much, and I desire your happiness and welfare. I testify to you that if you love the gospel of Jesus Christ, the Holy Ghost will guide you if you pray and listen. I have had a number of experiences of aid and goodness resulting when I have heeded the still small voice.

Life isn't easy; it wasn't meant to be. Growth and progress don't come with ease and non-activity. When you are unhappy, worried, fearful, or ill, have faith and patience and pray and give things time to work out for the best.

Nothing would grieve me more than to see my descendants not living the gospel. As I look backward, life has been good—kind to me—full of activity

and adventure. Life has been meaningful with childhood growth and fun and school and college days of learning to discipline mind and body. I studied the gospel at Ricks College; and over the years, as I have taught various classes and with my husband at home, my testimony has developed, so that as my patriarchal blessing stated: “The gospel truths have woven into the very fibers of my being like the threads of a fine fabric.” I honor and love my husband. And after many years of hard work and struggle, we have enjoyed years of service for the Church, traveling in the U.S.A. and in foreign countries and living quietly at home, where Eugene plays much golf and goes fishing. We enjoy our family, our home, and our friends. Our children have been a joy to us. They are now; and we are very grateful for them, for their companions, and their children.

A goal has been set by our maker, “Be ye perfect even as my Father in Heaven is perfect.” There is only one way to reach this goal: love, peace, joy, and contentment. No one can reach the goal for you. Others may help you by influencing your life by precept and example, but remember: it’s individual-effort and living as perfectly as possible-- each day counts.

President McKay was a great proponent of the teaching: “First a thought then an act.” He said, “The Savior condemned hypocrisy and praised sincerity of purpose. Keep your heart pure and your actions will be in accord therewith. Social sins—lying, stealing, dishonest dealings, fornication, and the like—are first committed in thought. Jesus taught that an unsullied character is the noblest aim of life.”

I can testify that the gospel of Jesus Christ is the one true Church on the earth. I feel the great responsibility to learn about it, to live it, and to teach it to the world--and especially to my grandchildren. I feel humble and grateful: for my life here on earth; for my testimony; and for the love of my Father-in-Heaven and of Jesus the Christ; and for the knowledge that I can continue to grow and progress hereafter, for I don’t feel that I have done enough here.

Grandchildren: choosing a mate is the most important thing that you have to do. Look carefully at the family background, for you and your children will always be affected by them, and you will be members of that family. Look for testimony, spirituality, kindness, honor, respect, ambition, cleanliness, beauty, and intellect. A poll was taken when I attended Ricks College and intellect came out as the first requirement. But each of these characteristics is important. Keep your life and home Christ oriented and building the kingdom the center and goal for your life here on earth. If you love and serve God, it makes all the difference in the world. Read D & C 136:31

My love to each of you,
Dora England

HOME

Dora England

That home is good
where loving mother's hands
Minister tenderness and calm;
where father joins in fun and frolic
And minds are stretched unbound.
That home is sweet
where laughter lights a face
And simple pleasures set the hearts aglow;
where nature's glories area not missed,
But serve as balm to sooth or mystify.
That home has joy
where love smoothes out the day,
And children are taught to know
Of God's redeeming light
That blesses every soul.

DORA ROSE HARTVIGSEN ENGLAND

BORN: October 23, 1909 - Cherry Creek, Idaho
(near Downey, Idaho)

DIED: January 4, 1995 - Logan, Utah

Daughter of Jacob L. Hartvigsen and
Wilhelmina Albertina Rose Hartvigsen
Wife of G. Eugene England, Sr.

FUNERAL SERVICES

Saturday, January 7, 1995 - 2 p.m.
Larkin Mortuary - 260 E. South Temple
Salt Lake City, Utah

PALLBEARERS

| | |
|--------------------------|------------------------|
| Karin Anderson England | Rebecca England |
| George Mark England | Jordan Kimball |
| David Barker | Christine Barker Heaps |
| Katherine England | Kevin Heaps |
| Paul Nelson | Cynthia Barker Merrill |
| Josephine England Hansen | David Merrill |
| Michael Hansen | Deborah Barker |
| Camille Barker | |

HONORARY PALLBEARERS

| | |
|--------------|------------------|
| Jane England | Jennifer England |
| Mark Asplund | |

Funeral Directors—Larkin Mortuary, Salt Lake City

Family Prayer G. Eugene England, Sr.
Conducting Bishop Dennis Despain

Prelude & Postlude Music Jean Smith
Prayer Duane A. Barker
Song "How Great Thou Art"
Cynthia Merrill - vocal
Deborah Barker - flute
Chris Heaps - piano

Life Sketch Josephine Hansen
Speaker G. Eugene England, Jr.
Musical Selection Charlotte England, violin
Jean Smith, piano

Speaker Barbara Smith
Remarks Bishop Dennis Despain
Song "I Stand All Amazed"
Cynthia Merrill - vocal
accompanist: Chris Heaps

Prayer Rex England

INTERMENT

Wasatch Lawn Memorial Park
3401 Highland Drive

Dedication of Grave G. Eugene England, Jr.

FUNERAL: January 7, 1995

LIFE SKETCH:

Dora Rose Hartvigsen England, age 85, passed away January 4, 1995, in Logan, Utah. She was born October 23, 1909, on a homestead in Cherry Creek near Downey, Idaho, to Jacob L. Hartvigsen and Wilhelmina Albertine Rose Hartvigsen. She married George Eugene England, Sr. on October 5, 1932, in the Logan LDS Temple.

She attended schools in Downey, Idaho, and graduated from Ricks College and USU (AC) with a BS degree and honors: Phi Kappa Phi and Phi Upsilon Omicron. She taught school in Kimberly, Idaho.

For many years, she was a member of the Edgehill Ward in Salt Lake City, where she served on Primary, MIA, and Relief Society Stake Boards, and was Chairman of the Hillside Stake LDS Girls Committee. She taught Relief Society and Sunday School. She served an LDS Stake Mission in 1953/4, and was Mission Relief Society President while her husband served as North Central States Mission President from 1954 to 1957. She was a temple worker in Salt Lake City for 15 years. She served as matron of the London LDS Temple when her husband was temple president from 1964-1966.

She donated land to establish the Utah Girl's Home, and in 1986 she was a recipient of the Ricks College Distinguished Alumni Award in recognition of outstanding service to her community and church. She was a member of the Edgehill Camp of DUP.

She is survived by her husband, G. Eugene England, Smithfield, Utah; one son G. Eugene England Jr. (wife Charlotte), Provo, Utah; and one daughter Ann Christine Barker (husband Duane), Smithfield, Utah; in, whose loving care she spent the last three years of her life in secure peace and happiness.

Also surviving are eleven grandchildren: Katherine England (husband Paul Nelson), Josephine Hansen (husband Michael), George Mark England (wife Karin), Anna Christine "Chris" Heaps (husband Kevin), Jennifer England (husband Mark Asplund), Cynthia Merrill (husband David), Camille Barker, Rebecca England (husband Jordan Kimball), Jane England, David Barker, Deborah Barker, and 20 great-grandchildren.

She was preceded in death by three sisters: Leona Emelia Gibbs, Cora Ann Sturgill, and Ruby Isabel Hartvigsen.

Bishop Dennis Despain will conduct funeral services to be held at the Larkin Mortuary, 260 E South Temple, Salt lake City, Utah, on Saturday, January 7, at 2:00 pm. There will be a viewing one hour preceding the services. Burial will be at Wasatch Lawn memorial Park, 3401 highland Drive.

Josephine England Hansen read the life sketch and expressed thanks to Ann:

I have spoken with some other family members, and we have shared similar thoughts and memories about Grandma. I have tried to consolidate these in order to present a personal view of her life. This is for the family:

Dora Hartvigsen England lived in the 20th century, seeing phenomenal changes in the world during her life. She came from very humble beginnings, but to so many people, she represented what a fine lady should be. She was my grandma. She worked hard trying to help her children and grandchildren have better circumstances than she did. And she succeeded.

She instilled in her children a fine work ethic, a desire to constantly grow, and to value education. She was a strong-willed woman, and she had firm opinions about what was best for her children and grandchildren. She did not hesitate about sharing these opinions with us.

This is a short, greatly edited, list of advice we frequently heard: (She had nine granddaughters and two grandsons, so these do tend to slant towards the granddaughters.)

Proper little girls did not climb trees.

This next one especially applied to the granddaughters, but now it also applies to one of the grandsons:

Pin hair up so it's off your face—this was difficult for those of us, who were born with naturally wild hair.

Girls should never call boys.

Never wear white (shoes) after Labor Day

Always dress up for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

Only invest money in CD's or insured bonds

Women, after marriage, should always have their own bank account.

One high quality item is better than 20 cheap items.

If you're tired, you need more protein, and you should get that by eating more jello.

If you drink milk, you will break out.

Modest young ladies should start wearing a girdle at the age of 14.

You should iron all your clothes.

Stand up straight and tuck it in.

You must realize that I did not edit a lot of things that I felt were just not appropriate to say here.

She said, "To maintain my figure, I just take a little bit of each type of food."

My siblings and cousins will recognize the hand gesture that went with this. Did I get it right?

Modest clothes were always in vogue. Not in style or in fashion, but in vogue.

There were even times when she would interrupt our prayers to correct the way we were praying. Some of us will miss that. I will never forget the times when we would gather around her bed when she might be ill or recovering from something to have a family prayer, and how passionately she would tell us, "Don't lean before the Lord. Even when you kneel, you kneel straight."

I used to have a hard time with Grandma and her advice. I have always been strong-willed and opinionated as well. As a child and a teenager, I felt she couldn't accept me for, who I was-- that she was always trying to change me. I wanted her to recognize that I had a good heart and soul, even though she thought I looked like a rebellious hippy. When I see pictures of myself, I did look like a rebellious hippy. I wondered if I would ever really enjoy being around Grandma. Then, when I was in my late teens, things changed. My dad had a long talk with Grandma and expressed his concern that his children were never going to know what a wonderful woman she was because she wasn't letting us see that part of her. She apologized and she lightened up. That was when she really began to influence me. By the time I was an adult, I learned something that my seven year old cousin (Christine's daughter, Ashley) recently observed. She said, "Grandma's not mean. She just wants what's best's for everyone." When Grandma stopped criticizing me so much, I was able to learn more from her example. That is why some of the advice, that once seemed extreme to me, now makes a lot of sense.

I share this with you for this reason: I believe that the greatest hope and joy that we have in this life comes because of the atonement of Jesus Christ. Our hearts and souls can be healed from all pain and sorrow through repentance that is possible because of Christ. Repentance and change are not always easy. I think it was difficult for Granma to change, especially when she felt she had the best intentions. It showed me that she really did want to follow the example of Christ and influence with love rather than criticism. Seeing her try to do this made me more willing to try to change, to try to be more Christlike. After this change, I became aware of Grandma's testimony of the gospel and her dedication to the Church. When she has shared her spiritual experiences, I have felt her heart speaking to mine, and I know what her heart said is true. I have learned to appreciate the tremendous hardship and difficulties she faced throughout her life. I know of no time when her faith wavered. She carried her name honorably and taught us to do the same. She did great work for the Church and community all her life, and she influenced many people in her life. During the last years of her life, due to failing health, she could not continue that kind of public service, but her influence on her family continued on. I think it says a great deal about her that her loved ones were with her constantly through to her last days. Even in the last moments when we were not sure if she was aware of us, we wanted to be with her. Her children and grandchildren helped comfort her into the next life.

I can't begin to express appreciation for what Grandma has given me, so I offer this small token to her: "Grandma, can you see? I've pinned my hair up off my face, I'm wearing one of my more conservative outfits and some of my smallest earrings. I do this because appearance was important to you, and because it has become more important to me. You helped me learn that it is possible to seek enlightenment and still appreciate good traditions, to be an activist and still have good manners, and that the most important quality for a woman to have is individual strength; but with that individual strength, it is possible to have graciousness. After all that is the example Christ set. Thank you Grandma. I will miss you."

There is a scripture in Helaman Chapter 5 that reminds me of Dora Rose Hartvigsen England: “Behold, my sons (and daughters), I desire that ye should remember to keep the commandments of God, and I would that ye should declare unto the people these words. Behold, I have given unto you the names of our first parents, who came out of Jerusalem; and this I have done that when you remember your names ye may remember them; and when ye remember them ye may remember their works, and when ye remember their works ye may know how that it is said, and also written, that they were good. Therefore, my sons (and daughters), I would that ye should do that which is good, that it may be said of you, and also written, even as it has been said and written of them. . . behold I have somewhat more to desire of you, that ye may not do these things that ye may boast, but they ye may do these things to lay up for yourselves a treasure in heaven, yea, which is eternal, and which fadeth not away; yea, that ye may have that precious gift of eternal life, which we have reason to suppose hath been given to your fathers (and mothers).. . .Yea, remember that there is no other way nor means whereby man can be saved, only through the atoning blood of Jesus Christ, who shall come; yea remember that he cometh to redeem the world.”

One of the last things I was able to do before Grandma and Grandpa moved up with Ann, was go to her home and she let me thin plants out of her yard. They are all plants that bloom in the spring. Every spring, when I am reminded of the atoning sacrifice of Christ, I will remember Grandma.

G. Eugene England Jr.:

When my mother was a young woman, she was given a patriarchal blessing by Benjamin Williams Henderson, patriarch of the Portneuf Stake in southern Idaho. She was given many promises that were fulfilled: that she would be a mother, would preside over her sisters, would bear her testimony at home and abroad—promises like those, which many others including Charlotte and me have been given in their blessings and later seen fulfilled.

But my mother was also given a highly unusual promise. That humble patriarch, Ben Henderson, who was the father of Eral Henderson and the grandfather of my cousins, Beth Steele and Ann Karren, who are with us today, ended his blessing this way: “When you have finished your life’s work, the Lord will take you to him peacefully, as though you had gone to sleep, I promise you in the name of Jesus Christ.” Those, who were with mother when she died last Wednesday, Dad and Ann, bear witness that these words were literally fulfilled, and when I arrived not long after, I could still feel the peace of that passing.

I do not believe that patriarchal blessings are prophecies so much as promises, promises that the Lord can make and fulfill as a way of blessing and comforting us in this difficult life—gifts of love He gives to help us according to our needs and faith and to help us maintain faith in Him and in His love in a world, where it is sometimes hard to do so. I invite all, who are here—especially you grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Dora Rose Hartvigsen England—to remember this promise that was given by God and fulfilled by Him as you try to have faith in God throughout your life.

Mother was completely confident this promise would be fulfilled. Her faith had been nurtured by a few important spiritual experiences but mainly by a sturdy testimony she developed as a student at Ricks College and maintained with regular service and study all her life. She remembers that she survived the terrible world-wide flu epidemic of 1918, though her doctor said she was the most sick of those who lived, because her father and a neighbor gave her a blessing. But it was not until almost ten years later, when she took classes from George Romney and attended devotionals at Ricks that she gained a thorough and convincing knowledge of the Gospel and had it confirmed by the feelings that come through the Spirit of the Holy Ghost. She felt that spirit at other times, often enough to sustain her conviction and devotion. Once, when she was serving with Dad in the North Central States Mission, she was healed dramatically. This is her own account: "On the way to Sioux Falls early one Saturday that first summer, I became very ill. I hurt in every part of my body, and finally, I told Eugene he'd have to leave me at the hospital in New Ulm. We were to stop there to have lunch with some members, who wanted us to meet some friends of theirs. At the home, Eugene and Elder Tate anointed and blessed me, and immediately, I could feel the illness leaving like it was drawn out (right from the inside, out through my arms and legs and then hands and feet). I was able to eat a little lunch and go on the Sioux Falls and take care of all my duties at the conference. In wondering about this healing, I feel that my Heavenly Father was telling me that He is right there beside me, and all I need to do is ask for His help."

Mom, years later, also felt divine blessing as she did her work as Mission Relief Society President, as she spoke regularly at the conferences held almost every week, and as she wrote articles for the Mission and Relief Society periodicals: "I did a lot of study and prayer and effort, which was good for me, and I really felt that I was aided greatly by the Holy Ghost. Words would flow into my mind faster than I could write them. My talks weren't written, but thought out, and I was able to give what I'd planned. I felt I was helped to recall because I didn't memorize. This, I feel, was a great blessing and help from my Heavenly Father in answer to my prayers and because I was willing to work and try, and read, and be useful."

Many years later, when she was in her hospital room alone after her quadruple bypass surgery, she was visited by two men she didn't know--probably elders from a nearby ward assigned for that night-- who blessed her, and then left without a word. She testifies that as a result, she enjoyed the extremely rare gift of having no pain at all from that surgery.

Mom lived a long, and in many ways, very admirable and exemplary life; but it was full of contradictions, some of them funny, some painful. She lived from the first to the last decades of the twentieth century, through flu epidemics, depression, two world wars and Vietnam, the civil rights and women's movements. She was born in a cabin on a homestead recently broken from sagebrush and rode to church in a buggy. She lived to build beautiful homes in modern suburbia and drive everything from Ford Flivvers to Chevy trucks to Lincoln Continentals, as well as to fly in jets. She survived the election of Bill Clinton, which she was quite certain would bring on the end of the

world, and lived long enough, barely, to see her beloved Republican Party back in power.

For good and ill, she never got over her humble beginnings. She yearned for elegance and grace, studied carefully how to achieve it, and succeeded remarkably. Many people have told me how my mother reminded them of a queen—the way she dressed and bore herself. But of course queens can be distant, forbidding, judgmental—and many, perhaps mainly her own family, sometimes felt that. Christine's seven-year old daughter, Ashley, who never seemed intimidated by Mom, recently told her mother, "Grandma isn't mean; she just wants what's best for us." I hope we can all come to that wisdom because there's no avoiding the fact that Mom did sometimes seem angry, judgmental, mean—as she aspired to be better than she thought she was or than she thought her background might allow and demanded such aspirations from others. It hurts very much to think of the pain, the unnecessary pain, she felt in her constant striving and measuring herself with others. I'm sad but also very proud to think of what she achieved and the legacy she left, as I read passages in her history like these: (This first one tells of feeling when she was very young) "One can imagine how I felt wearing my sisters' hand-me-downs that were out of style and not pretty. (My best friend) Erma had beautiful black patent leather shoes with beige tops and buttons shoes. Probably helped create my inferior(ity) complex. Also my sisters called me 'Dumb Dora.' I got such good grades in school that I should have overcome it but I never have." I don't know if that cruel cliché, "Dumb Dora," still means what it once did. In the first part of the century it was a terrible insult, and as a result, I think, I don't know of a single other person named Dora.

Much later, when Mom was teaching in Kimberly, Idaho, after graduating with honors from college, her achievements but also her yearning still continues: "I taught algebra--3 classes, geometry, and sewing. The algebra and geometry were easy for me. I just had to keep ahead of the students. . . I helped direct a school play. Can't imagine how I had so much nerve and confidence to try to teach math and direct a play. Should surely have kept this daring and perhaps I'd have accomplished more in my life."

As for daring and accomplishments, my mother is the only person I know about, who was able to get Elder Bruce R. McConkie to back down from a publicly taken position. It's another of those contradictions. She was totally devoted to the Church and its leaders, obedient to the letter, and unwilling to hear any criticism of them. But once, when Elder McConkie visited their mission and they were preparing to drive to a conference, this very tall, long-legged man got in the back seat. My mother said, "Elder McConkie, you must sit in front, where there is room for your legs." He said, "No, Sister England, that place is for you by your husband; and she said, "Fine, I'll stay home then" and walked back toward the mission home. Elder McConkie got in the front seat.

Mom dressed elegantly, but sewed most of her own clothing, took pride in always buying her best things at half-price sales, and loved most her humble service in the temple, where clothes matter not at all. She lived comfortably and could have lived in luxury, but she lived frugally, canning fruit and grinding her own wheat for

cereal well into her seventies. She was uncomfortable with people of other races, even prejudiced, but together with her husband gave most of her earthly wealth to support Native and Latin American missionaries. She bridled at feminists, but lived a remarkably liberated life and achieved a remarkably equal partnership with her husband. She never forgot that when her high school grades were tied for highest with a boy, he was made valedictorian. And, besides graduating with honors and teaching school, she hauled wheat in a truck during the war when help was scarce and I was too little. It was her request that the granddaughters be the pallbearers. And it is only because Ann and I are more conservative than her that the grandsons were included as well.

I've thought about Mom a lot since Wednesday, reread her history, and reviewed some tapes of her telling stories from her youth. Mom and Dad have always been somewhat reserved in displays of their affection, even with each other. They were busy, matter-of-fact, intent on action, things outside them; so it has been sweet to see them become increasingly tender and openly affectionate this past year, partly because they felt so secure with Ann, free from worries and duties, and focused on each other. Dad, you've been more attentive and tenderly affectionate to Mom than we children remember, and we're grateful for your example. Just a few months ago, Mother opened up concerning your courtship, telling me how you had met and dated occasionally during her senior year in high school. She told me that a few times when she was in the movie theatre in Downey, watching a film, she could sense when you came in the back and would wait and turn around to see you and was right every time.

During the past few days, I've thought a lot about how much better a son I could have been, what I've done that has hurt my mother, and what I haven't done she would have wished. I realized I had never written a poem just for her, and so I did that, I trust not too late to read it for her now. You may have noticed the white lilies, mingled with roses, on her casket.

WHITE LILIES FOR DORA ROSE

After her death, her daughter found
A note, she had written, plainly:
"I want white lilies on my casket."
Her ancestors came from Norge, above
The Arctic Circle, some from Jutland.
None of them ever saw white lilies.
Her parents raised dry farm wheat in places
With homely names, Hyrum and Cherry Creek
Not places, where white lilies grew.
Her gardens in Downey and Salt Lake
Were full of hardy blooms that liked
Dry desert air: peony, gladiola,
And rose—which was her mother's name,
Danish, given to her with Dora,
The plainest name, a joke for some,

A hint she didn't measure up.
So in her heart she chose her own
Symbol—opposite to all she knew.
Yet perfect for what burned inside
And what she tried to show: Lily--
For elegance and queenly beauty,
White for pure, majestic grace.
Perhaps she only guessed the ancient
Meaning: Watered by the tears of Eve
The lily is repentance and grief.
It was placed in honor at Solomon's Temple
As a token of fertility.
It is Christ's flower—and Mary's too,
Immortal bloom that grows again
And again from its buried seeds, type
Of victory over sin and death.
I doubt she knew the old idea
That rose and lily are opposed:
Rose's tough thorns and earthy colors,
Over against aspiration,
The lily pure and faultless love.
It breaks my heart that she didn't know
How right those lilies are for what
She is as well as what she hoped.
Those years of striving must be answered.
I believe they are, that now
She can be Rose and lily too.
I see her, Matriarch, bright colored
With glory, hold white lilies up
To Jesus, fiercely, timidly, when
She leads us forth to Resurrection.

I didn't know how hard it would be to lose my mother. She lost her own mother, forty years ago. And thirty years later, writing about it, she said, "One feels lonely, sorta all alone when your mother is gone." I'm grateful for all you, who have helped in the loneliness: for Charlotte because of, whom I never feel really alone, for her playing the violin for Mom today, despite the pain from recently cutting off the tip of her finger while making a toy for a grandchild; I'm, grateful for her loving sensitivity Mom confided a year ago that she'd never liked the name, Dora, and Charlotte stared calling her, Rose. I'm grateful for Ann and Duane, for their tender care of our parents, who have among other things learned to value Ann and Duane as fully as they should and to express their gratitude to them this past year. Charlotte and I know the costs as well, as the blessings of caring for aged parents, and we're deeply grateful to Ann and Duane. I thank the grandchildren and their spouses, the

pall-bearers male and female—those, who traveled far to be here, Paul and Jordan and Dave--those, who spent time with Mother during those last days, all of Ann's children and Jody and Mark, and those, who helped in many specific ways: Mike Hansen, who drove to Logan to see Mom the night before she died and on the Smithfield to comfort Dad, and Mike's daughter, little Charlotte, who made a poster expressing to Mom the love of the great-grandchildren. Cyndi Merrill, who sat with Mother early that next morning and when she woke for a moment and seemed afraid, sang to her until she was peaceful again. My daughter, Katherine, who when I seemed immobilized by shock and perhaps denial, reminded me where I needed to be in time for me to get there shortly after mother's death and say goodbye while she was still warm and her spirit present. I'm grateful to Jean Smith, our dear friend and neighbor, for playing the prelude and postlude and accompanying Charlotte—and Don for coming with her: to Sister Barbara Smith, for honoring Mom as her friend; to Jody, for speaking so tenderly and honestly about her grandmother; to Cyndi and Chris and Debi for singing and playing so bravely and well for her; to dear colleagues from BYU, who traveled from Provo and dear friends and relatives, who traveled from Logan and many other places; to all of you for coming today, for mourning with us, who mourn and comforting us, who stand in need of comfort.

I've learned some things these past few days—some are lessons that I can try to pass on to my own children: not to wait until too late to ask enough questions of your parents, to patiently help them talk some things through. I'm grateful that our son Mark has already begun that process with Charlotte and me. And I've learned, I hope, some lessons just for myself: not to be so busy with my ambitious writing and teaching projects that I spend too little time on the relationships without which writing and teaching mean nothing, absolutely nothing.

We all have favorite memories of Dora Rose. I'll remember always the coy look she would assume, with her head ducked a bit and looking up at someone with a wry smile, when she was about to be very blunt with them, a way of softening and deflecting her extreme honesty. The last time I saw her fully conscious, she gave that look to the doctor she was about to criticize. I'm very grateful that at least once I saw her reserve break down completely with me. Just a few months ago, as we parted, she expressed again her anxiety about my outspoken ways and writings. I looked her in the eyes and with tears in mine told her how much it hurt me if I was a disappointment to her, and she clasped me fiercely to her and wept and told me how proud she was of me. I'll treasure that moment.

Last night a man called who had been my student at Stanford and then served a mission in England while my parents were in charge of the London Temple. He told how as a young missionary he was somewhat apprehensive about the temple, but my parents invited the whole mission to do endowments all day, taught them how to officiate at the veil and what it meant to do so, and then spent the evening teaching and discussing the Endowment with them in the manor house, where they lived and that Mom had carefully decorated. He still remembers the sense he had of those two, as partners, hosting them graciously, and also, teaching them to know and love the

gospel. That's the kind of precious, life-long memory many have of Mom, and it is one kind of immortality.

But I believe in literal immortality. I believe with all my heart that Mom is with loved ones now, adjusting to a new life and set of challenges but beyond this world's insecurities and pains. I think especially of her seeing her dear younger sister, Isabel, who suffered brain damage very early in life and, who Mom and then Ann cared for with great tenderness for nearly 80 years until her death last year. I think of them talking, in ways they never could in this life, about what Isabel knows and thinks and feels—and what sense she has made of the life she led here on earth.

I'm sure Mom will have some hard questions for God, including a few about Isabel. But she will be full of gratitude and praise that the promises have been fulfilled. On this side of the veil, in order to learn what we must in mortality, we cannot see so clearly as Mom can now, but God has promised he would not leave us comfortless. I rejoice in the comfort that comes from the words of Job, who, like Dora Rose, learned his testimony through integrity in the midst of suffering: "I know that my redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another" (Job 19:25-26). I rejoice in the comfort of the vision of John the Revelator: "And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of water: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. . . and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away." (Revelation 7:13-17; 21:4).

I rejoice in the comfort provided by the peaceful death of Dora Rose, the fulfillment of a promise made in the name of Jesus Christ 70 years ago by a humble servant of God. It is small comfort, but for all, who have eyes to see and ears to hear, an important one to help us remain true to our faith in God in this difficult world. Finally, because I am inclined by temperament and training, to trust in reason as much as faith, I am grateful for the convincing, reasonable argument for immortality once made by Lowell Bennion at the funeral of T. Edgar Lyon. Let me rephrase what he said, for my mother: Dora Rose is gone, but her qualities of mind and character remain in our memory and in our lives, beckoning us to pursue them. And these same qualities bear witness to the intelligent, creative, loving God, who created her. Surely a universe that can create the likes of Dora Rose Hartvigsen England has also the power to preserve her. This is my faith—which her life has strengthened, In the name of Jesus Christ, Amen

Barbara Smith:

WHEN A MOTHER DIES

Dear Eugene, Gene Jr., Ann, grandchildren, other family members, friends, and brothers and sisters,

My dear friend, neighbor, and church associate, Dora England, has passed from this mortal sphere of her existence. Well, we might ask what happens when such a good wife, mother, and woman dies? President Joseph F. Smith helped us to understand the importance of this inquiry when he explained the vision he received in October of 1918. We read of it in the D&C Section 138:

12. And there were gathered together in one place an innumerable company of the spirits of the just, who had been faithful to the testimony of Jesus while they lived in mortality;

13. And, who had offered sacrifice in the similitude of the great sacrifice of the Son of God, and had suffered tribulation in their Redeemer's name.

14. All these had departed the mortal life, firm in the hope of a glorious resurrection, through the grace of God the Father and the Only Begotten Son Jesus Christ.

15. I beheld that they were filled with joy and gladness, and were rejoicing together because the day of their deliverance was at hand.

38. Among the great and mighty ones, who were assembled in this vast congregation of the righteous were Father Adam, The Ancient of Days and father of all,

39. And our glorious Mother Eve, with many of her faithful daughter, who had lived through the ages and worshipped the true and living God.

So I have concluded that this good mother, Dora, is there in the company of the spirits of the just. She sacrificed for the Son of God. She was firm in the hope of a glorious resurrection. Today she must be filled with joy and gladness, and be with our glorious Mother Eve and many other of her faithful daughters, who worshipped the true and living God. I can almost see her there with her, can't you, with her beautiful hair pulled back in its comely bob, giving her face the dignity, charm, and perfection, which made her stand out as a woman of elegance?

With her passing, it might seem that her "mother love" would go with her, too; but fortunately, it has not. Her "mother love" lives on in the lives of her children and others she has influenced and loved. She has given all of us the great example of her love and faith; and she has, now, entrusted that great legacy of her acquired attributes to her children: Eugene and Ann. Both of you, Gene and Ann, were not only given life by your mother, but she has given you the responsibility to carry those attributes on in your lives and into generations yet to come, maintaining that legacy forever. That heritage, now yours, came to her, bit by bit, day after day; and it expanded as she recognized and nurtured the magnificent signs of potential divinity that were within each of you from the moment of your births into mortality.

Ida Smoot Dusenberry once wrote: "No gift, power, or faculty later develops in the man that has not existed potentially in the child; all of this mighty change is accomplished by a gradual process of growth.

"If every mother realized something of the importance of the first budding human faculties such as curiosity, imagination, imitation, thinking, will power, desire for physical and mental activity; and learned to recognize something of the value of an intellectual manipulation of the ordinary activities of life such as dressing, eating, playing, going to bed, bathing, etc. These are the ordinary things that should serve as material for his first habitual guidance."

I believe your mother knew that part of the habitual guidance she could give you, her two young children, was "To bring up each of you by carrying your souls in her hands while keeping her eyes on the eternal goal that would carry your feet along a narrow, straight path. . ."

Dora seemed to know instinctively not only the destiny of her children but that of her children's 11 children and their 20 children, and so she always loved and served all of you devotedly. I wonder if she read and internalized the words of Ralph Waldo Emerson when he said, ". . . find delight in the beauty and happiness of children that makes the heart too big for the body." Her heart seemed to swell with happiness because of you, her treasured children and grandchildren.

Her delight was in you, be assured. Why else would she suffer the terrible pains of a heart attack this last Christmas Eve and never even mention them; until the awful pains began to subside? Because her big, tender heart was also filled with the beauty and happiness of this Holy season and with her great love for all of you.

Only later, when she was a little more comfortable did she say to Ann, "I am having trouble with my heart. I didn't want to tell you when the pain was at its height because this precious night belongs to you and your children."

Dora was a woman of intelligent action--even the early years of her mothering. She gave you all she could from the deep well of her rich understanding. Gene and Ann, your dear matriarch tried to teach you of God and His trust, kindness, and justice everyday of your lives. She always delighted in your sweet response. I suppose you will never know how many times she and your father bowed their heads in humility and prayer seeking greater insights and capabilities as your parents while they realized the exalted destiny possible for both of you. They wanted you, their children, to freely accept divine direction and make the intelligent decisions to which you were entitled. You always knew the love and tender example of your parents. They gave their all to you.

Gene Jr., do you remember those cold winter mornings when you would take a pail of milk half way to the Joneses' home and then meet Norman, who would carry the pail from that point home? Why did they have you do that? Either your mother or your father could have carried that pail much more easily than you could. Your little legs had to work hard to make that long, laborious walk. Yours then was a lesson of endurance and dependability. Your parents wanted you to gain the god-like attributes connected with that responsibility. Perhaps you could have learned that lesson another way that would have been less trying, but your wise parents both knew the

importance of helping you develop every great attribute possible to give you both spiritual and physical strength. Perhaps, Gene, because you carried that milk pail when you were so young, you were more prepared to call upon the Lord when you and Charlotte served your first mission on the islands, and you were tested and needed additional strength to endure the very difficult health problems and the primitive conditions in which you were placed. There, you learned dependence upon God. Your spirits were indomitable. But, you had already practiced for that day, Gene. As a youth you had seen your parents struggle, pray in faith, and survive. Their example gave you the desire and dedication to serve faithfully during those struggles on your mission that were beyond any that you had known before. And Gene, as your mother shared your mission with me and others of her friends through your letters, we all learned to have more faith because of your complete dedication to the Lord and your trust in Him as you persisted in accomplishing hard things in service to the Lord.

Ann, can you remember all of the stories your mother used to read to you? How hour after hour you sat by her side as a young girl, and over the years gained a great appreciation of the fact that your mind could be enriched with the printed page as hers had a been? (this didn't happen to Ann but to Gene) Because of those hours you spent together, you would continue that pattern of learning from good books, from the scripture, and from the prophets for the rest of your life. What a rich inheritance.

And Ann, you also learned to be a charming hostess from your mother. You learned from her as she planned for her guests; prepared food fit for a king; and kept a clean, neat, orderly home beautified with cherished treasures. Now, you have a lovely home open to family members, friends, and other guests. You have followed the same pattern of gracious hostess and homemaker that you learned from your mother; although, I doubt that your mother ever knew the joy of having four generations in her home at one time, as you have had during these last three years.

Your mother and my dear friend, Dora, served as the matron of the London Temple and there added her touch of classic dignity to the House of God. She and Eugene worked diligently to make that House of Holiness all it should be in design and purpose. They honored the name of God and brought added holiness to His house.

Do you by any chance remember, Ann, the dinner party your mother had for the Jones family when Shirley was in labor? That and other kind thoughtful deeds are what many recall of Dora's leave an imprint deeply imbedded in fond hearts that remember her.

Now, as you serve as Relief Society president with its many compassionate and hosting duties, you serve as did your mother out of a pure heart and deep love for God.

How did you learn to do so much so well? I believe, Ann, you learned from your mother's example, and then, your adept mind knew how to especially bless your mother in these last few years. For an only daughter to be given and accept so many heavy responsibilities so cheerfully, willingly, and completely in these last years of your mother's life is incredible! You and your husband Duane helped your mother "walk with her walker." You "wheeled her chair" wherever she needed to go. (This

didn't happen; she wasn't in a wheelchair) Blessings will be yours for accepting the responsibilities you have and giving of yourself so freely.

Gene and Ann, can you both begin to see that your mother's love did not go with her? It is here even now, this very hour, and will be an integral part of your life and in legacy will bless the lives of all those you hold dear eternally.

Joseph Joubert expressed it well, "Children need models rather than critics." Your mother was the model God gave you, and me, and she was the model of the pure love of Christ for many, who knew and loved her.

I called a number of friends and neighbors, who also loved your mother, so that I might represent theirs, as well as my own feelings when I talked today about Dora and our friendship and sweet associations with her. Over and over again came the warm responses:

One said, Dora was a good and true friend.

Dora was honest and always willing to help.

Dora looked for the good in people and complimented them on the attributes she knew and admired.

Dora gave me lovely gifts each Christmas. One still hangs on my wall. It is a beautiful little floral pastel in a mahogany frame.

I have always had a great deal of respect for Dora, said one neighbor, I could feel her testimony as she lived her religion each day. She was devout, obedient, and faithful.

Dora was high class. She managed her home with good taste and dignity.

Dora modeled excellence. She was a perfectionist, said another neighbor.

One friend told of going on a trip with Dora and Gene. Dora was not there when it was time for breakfast, so the guest suggested, "Let's start breakfast," "Oh, no, Dora knows just exactly what she wants and the way she wants it. We'd better wait for her." This was typical of how meticulously Dora conducted her life.

She was intelligent—always a reader, said a friend. When we met each first Sunday night of the month, (in a study group) Dora had always read the lesson before it was presented. She had good questions, thoughtful insights, and remarks from which we all learned.

Dora taught the importance of life-long learning even during those last holiday hours as she read one of Hugh B. Brown's books. "Her mind was still keen and sharp," Ann said.

Some didn't know of her sense of humor until one time when she bore her testimony in Relief Society. Dora said, "I am sure, as you look at my hair today, you can tell that my hairdresser put the wrong color on it; but please remember that every woman is entitled to one mistake by her hair dresser."

Dora was a philosopher. One statement remembered was when she told the sisters in Relief Society that she did not think small children should eat hot dogs or hamburgers. "They needed to save that experience until they were older."

Just recently, when she was in the hospital her mouth got so dry that she pled for water, which she couldn't have because she couldn't swallow. Finally in desperation, she said, "Eugene, use your priesthood power (authority) and get this hospital to give me a drink of water."

A number of years ago, Dora and I used to be visiting teaching companions. Our visiting teaching experience at a particular home is memorable. We first visited this sister, who was new in our area, just as they were moving in. "I don't have time for a visit now!" was the statement that greeted us at the door. The next month when we came, the sister had her arm in a sling. "Surely we can help you now?" Again the answer was, "No. I can manage by myself." At that time I had a young baby. Dora suggested that the next month I take my nine month old child with us. She said she had seen someone respond to a baby when no one else could get into a home. So I took my baby. When we knocked on the door, she said, "Come in. My husband just sits by the window and looks at people. He will enjoy seeing your beautiful baby." Her husband was darling with my baby, and so I took her with us the next few times we visited there.

Finally, we felt close enough to give a brief message. It was on "love". We thought everyone would respond to love. Not so! This older couple had married just before they moved into our ward, and the family was against their marriage. Love was a word they did not want to hear. Each month, we tried again to help that couple relate to the message of the gospel and not to the ill feelings created by the members of the family, who had been so difficult for the couple to deal with. Over time, the husband became ill, and the wife really needed our help. Between Dora and me, we were able to meet their needs. Eventually, the husband passed away; and the woman, who had so often rejected us, invited us to help her make the funeral arrangements; and finally, she became our visiting teacher.

Dora was not afraid to die. She had been promised in her patriarchal blessing that she would die (peacefully) in her sleep. Can you think of a more beautiful way to teach your children and grandchildren that every word that comes from God will be fulfilled? Dora suffered a stroke, a heart attack, and then, her beloved husband sat holding her hand as she drifted off to sleep and into the world beyond mortality.

Dora knew and understood the wondrous sealing powers of God. She knew that the work she had done in the temples was not only for the salvation of those, who had gone on before, but it was for her salvation as well. She had lived the best she knew how to live, and she stood as a willing proxy for those, who wanted her to represent them in order that they might receive the blessings to which they were entitled. She understood the great work of Elijah, and the keys he holds of the sealing power, which allowed her to reach out to the dead. Now, she is there with them happy and rejoicing because she has worked not only for you, her children, but for them as well. She is prepared to share in all the blessings of the celestial kingdom. Dora made and kept every covenant, contract, bond, obligation, and vow and was faithful to the authority of the Church.

before I will see her again. Perhaps it is because of the unknown associated with death. I don't know; I just know that I will miss her.

After leaving Grandma, I drove to Smithfield to see Ann, Duane, and Grandpa. Like Grandma, they have all made me feel a welcome part of their family. It was good to see Grandpa. I felt some of his pain. He seemed confused, lost, and even distracted. I cannot comprehend what he must be feeling; to know that his best friend and companion of 63 years would soon be gone, where he could not see her, talk to her, or hold her. Ann and Grandpa shared several photographs of Grandma. Some of them were taken when Grandma was quite young.

The next day Jody paged me. I called her from work. She informed me that Grandma had just died. I am so grateful that I was able to see her again and say goodbye the night before. God had answered my prayers of Sunday.

Grandma's funeral was on Saturday, January 7th. Jody spoke at the funeral. It was hard for her, I know. She loved her grandmother very much. I also know that while growing up being around Granma was hard because she seemed too harsh and unaccepting. Jody gave a wonderful and heart-felt tribute to Grandma. Part of what she said was:

"I can't begin to express appreciation for what Grandma had given me, so I offer this small token to her: Grandma, can you see? I pinned my hair up off my face? I'm wearing one of my more conservative outfits and some of my smallest earrings. I do this because appearance was important to you, and because it has become more important to me. You helped me learn that it is possible to seek enlightenment and still appreciate good traditions, and that the most important quality for a woman to have is individual strength; but that with individual strength, it is possible to have graciousness. After all that is the example Christ set. Thank you, Grandma. I will miss you!"

I, too, will miss her. I will miss her chiding me because my hair and the hair of my son Joseph is too long. I will miss hearing her stories. I will miss her example of caring for her family. I will miss her seeming contradictions of conservatism on one hand and yet, so progressive as to request that her granddaughters be her pall bearers.

During the past ten years, Dora Rose Hartvigsen England became my grandma and my friend. I feel fortunate to have known her. When I see her again, I will greet her as my sister.

I want to express appreciation for a special gift from a wonderful woman, who recently passed away. Twenty-five years ago, Dora Rose Hartvigsen England, along with her husband Eugene and her children, Eugene and Ann, donated a gift to Utah Youth Village (formerly Utah Girl's Village) of a 20 acre piece of property in Kearns. Dora cared about and wanted to help young girls, who were abused, ungovernable, and needed a safe place to live.

As I look back now, I can see how much that gift meant to troubled children and youths in Utah. We were able to move ahead and build two homes to provide a safe place for troubled and abused girls.

In the past 25 years, the Village has grown from those beautiful homes built on the property to four L.I.F.E. (Learning In a Family Environment) homes and 35 therapeutic family homes. We also have a lovely new center for training staff, teaching parenting classes, in-home services, independent living services, and other wonderful programs, which enable the Village to help more youths than ever before. During these past 25 years, we have helped hundreds of girls and boys.

I wanted to share with the community the importance of Dora England's gift. It has meant so much to both boys and girls in Utah. The benefit to Youths of this gift of property will continue on long after we are all gone.

Lila B Bjorklund
Founder, Utah Youth Village

October 3, 2012

George Eugene England's history describes life homesteading in Southern Idaho during the early 1930's. It was like getting an education during the Great Depression of the 1930's.

knowledge or the divinity of the Savior Jesus Christ. (p. 41-42, 52)

of the newly sustained Apostle, Spencer W. Kimball, Dad and Mother Mexican missionaries in Mexico. (p. 74)

assigned by Elder John A Widstoe to be in charge of sending the Region to the Saints in Europe. (p. 77)

ion President with Mother as Mission Relief Society

Eugene and Dora H, England Lamanite for their education. Through this the Church College at Hawaii (Polynesian descent), Elder the Fiji Islands. They

Walker
class '54
Kel
resi
la

PROPERTY OF:
DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405

